WEEK ENDING SEPT. 3, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Good Stenog— Bum Cook

In this Issue **THE LAW VS. WHISKY—IN INDIANA** *by* **NORMAN S. HALL**

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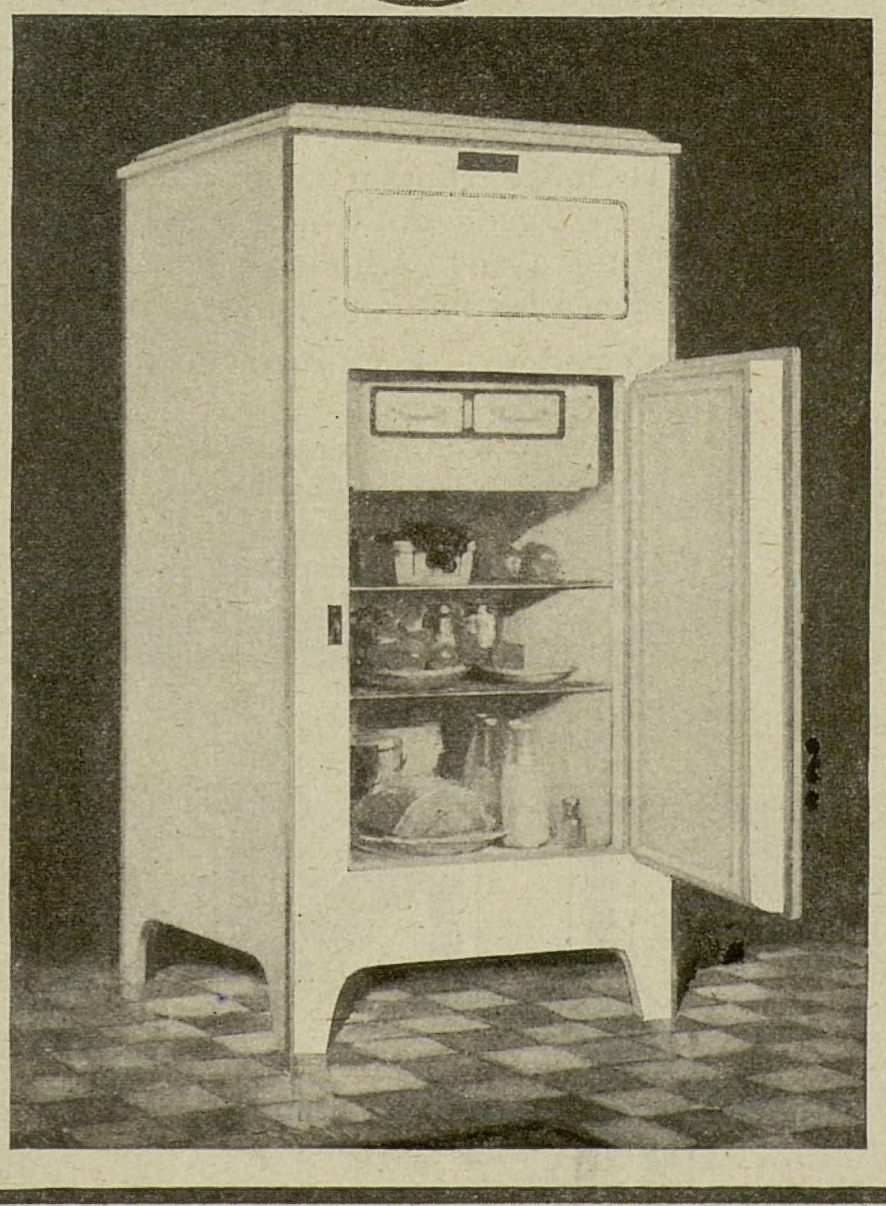

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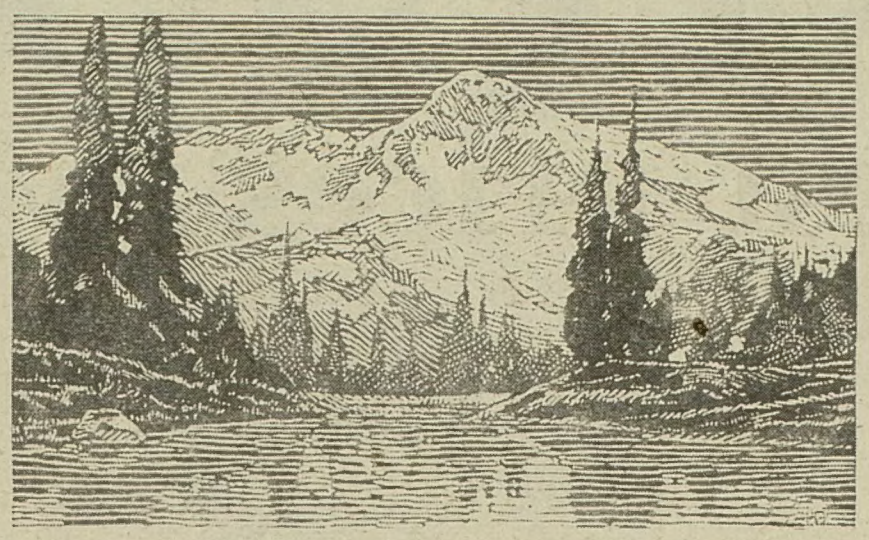

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SEPT. 3, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 18

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE VALUE OF LUXURY

Americans can and do pay more for luxuries than any other people in the world. We have a modicum of both poverty and discontent; but we take for granted a great number of contributions to comfort that are reckoned elsewhere as the exclusive perquisites of wealth.

Nero in his wildest dreams had no conception of luxuries so common among us that we regard them as necessities.

Cæsar rode in a lumbering chariot. Cleopatra never had an electric fan. There were no bathtubs at Charlemagne's court. George Washington, the richest American of his time, never heard of modern plumbing.

The twentieth-century American of moderate means rides in an automobile and commands material comforts that were beyond the reach of potentates not so long ago.

However, there is a limit at which mere lavishness ceases to do anybody any good.

For example, a man can spend $1,000,000 for a roof over his head if he has the million and is so disposed. It can do no more than protect him from the rain, the cold and snow in winter, and the heat in summer. A cottage can do as well.

Some people bathe in golden tubs; but nobody has improved on hot and cold water. A jeweled safety razor won't shave you better than one made of nickel. A man can wear only one suit of clothes at a time, one pair of shoes, and so on.

No one knows better than the very rich that luxuries in themselves can not bring happiness. Then why do we scramble for them? Because they are the symbol of superiority.

The Mohammedan with four wives and twenty concubines rates a higher social standing than his neighbor with a mere one or two.

Similarly, among us the man with the best-dressed wife, the finest house, the most expensive motor-car, gains distinction.

On the whole, it seems right that he should. If he didn't, the spur of ambition would be gone. Human progress would soon be at a standstill if we lost the urge to rise above our fellows.

Some subtle alchemy in the relation of the sexes produces this urge. Women feel it as well as men, and manifest it in their desire for expensive and exclusive costumes.

Strangely enough, men left to themselves tend to shed this need for a display of superiority. A group of college graduates —fastidious fellows by habit—together in a construction camp will go unshaved for a week. Cans litter their front yards. Masculinity, unrefined by feminine proximity, asserting itself.

The same is true of women. Most of us have seen New England towns populated predominantly by women because the young men have left to seek their fortunes. There is about them a primness and a decorum that suggest mild old ladies occupied with gentle tasks. Their inhabitants are pretty much on a common level. They have no ambition to outshine one another.

Luxury thrives best in great cities, where human competition is fiercest.

While there are luxuries to strive for, men will keep on trying to get them. It's a good thing, provided it is not carried too far.

Economists have found that the consumption of luxuries is an accurate yardstick of prosperity. It is characteristic of the United States that the possession of luxuries is a visible measure of success. Many of our millionaires prefer baggy trousers and old hats and a shack by a trout stream in the woods to valets, silk toppers, and palaces. But an aristocracy of achievement, such as ours is, expresses itself in the outward evidence of success rather than in family crests and hoary traditions.

The instinct of each sex to impress the other engenders a healthy ambition in both.

All humanity reaps the benefit.

IN THIS ISSUE

Law vs. Whisky—In Indiana.....By NORMAN S. HALL 7
A Governor breaks his oath of office to save his wife

Double Exposure.....By EDWIN BALMER 9
The romance of an astronomer and twin stars

Prom-Trotting.....By ALICE CURTIS DESMOND 14
About girls who hunt husbands in college preserves

Leading the Beauty Battalion.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 21
Esther Ralston puts over another triumph in a new movie

Youth Takes to the Trails.....By FREDERICK TISDALE 25
What summer camps mean to millions of children

The Tragedy of Olga.....By MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE 29
The story of a girl who learned to love too late

The Red Knight of Germany.....By FLOYD GIBBONS 35
The story of Richthofen, the Kaiser's deadliest ace (Part Twelve)

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 47
Some touching sediments from a filling station (Fourth Spasm)

The Flivver Passes.....By WILLIAM F. STURM 49
Ford drops Lizzie for a new love

Do Fighters Hate Each Other?.....By TOM GIBBONS 53
A review of the famous grudges of prize-fight history

I Don't Want to Grow Up.....By TONI, JR. 59
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

A Ride in the Country.....By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER 64
A mile-a-minute romance (Part Five)

Lillian Gish—The Incomparable.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 71
The true story of a great tragedienne (Reel Nine)

News of the World (p. 23); Twenty Questions (34); Cross-Word Puzzle (46); For the Love o' Lil (52); Bright Sayings of Children (52); Vox Pop (56); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (60); Food (63); Patterns (69); Fashions (69 and 70).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

RITA WEIMAN will tell you how she writes her stories. First, in THE TRUE STORY OF A SHORT STORY, she will show how she weaves fact into fiction. Then she will demonstrate her meaning in a delightful short story called TOBOGGAN.

When is an expert not an expert? One answer might be: When he's a fight expert. After the recent Dempsey-Sharkey battle EDWARD DOHERTY tried to find out from the newspaper accounts whether Dempsey actually did foul Sharkey, or not. Read his résumé of these so-called experts in FAIR FIGHT OR FOUL?

Much has been written about the epochal reception given Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in Paris; of how the Old World arose as one in a wild scramble to shower him with honors. But the true story—a picture such as nobody has yet portrayed—is given you by HENRY WALES in LINDY AND THE FRENCH FANS.

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LAW *vs.* Whisky *in* INDIANA

How a Governor Had to Break His Oath of Office to Save His Wife's Life

An Article by

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 8 minutes.)

GOVERNOR ED JACKSON of Indiana, according to his own Attorney-General, Arthur L. Gilliom, deliberately violated one of the State's most drastic laws and one of which certain Hoosiers are particularly fond.

If this is true—and Governor Jackson has neither affirmed nor denied the accusation—he is false to his oath of office and has splintered to kindling one of the stoutest planks in the platform upon which he was elected.

"Kindling" fits the situation as aptly as whiskers fit a Russian general; for Indiana warms to hot controversy. Nor is the discussion limited to Indiana. Because the science of medicine is involved, doctors throughout the country have expressed their opinions, and the vast majority side with Governor Jackson.

P. & A. photo

ATTORNEY-GENERAL Arthur L. Gilliom of Indiana (at left) with his wife and sons, for three of whom he violated the State prohibition act when whisky was needed to save their lives.

P. & A. photo

Governor Ed Jackson of Indiana and Mrs. Jackson.

"Indiana's Governor," they say, "deliberately broke a law to save the life of a loved one. Under any circumstances this is a laudable act, but Governor Jackson's violation deserves additional praise because of the almost criminal stupidity of the statute he disobeyed."

It came about in this manner:

Governor Jackson's wife lay at the point of death. Physicians were powerless before an attack of double pneumonia.

"Whisky," they said—"reliable whisky may save her life."

There was no whisky in the Jackson home. Because of the dictates of the Wright Law—the Indiana prohibition act—it was a criminal offense to possess any alcoholic beverage, and an equal crime for a physician to prescribe it in any circumstances.

The Governor appealed to his Attorney-General.

"Is there," he asked, "any way for me to procure as much as a pint of whisky without violating the Wright Law?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

Gilliom's answer was a terse and final monosyllable: "No!"

Governor Jackson has not admitted procuring the stimulant, but it is a safe assumption that he did, for Mrs. Jackson recovered.

The Governor's attempt to obtain liquor did not become public until several weeks later, when the Attorney-General addressed the following open letter to his superior:

DEAR GOVERNOR: While the people of our State rejoice over the recovery by Mrs. Jackson from an almost fatal illness, I deem it a public duty to urge that you recommend to the next General Assembly a proviso to a present statute which was calculated to deny her, as well as all of our citizens, the opportunity to be benefited by a medicine found necessary in her case.

You will recall your anxious inquiry to the chief law officer of the State [Mr. Gilliom] of the possibility of immediate and lawful acquisition of a pint of reliable whisky for the use of your wife when her physicians prescribed this for her, and you recall my answer that there was no lawful way to obtain it.

You were then in precisely the same situation as my wife and I were in just a year earlier, when whisky was prescribed in the cases of three of our children who were near death from typhoid fever and pneumonia—of one of them it may be said with certainty that he could not have recovered without the use of this medicine.

You and I procured the needed whisky from friends who were secretly preserving it for just such anticipated emergencies in their own households, risking all the while discovery and imprisonment because of such mere possession.

We had a natural right—indeed, a supreme duty—to save the lives of our dear ones by any means available, just as the lowliest and poorest citizen has a right equally precious to him and a duty no less compelling. No government and no law can justly interfere with that right and duty.

The national government and the national prohibition act recognize that right and duty. The government of the State of Indiana and her prohibition statutes do not.

Indeed, they have expressly made it unlawful for any one to possess whisky for any purpose whatsoever, so that no opportunity exists for any one to procure reliable whisky for medicinal needs, regardless of the emergencies.

Every humane consideration requires that statutory provision be made whereby reliable whisky may be procured in emergencies in serious illness when attending physicians prescribe it as an indispensable medicine.

A carefully guarded provision of this character will strengthen even the law against the use of whisky for beverage purposes, in that the respect of many will thus be restored for that law who now view it as unreasonable because of its effect as herein shown.

Your consideration of the suggestion herein made is, therefore, earnestly solicited in behalf of the whole people.

Very respectfully yours,

ARTHUR L. GILLIOM,
Attorney-General.

Governor Jackson made no reply to Attorney-General Gilliom's letter, but the citizens of Indiana displayed none of his reticence.

"Aha!" said the drys. "So we're ruled by a mob of whisky-drinking wets, are we?"

On every side Gilliom and the Governor were attacked as pawns of the liquor interests, despite the dry records of both men and their strict enforcement of the Wright Law.

Carl H. Mote, prominent Indianapolis attorney, one of the men to whom Gilliom appealed when he needed whisky for his stricken children, has spoken freely of that incident.

When Gilliom asked his aid, Mote had no whisky, having disposed of all he possessed because of the Wright Law. Realizing that he might find himself in a position similar to that of Gilliom, he procured a small supply.

A disgruntled painter whom he had discharged, knowing of the whisky in Mote's home, swore out a search-warrant which resulted in the attorney's arrest and subsequent arraignment in a police court.

He was indicted by the grand jury, but when his case came up before Judge James A. Collins in criminal court, the Judge found that there was no probable cause under the Indiana Constitution to believe that there was liquor on the Mote premises as recited in the search-warrant, and this suppressed the evidence. Mote was discharged.

Dr. Louis H. Segar, who treated the Gilliom children, issued the following statement:

"I remember prescribing whisky in the case of the oldest of the Gilliom children. He had a temperature of 107 4/5°, which dropped to 95°. This left the boy in a very nervous condition. Whisky was used to correct this, and is credited with saving his life.

"I didn't have whisky and wouldn't break the law to get it, but I think it necessary in some cases. I think the law [the Wright Law] is stupid, asinine, and almost criminal."

Dr. Fred E. Gifford, physician to Mrs. Jackson, when asked whether he believed the Wright Law interfered with the practise of medicine, said:

"In general, I feel, as do most practising physicians, that a doctor should be allowed to prescribe whisky, should he deem it necessary. That means that real whisky should be procurable; and, of course, that is legally impossible under Indiana law."

This opinion is shared by the majority of physicians whose attention has been attracted to the situation.

THERE is little doubt that the rigid stipulations of the Wright Law confer upon Indiana the distinction of being the "farthest north" as far as prohibition is concerned.

The doctors are fighting it, and Indiana mothers are beginning to wonder if a law that might have exacted the deaths of the Gilliom children, and may yet take their own loved little ones, is a good, sane law.

Mrs. Gilliom, who has been a teetotaler all her life, is one of the strongest advocates of altered prohibition regulations in Indiana.

"Any woman's first law is to make her children live," she has declared. "I will break the same foolish, criminal law again if I must. We needed whisky for them. I would have searched the whole world, broken every law there was, to get it.

"I cursed the stupidity of a law that could threaten to kill my sons. I am fighting now for other mothers.

"Give liquor to a child as medicine, and it's the sure way to make him think of it as nothing else. I want my boys to know the horrors of drink. I want them to sign the pledge.

"But when the doctor says 'stimulant,' I demand my right to have medicinal whisky in the house."

The medical profession regards the question solely in that light—the use of alcoholic stimulants as a medicine. Doctors are becoming increasingly indignant at prohibition regulations that encroach upon their science.

At the last session of the American Medical Association in Washington, D. C., Dr. Wendell C. Phillips, the retiring president, said of a contribution to the association's *Journal:*

"The article calls attention to a recent decision of the Supreme Court, by a majority of five to four,

> that Congress has power to limit the amount of whisky which a physician may prescribe for a patient to one pint in ten days, irrespective of the physician's opinion as to the patient's needs.
>
> "Under these decisions Congress has power to decide what is and what is not medicine; Congress may fix by legislative fiat the dosage of remedies contained in the United States Pharmacopœia. And under these decisions Congress may penalize any physician who dares to oppose his trained judgment to the fiat of Congress.
>
> "Not even the Middle Ages may boast of a greater triumph of legislative imperialism over the methods and achievements of science. Congress included medical restrictions in the Volstead Act, in contravention of a promise to the nation by the Senate Judiciary Committee that the use of alcohol as a medicine would not be interfered with.
>
> "The fact that Congress has arrogated to itself the functions of the medical profession and the pharmacologist in the enabling acts for the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, and that the Supreme Court has sustained Congress in the usurpation of these functions, holds a serious threat to the public health.
>
> "No one is able to foresee to what extremes of restrictive legislation Congress may be driven by uplifters, professional reformers, cultists, and fanatics, once they gain the power, or what drug or therapeutic procedure, professional privilege, or constitutional rights may fall under the ban."

P. & A. photo

Dr. Fred E. Gifford.

Dr. Phillips urged serious consideration of this document, and continued:

"Your attention has previously been called to numerous arbitrary restrictions imposed on the medical profession by unnecessary restrictive enforcement regulations regarding medicinal agents. I need only mention the statement on the back of a recent issue of the Volstead prescription book—*i. e.:*

> "You are personally responsible for this book. It will not be replaced if lost, and failure to properly safeguard it will result in revocation of your permit.

"Such a statement may be characterized only as insulting to an honored profession."

As a result of this address and other papers on the subject, the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association voted unanimously for legislation permitting doctors to prescribe "whatever amounts of alcoholic liquors may be needed for their respective patients."

The House of Delegates recommended that the Board of Trustees, with its special committee, co-operate with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Secretary of the Treasury, and be directed to prepare, with the aid of its Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation, a bill to be presented to Congress.

This bill is intended to correct the unfortunate provision of the Volstead Act limiting the amount of alcohol used, and to provide such regulations as will permit doctors to prescribe whatever amounts of alcoholic liquors may be needed for patients.

The House of Delegates also resolved that the American Medical Association declare its adherence to the principle that legislative bodies composed of laymen should not enact restrictive laws regulating the administration of any therapeutic agent by physicians legally qualified to practise medicine.

Such legislation may come to pass. Congress may yet find the intelligence so to provide that the sick of the nation may be treated by scientifically trained physicians instead of office-hungry politicians.

THE END

Underwood & Underwood photo

THE State Capitol of Indiana, where the Wright Law originated.

Double EXPOSURE

The Romance of an Astronomer Who Fell in Love with Twin Stars

By EDWIN BALMER

Pictures by HARVEY T. FISK

(Reading time: 22 minutes 25 seconds.)

ETHAN BARRE sat at the great telescope, gazing at the new, flaming star in the constellation of the Hunting-dogs. It had blazed up suddenly a week before and had increased in brightness until darkness, tonight, had shown it the most remarkable object in the sky.

Young as he was, Ethan had done work on new stars which had won praise from Einstein. He had traveled to this California mountain-top especially to observe this star, which was the brightest to appear in many years. But, to save him, Ethan could not keep his mind on it.

He saw, really, not the gleam in the black heavens, but the lips and eyes and face and figure of a girl in Hollywood, whom he had met nine hours before in the warm, sunny afternoon.

He had been resting, his back to a high green hedge, when he heard hoofs galloping at him, and he was rising when a horse leaped over the hedge and over him.

Ethan dropped, and was on the ground when the rider reined up and flung herself from the saddle, crying to him:

"Oh, did he hit you?"

"No; he cleared me."

"But I didn't dream that any one was there. Sure a hoof didn't graze you?" she asked anxiously, grasping his arm.

Ethan's momentary confusion at finding himself used as a steeplechase obstacle was fled, but had been replaced by another far more confounding.

"I am quite sure," he replied as steadily as he could to this concerned girl, whose slim fingers pressed tightly on his arm, "that the nearest hoof cleared me by eight inches."

She was young and lithe, with slim, pretty shoulders in black riding habit, slim waist, and—he permitted himself to glance toward the ground—slim, straight legs booted in brown leather. She had lovely and most disconcerting eyes, large and long-lashed and blue, with a delightful bit of frankness and friendliness in them. Her chestnut hair was bared to the sun.

The strange part of her was her complexion—peculiarly pasty—and her exaggerated black brows and deep-stained lips. He didn't like that.

He recollected, then, that he had been exploring the purlieus of Hollywood. She was in motion-picture make-up.

"Eight inches?" she repeated, regarding him. "Why didn't you say I missed you by six inches, or else a foot, or else a mile?"

"Because I should say it was eight inches," replied Ethan, and was rewarded by the pleasantest smile he had ever seen.

The deep carmine of her lips was not, of course, her own, but the whiteness of her even teeth was.

"I'm frightfully glad I didn't hurt you," she said. "More of your sort ought to pass on to posterity."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE was rising when a horse leaped over the hedge and over him.

[DOUBLE EXPOSURE Continued from Page Nine]

Reply to this being a bit difficult, Ethan did not essay it.

Others arrived with cameras and various unidentifiable contrivances.

Reluctantly Ethan moved away. The cameramen deployed, posting themselves in a semicircle, and immediately the others applied themselves to most amazing maneuvers.

There was nothing less than a mêlée of equestrians, from which emerged the girl in black riding habit on her horse, which was a roan.

Two men, mounted on bays, pursued her, and thereupon the proceedings were simplified. The three vanished near the end of the hedge.

Ethan peered over the hedge, and saw the girl riding pell-mell for the barrier. The roan cleared the hedge; but after he came down he stumbled, and the rider was thrown. The bay horses balked at the hedge, and the girl lay in a heap on the ground, no one helping her.

Ethan started toward her. He saw the cameras grinding, and several men standing by utterly idle and worse than indifferent to her helplessness. They were positively pleased by it.

"Cameras, brother," a large, calm man cautioned Ethan, and blocked his way.

And at almost the next instant a red-faced, hatless young man, who was not calm at all, altered the whole proceeding.

"No good," this one pronounced positively, and some one near Ethan displayed a pasteboard with a huge "N. G." before the camera, which thereupon clicked for a second and stopped.

THE girl, who had been lying quite still, arose, smiling as she tested her shoulder, which had taken the force of the fall.

"All right?" the hatless one inquired, patting her.

"All right, Fred," she said, and asked: "What was N. G.?"

"You got to looking too dead—too darned dead," declared Fred regretfully. "You're simply stunned, you know. You got to move a little, sort of instinctive-like, just after you strike and before you settle into your stupor. That'll register it. Now, all ready for once more?"

The girl remounted her roan. Manifestly this fall not only had been intentional, but was to be repeated.

"Step back a bit, brother," commanded the large, calm, constable-like person.

But Ethan, with a most astonishing impulse to intrude and protest, stood his ground, thereby attracting the girl's attention.

She smiled at him, nodded, and waved a hand lightly as she rode off; whereupon Ethan retreated and awaited the return of the gallant black-habited figure, the leap of the horse, the fling of the rider to the ground.

He saw that she squirmed, "instinctive-like," as directed, before she settled into her stupor.

The cameras clicked; the director praised her loudly; nobody held an N. G. before the cameras. But some one had to help up the girl, and she had a hard time smiling it off as they took her to a limousine.

With miraculous quickness, however, she recovered. There she was, standing on the spot where she had arisen, going on with the scene, gesticulating, talking as if nothing had happened, as the cameras crowded close to her.

It was over, and hurriedly they decamped—

THE girl lay as she had fallen, not moving. Ethan bound his rope around her.

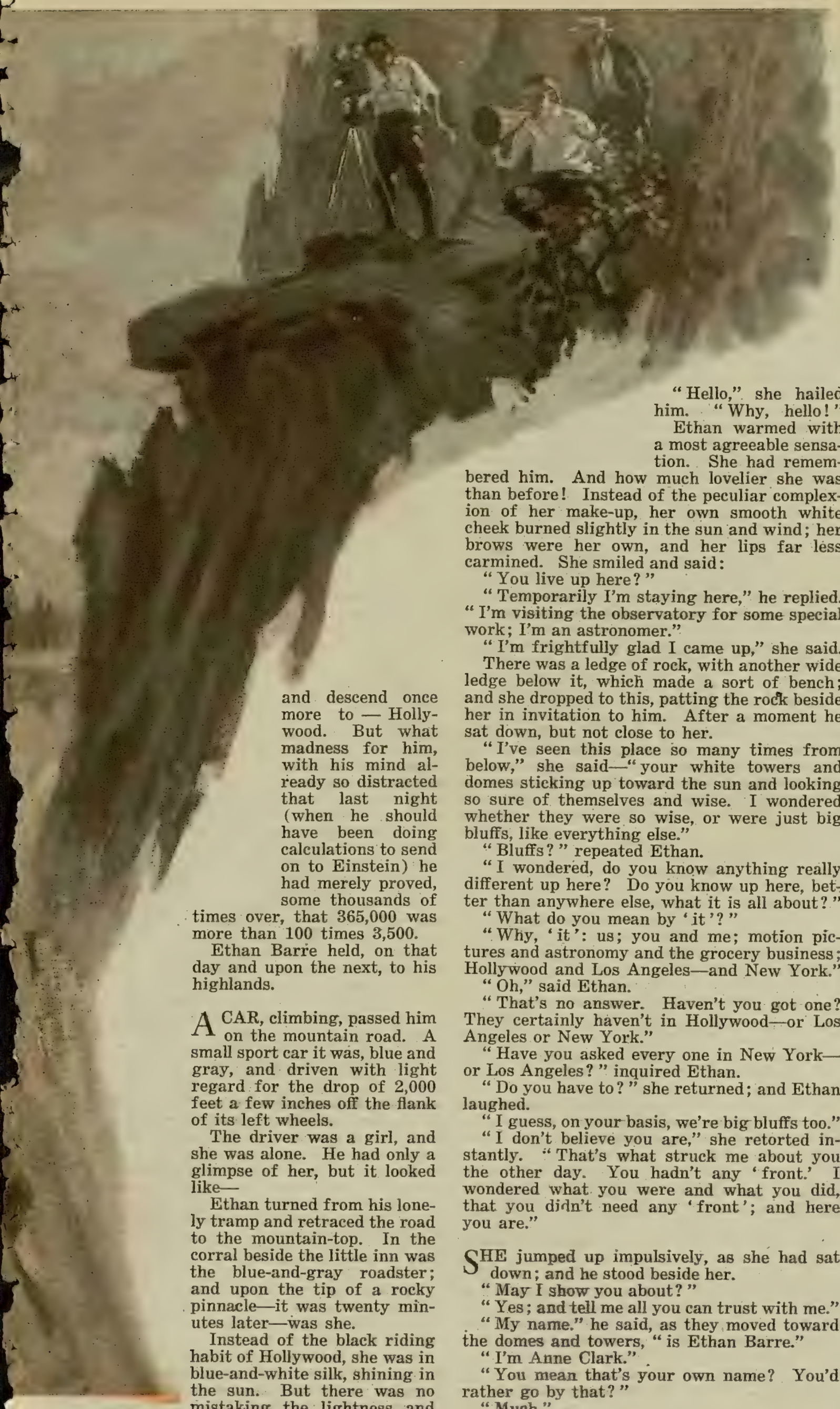
but not before Ethan had learned from a camp-follower that the picture was Lady Lorna.

"Who, if you know, is the actress in the chief part?"

"Gee, don't you know her? She's Sally Parnall, drawin' down her thou' a day."

A thousand dollars a day plainly was meant, Ethan realized, as he sat in the midnight chill of the mountain-top, gazing at the great gleaming star in *Canes Venatici*—the Hunting-dogs of heaven. But he could not keep his mind on them. Constantly a calculation intruded: the multiplication of $1,000 a day by 365; and then the division of the total—her yearly pay—by $3,500 yearly, which was his. It was an extremely simple calculation; but over and over again he had to work it, all night.

The sun was clear and yellow on the mountain and deep, deep down in the valley. It tempted Ethan, as never before, to put off sleep



and descend once more to — Hollywood. But what madness for him, with his mind already so distracted that last night (when he should have been doing calculations to send on to Einstein) he had merely proved, some thousands of times over, that 365,000 was more than 100 times 3,500.

Ethan Barre held, on that day and upon the next, to his highlands.

A CAR, climbing, passed him on the mountain road. A small sport car it was, blue and gray, and driven with light regard for the drop of 2,000 feet a few inches off the flank of its left wheels.

The driver was a girl, and she was alone. He had only a glimpse of her, but it looked like—

Ethan turned from his lonely tramp and retraced the road to the mountain-top. In the corral beside the little inn was the blue-and-gray roadster; and upon the tip of a rocky pinnacle—it was twenty minutes later—was she.

Instead of the black riding habit of Hollywood, she was in blue-and-white silk, shining in the sun. But there was no mistaking the lightness and aliveness of her, even when she stood still. No one like her!

He sat under a pine by the path from the pinnacle; and, though he flattered himself that he would be able to feign a certain surprise at seeing her when she came down, he succeeded at nothing of the sort.

But she was surprised.

"Hello," she hailed him. "Why, hello!"

Ethan warmed with a most agreeable sensation. She had remembered him. And how much lovelier she was than before! Instead of the peculiar complexion of her make-up, her own smooth white cheek burned slightly in the sun and wind; her brows were her own, and her lips far less carmined. She smiled and said:

"You live up here?"

"Temporarily I'm staying here," he replied. "I'm visiting the observatory for some special work; I'm an astronomer."

"I'm frightfully glad I came up," she said.

There was a ledge of rock, with another wide ledge below it, which made a sort of bench; and she dropped to this, patting the rock beside her in invitation to him. After a moment he sat down, but not close to her.

"I've seen this place so many times from below," she said—"your white towers and domes sticking up toward the sun and looking so sure of themselves and wise. I wondered whether they were so wise, or were just big bluffs, like everything else."

"Bluffs?" repeated Ethan.

"I wondered, do you know anything really different up here? Do you know up here, better than anywhere else, what it is all about?"

"What do you mean by 'it'?"

"Why, 'it': us; you and me; motion pictures and astronomy and the grocery business; Hollywood and Los Angeles—and New York."

"Oh," said Ethan.

"That's no answer. Haven't you got one? They certainly haven't in Hollywood—or Los Angeles or New York."

"Have you asked every one in New York—or Los Angeles?" inquired Ethan.

"Do you have to?" she returned; and Ethan laughed.

"I guess, on your basis, we're big bluffs too."

"I don't believe you are," she retorted instantly. "That's what struck me about you the other day. You hadn't any 'front.' I wondered what you were and what you did, that you didn't need any 'front'; and here you are."

SHE jumped up impulsively, as she had sat down; and he stood beside her.

"May I show you about?"

"Yes; and tell me all you can trust with me."

"My name," he said, as they moved toward the domes and towers, "is Ethan Barre."

"I'm Anne Clark."

"You mean that's your own name? You'd rather go by that?"

"Much."

Ethan felt somewhat relieved. They were sure to meet observatory people, and he preferred to present them to Anne Clark rather than to Sally Parnall of $1,000 a day fame. As it was, he stirred comment enough—he with such a girl. Never in his life had he so swiftly and confidently made a friend. It was her knack, of course, not his. Partly it was her eagerness and quickness to know what men of his sort did.

Finally he spread before her a month-old film of a square of the starry sky which held the Hunting-dogs of heaven. Together they counted the few bright stars amid the multitude of dim specks, barely discernible. He laid beside it a picture of the same patch of sky, exposed last night; and there was his new star, brightest and biggest of all.

"Where did that come from?" she cried.

"That's why I'm here," he told her. "When that star blazed up, I came here to study it."

"It blazed up from what?"

"One of the dimmest of those specks. It was invisible to the eye, even in a telescope. The camera scarcely caught it."

"What made it blaze up?"

"A collision with another star. One sun—for, dim as it seemed, it was a sun bigger than ours—struck another!"

As he told it to her, he thrilled at it as never before.

"A sun greater than ours has been torn to pieces by the approach of another sun. What we see is the glory of the destruction."

"Glory? Worlds about that sun, like ours, d'you think?"

"Very likely."

"People on them?"

"I think so."

"What happened to them?"

"No doubt of that: they're gone."

"Without warning?"

"Oh, no; they had warning. They could see it coming for years, even if they had no telescope. But they couldn't do anything about it."

She drew close to him unconsciously, "instinctive-like," to borrow the word of the film director. It was a grim and awful idea.

"THANK you for telling me," she said. "I see why you're different from—Hollywood. It would be difficult to feel 'front' looking at a thing like that. Do you see stars up there smash up often?"

"Fairly. I'm studying this one especially because, before it blazed up, it was the faint attendant upon a much brighter companion. It was a double star."

"Double?" she repeated quickly. "I didn't know the stars in the sky had doubles, too."

He did not fully comprehend her; but he replied, "Many of them have."

"How funny! And this dark one was bumped, you say. Was that what it was for—to take the bumps for the bright one?"

"It happened to be in this case," said Ethan, laying aside the pictures. "We do not assume to say what anything is for; we only observe and record what occurs."

He thought he had tired her, so that she became frivolous; and he let her return alone to the mountain-top path, cool with the purple shadows of late afternoon.

Shut in with his photographs, his star measurements, and calculations, he found himself utterly unable to concentrate upon them. Ceaselessly his mind wandered on the mountain paths, imagining where she might be.

At supper-time she was at the inn, he knew; for she had said she was staying the night to see sunrise from the mountain. Ethan was to dine at the home of one of the staff men, who was married.

"I hear you've a friend on the mountain today," his hostess greeted him. "Can't I run to the inn and ask her to join us?"

Ethan negatived that with some alarm. However, the identity of his friend had been discovered by the daughter of the house.

"I saw her, mama; she's Sally Parnall. I saw the monogram on her car. You been to her house, Mr. Barre?"

Ethan denied it, whereupon the child displayed to him, in a motion-picture magazine, a view of Sally Parnall's "bungalow" in Beverly Hills—a white stone mansion, utterly dismaying in its size and splendor. Ethan was unusually quiet at dinner.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOUBLE EXPOSURE
Continued from Page Eleven]

Afterward there was darkness. The stars shone, and he had to hurry to make spectrum studies of the new light in the Hunting-dogs. Throughout the early evening he was attacked with his daytime difficulty with concentration; but by midnight it passed, and he applied himself with mind and perceptions unusually quick and keen.

She was asleep now, he thought; and into his solitary study of the star had crept companionship, the sense of a certain inclusion of her in his work. Today he had told her about it. Strange, how it endowed that distant star with redoubled interest! How eager she had been until he had tired her, telling her too much!

Dawn! It dimmed the stars, dimmed even the new blaze in the Hunting-dogs. Ethan stepped out to the cool, gray light.

Guests from the inn appeared, seeking the loftiest lookouts to witness the first rays of the sun.

He found her upon the pinnacle chosen by her yesterday. She was alone, seated with knees drawn up and her hands clasped around them. Her head was bare; and she did not look up when she heard him, but let him, as if unnoticed, approach.

Before them and below lay a soft, silent, surging sea which shifted and rolled, rose and billowed, without a wisp of sound of its own. Only through it whispered the wind in the pines on the hidden slopes below this silver sea.

Far-off mountain-tops lay, vague and rare, like remote islands out of this ocean of cloud. Now the rim of the sun uprose; shadows were born.

She looked around at last.

"I never thought before of sunrise happening on worlds about the stars. I never thought of each star we see bringing sunrise to some one. Where are your people, d'you suppose, on the world of your star which struck another? You've worked all night? I brought along supper for you—or breakfast for me." She discovered a pasteboard box. "D'you mind?"

SHE made a table of a flat rock, spread it, and served him, questioning as she opened her thermos bottle:

"Coffee? Should you have it? Will you sleep?"

"I'm not sleeping today, thanks."

He was watching her hands serving him, and when he thought she was looking down he looked up at her eyes; but she caught him and smiled.

Her lovely, slender hands cleared their little table; and they talked—not, as yesterday, about stars and telescopes, or even about his work: it was of themselves they talked—she of her home in a tiny Ohio town, he of Vermont and his mother.

He told of the little hoard saved for each son, to help pay his way through Harvard, and upon which he drew until he won the fellowship upon which, now, he lived.

That fellowship, which had seemed riches to his mother and to him! Ethan had stopped suddenly. Three thousand five hundred a year—one hundredth of her pay.

She arose slowly. Reluctantly? Did he imagine it? Did she not want to go?

"I'm due on the lot late this morning," she said dully.

"Do you know you'd photograph?" she asked him suddenly, as she stood up. "You'd photograph wonderfully; and you've what they want down there—looks with intelligence and 'type.' Oh, you're 'type.' But no danger of Hollywood taking you. Will you come see me?"

"May I?"

"I don't live in Hollywood; Beverly Hills—"

"I know," said Ethan quickly. (That dismaying mansion!) "I know where you live and I know who you are."

"Then come when you care to," she said; and she drove down the mountain.

He watched the quick, reckless—too reckless—crisscross descent of the gray roadster down the mountain road. Frequently he lost sight of her. Suppose she did not reappear? Suppose she was over a precipice, falling? What would be gone from him?

Nothing—nothing that had been his ninety hours ago; but now something which warmed him with joy as he looked down at her, held him tense with terror as she came close—oh, too close—to the edge at a turn. There she was on the safe road again; and now she would vanish, not to be seen from the mountain-top.

Not to be seen again by Ethan Barre, indeed, if he held his sanity. Three thousand five hundred dollars, his; three hundred and sixty-five thousand yearly, hers. But if he was not to see her again, whom would he ever care to see?

HE selected a book illustrated by plates of the stars he had shown her. He determined to take it to her in Beverly Hills, and he journeyed down the mountain and as far as Los Angeles before he compromised with his courage and, instead of bearing it, mailed it to her with a few words written in. Carefully, on the corner of the wrapper, he inscribed his name and address.

Two days later he received on the mountain a reply which he carried to his room before he opened it; and there confronted him, in a large, childish hand:

> I thank you so much for your sweet book and the sweet thought of me that prompted it. I've always just loved the stars, and it is so nice to know more about them. Now I will always count you among my true friends.

A flourishing signature—Sally Parnall—concluded it, and she had enclosed a picture of herself.

He stared at it, stunned. The picture seemed to be she, and yet not like her. Had his senses and perceptions played a trick on him? How could the girl who wondered what astronomers really "knew," and who had begun to think of sunrise on worlds about the stars, have penned this childish flourish?

He explained it to himself on the theory that his book never had reached her, but that a secretary had replied without consulting her. But it would not leave him alone; he could not dismiss it.

He presented himself late in the afternoon of the next day, at the door of the big, dismaying bungalow in Beverly Hills.

A car stood in the driveway, and he heard a piano and laughter. Through the open door, as a man servant received his card, he had a glimpse of her in the great, cool lounge; and she, he was sure, saw him. Certainly his card came to her.

The man servant returned. "Miss Parnall is engaged; she begs to be excused."

Again Ethan had a glimpse of her, turned away, not even glancing at him. He could forgive her being "excused" if he had chosen a bad time to call; but she might have given him a moment at the door and a word of her own before sending him away. Their hours under the domes and towers and their breakfast together implied at least that.

He returned, miserably, to the mountain despoiled of the delight of memory which, at each recurrent sunrise, had haunted the pinnacle. The companionship that had crept into his work, and had increased there, was outcast. Strangely, when he had lost only that which never previously he had had, he felt there was less in his life than ever before.

A caravan of motor-cars encircled the flank of the mountain and vanished on the trail to the east.

"They're picture people," the child informed Ethan. "It's Sally Parnall's company. You know, there's a Swiss scene in Lady Lorna, and they're going on location to shoot it."

Later she brought word exactly where the location lay. Ethan worked all that night over spectra of his star; but in the morning, without sleep, he followed the eastern trail.

It led to a most spectacular spot, where, apparently, a mountain had split apart, creating a steep, narrow chasm.

The shaded side, the south side, was shelved and broken. Trees and brush clung to shelves that were wide and flat and connected by a practicable path. The sunny side, the north wall, was, oppositely, bare and bold and sheer and scarcely broken at all.

At one point it was, indeed, a perpendicular rock-face, 1,000 feet straight down, and traversed only by cracks and small rocky juts, to which, here and there, a stunted pine shoot clung.

It supplied an ideal situation for "Swiss stuff"—mountaineering. Here was as steep and scary a rock-face as any one could wish; and directly opposite it, and only a couple of hundred feet away, were shelves and paths for tripods and cameramen.

Already, indeed, the cameramen and their camp-followers had pre-empted certain of these broad, safe shelves of strata on the shaded side. Upon the opposite slope, at the very edge of the stretch of bare, sheer rock-face, huddled a party of three people—two men and a girl.

ETHAN had arrived on the side of the chasm above this party. He was in the sun, higher up, with the rock-face beyond and below him. The cameramen, on the shaded side, noticed him, and shouted to him not to come lower, please; they were using that side of the chasm.

He halted; and, the shouts having discovered him to the party below him, they looked up. The girl waved at him, evidently recognizing him; and he, with his very good eyes, recognized Sally Parnall.

Ethan took off his hat, sat down, and watched her. Height had never affected him.

The girl was roped between the men, Ethan saw; and after an exchange of shouts across the chasm, the man in the lead—a guide, evidently, and answering to the name of Lund—thrust out an arm and caught his fingers in a crack in the rock. A foot found support in the wall, and slowly and cautiously Lund worked his way from the slope over the precipice.

"Now hold that!" echoed from across the chasm where a man with a megaphone was directing.

"Let your foot slip a little, Lund. Get a good hold and then seem to slip! That's it, as if you can just hang on there!"

Lund obeyed, and won loud approval.

He moved farther out over the chasm. A rope ran from his waist and reached to the waist of the girl, and when Lund had advanced the rope's length, he halted, and she reached out hand and foot for the finger-holds and foot-supports that he had found, and she moved after him.

"That's good; that's great!" the megaphone approved her. And, in the stillness of the height, Ethan heard the command to the cameras:

"Get her now. Now shoot the drop below her. A long shot of the full distance down, and return to her."

Again the megaphone called across the chasm:

"Take a good hold and let your left foot slip. Can you do it?"

"I can do it," she replied.

Ethan stood up, with his heart hammering. What matter how she had treated him? No use reminding himself; no use trying to argue down this excitement.

Out over that deadly drop of sheer rock, she was doing a stunt for the cameras. She was letting herself slip, or seem to slip. There—thank God, it was done. She was steady and still again. The megaphone was praising her.

The third climber advanced and now all three were directly over the drop. Moving one by one, while the other two clung and rested, they reached the center of the bare, perpendicular wall. They were fifteen feet apart, Ethan thought, with the rope connecting them.

"That a good place, Kerney?" called the

megaphone; and the man at the end of the rope answered nervously: "Good enough."

For a moment the megaphone waited—then said:

"You been too quiet. You got to have a little trouble, like the others. How about kicking with one foot, like you can't find the ledge again?"

For half a minute, perhaps, the man delayed. Then—a scream from across the chasm. Yells—men shouting.

Kerney had fallen. Down, down he went. Now he swung as he dropped. He swung to the right, as the rope caught his fall.

The rope ran to the waist of the girl clinging with fingers and toes to the cracks and tiny ledges of the rock.

The scream came not from her. She was clinging, straining, clutching, clutching to hold against the shock of the fall. For a second she held. She clung to the rock, with him swinging below her. Then she was torn off. Down she went, snatching, clutching at the stone.

"Lund! Lund!" they screamed from across the chasm.

Lund had known what was coming upon him. The rope ran taut from him to the girl, so that, as she fell, she swung under him. Lund had footholds on a ledge; he had holds for his hands, so that he held against her weight and the drag of the man below.

ETHAN was scrambling down the slope toward the sheer; his feet and his hands made his way for him with no conscious command from his mind.

He did not know when he had ceased to watch—when he had begun his descent. He was on rock so steep that he had to face it and cling with his hands, as he went lower. He lost sight of her; but shouts from across the chasm told him that Lund clung to his anchorage.

Ethan reached the side of the chasm and looked down at her.

The rope from Lund ran to her belt; but she was not hanging on the rope. She had found finger-holds and was straining to lessen the weight upon Lund. But the weight below her dragged her down after each effort. Dead weight, it was—or insensible weight, at best. Kerney merely dangled in his belt, his head down, his arms hanging, his legs lifeless.

Whether Kerney had been killed, or only stunned from striking the rock in his fall, no one could know. There he hung. That was all.

Some one was beside Ethan—two men with a rope, trying to toss it down, weighted, to the girl. But she was too far out—they could not reach her.

Ethan took the rope from them and wound it around him. He reached out for a foothold, a handhold, and advanced his length over the rock-face. The shouts from the other side tried to direct him, but he paid no attention.

He was face again to the mountain, but under his armpit, looking down, he could see her. She was tugging at the buckles of her belt.

She was loosening it, slowly, deliberately. One strap was free; she was working at the other. No one on the other side saw it. All yelled to Lund to hold:

"Hold, Lund! Look out for that foot! Your foot!"

Lund was slipping; the weight of the two on the rope was drawing him down. Bits of rock fell as he kicked his right toe to regain a hold for it. But he could not. He was being drawn down, down, his back bending, his hands slipping—slipping.

Suddenly he gained strength; he restored himself a little; he found support and straightened.

They yelled across the chasm; and Ethan, advancing over the sheer rock, looked down under his armpit. He saw how Lund suddenly had become strong, how he had restored his holds and straightened.

The weight of one only was upon the rope. The girl had freed herself, cast off the rope, and was clinging by her hands to a crack in the rock, her toes thrust into some tiny crevasse. She looked up at Ethan and he clung where he was, staring down at her.

She could not hold there, and she knew it. The rope that had sustained her had swung out of reach. She could not grasp it again if she tried to. And she did not try: it would only pull Lund down and not save her.

Ethan's rope could not yet reach her. She looked up at him with her hands slipping—slipping. He saw her trying to push her fingers farther into the crack. He saw her clutch.

For a second her eyes met his. She was going and she knew it. She tried to speak to him, he thought. But her hold was gone.

She was sliding down the rock—falling—falling!

Making a table of a flat rock, she spread it and served him.

NO sound from her—no outcry. The screams came from across the chasm, where they were watching her fall.

Ethan could see nothing at all. He reached Lund, and roped himself to Lund, and, taking half the weight of Kerney, he worked his way with Lund back to the slope.

Yet from the slope he could not see her. From across the chasm they shouted to him that a ledge had caught her. She lay on a ledge, and if she moved at all she'd go over. But she did not move, they said.

Lund and Ethan gave Kerney over to the others to restore him. Lund and Ethan, roped together, descended the slope until they were opposite her. Ethan then led the way to the ledge where she lay, as she had fallen, with her head hanging over the edge, not moving. He bound his rope around her; and there was breath in her—breath and heart-beat in her—when he lifted her!

UPON the slope of the mountainside, under the trees, she opened her eyes to him.

"I didn't," she whispered to him. "I didn't."

"Didn't what?"

"Find out—what it's—all about. It looked like—I was going to."

So he knew that his companion of the mountain-top had returned to him.

They surrounded him and her: Fred, the director, cameramen, camp-followers, and, astoundingly, here was she—she herself, dressed identically, and straight and strong, unhurt.

Yes; there she stood before Ethan Barre, and they called her Miss Parnall, where *she* lay in his arms.

Two of them—that was it! For Sally Parnall knelt beside her and kissed her.

Thus, with her in his arms, he comprehended that surprising restoration of the girl flung from the horse in Hollywood.

She had been flung, and Sally Parnall had stepped from the limousine to proceed with the smooth, pleasant part of the play.

He comprehended the letter acknowledging his book, which had gone to Sally Parnall—not to her. He comprehended the manner of his reception at the Beverly Hills bungalow; the question, which had seemed so frivolous, "Do the stars up there have doubles to take the bumps for them?"

That, especially, he comprehended and needed to understand; for she, not Sally Parnall, had said it.

She had not meant to affront him: quite the contrary; she had meant to refer to her own situation as double to another star. For she was a double for Sally Parnall.

Ethan Barre sat alone beside the great telescope, photographing the altered aspect of the new star beside the Hunting-dogs. No longer was it the brightest star in the sky, or even in its neighborhood of heaven.

It was fading rapidly, as such stars always do. It had diminished so that it was barely visible to the naked eye, and soon would sink again to obscurity, though only three months previously it had outshone all the constant stars in the sky.

"Which proves it was simply a double—like me." Anne had commented to Ethan that day. "But, for a while, we both ran away with the scenario."

She referred to the picture of Lady Lorna, which they had seen that afternoon, and which had been changed in production to utilize the remarkable bit of "business" not prepared or planned in the studio, but improvised by Sally Parnall's double on the mountain. What had happened had so far surpassed the plan that the play had been changed; for the cameraman had shot the whole proceeding.

Anne had wanted to see it on the screen. Ethan had sat beside her, but had shut his eyes when she had fallen.

"Why?" she asked him. "I'm all right now. I'm glad they got that. See—I can see how you looked when you came out for me!"

Ethan left the telescope to make calculations—one that soon would be completed and go to Einstein to pass upon the answer. The other never would be completed, Part of it was temporarily fixed—such an element as his pay of $5,000 yearly, won by his work on the mountain; but other elements were wholly incalculable. Love was all through them; and when Love captures calculations, who can offer an answer?

THE END

Prom-TROTTING

Setting the Speed Limits for Girls Who Hunt Husbands in College Preserves

An Article by
ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

ONLY the would-be prom-trotter strives by her wildness to be the attraction of large groups—which smile as she drowns in her own liquor.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

"ALMOST all girls pet and drink—that is, all who are attractive and eligible."

I must say that such statements from college boys and girls over the country surprise me. Do they not know the prom-trotter, that much maligned young lady of the college magazines and F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories, who dances in every college in the East from September until June? Perhaps the boys do, and were speaking only of college girls.

The prom-trotter is good—because she has to be—and she does not pet and she does not get drunk! Far from petting—she must even deny herself the pleasure of seeing too much of the man she loves. And the reason she is different from her sisters who confess to necking is that she can not neck and continue to have bids from every college for every dance of importance—and she must have bids!

Prom-trotting is a business—the prom-trotter's very serious business of pleasure; for the object of it all is to select, out of the thousands of young men whom she meets, the most eligible husband!

For eleven years I was a prom-trotter at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Annapolis, and the other big colleges of the East; Hotchkiss, Taft, Groton, and the other fashionable prep schools. I and my friends who were prom-trotters danced at all of them.

THE prom-trotter has to be popular; she has to go everywhere; she has to see everything—these are the means to her end. And, since she has to be popular, she gives the boys what they want. But, sensational college periodicals to the contrary, the collegian does not want the girl he "drags" to the prom to be a "hot mama." Beneath his sophistication he remains an idealist at heart.

And the prom-trotter, adapting her standards to his, has always been slightly contemptuous of the girl who resorts to over-rouging, carrying a flask, and promiscuous petting, to get by. She knows—and how few recognize this!—that it is a sign of desperation.

She knows, too, that colleges are as full of gossip as women's bridge parties; that one slip can brand her as a "loving-cup," the type of girl whose loving is handed on from one man to another. She has a horror of becoming cheap, for that means more than a cessation of bids: it means failure in her ultimate objective—the proposal of the Perfect Man.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

People call this soup "a meal"

EVERY day all over the United States, women are selecting this soup for a very special purpose. It is not only delicious and tempting to the taste. It also contains such a generous and substantial quantity of real nourishment that women actually describe it as "the soup that's a meal." So Campbell's Vegetable Soup has a reputation and a tremendous popularity all its own. It is America's first choice as a hearty soup.

* * * *

EVERY spoonful of it is liquid and solid food in delightful combination. There are the blended benefits and flavors of fifteen different vegetables, with all they bring in nutriment, healthfulness and pleasure to the taste. There is the bracing invigoration of rich beef broth—the "life" and sparkle of really good vegetable soup. Body-building cereals are here in plenty. Fresh herbs give their savor and their appetizing touch. Seasoning is of that deft and skillful quality for which Campbell's French chefs are famous.

Selected for luncheon or for supper, here is a dish that often requires very little else to invigorate and satisfy you. At dinnertime, it does yeoman service in providing both food and stimulation to the appetite. And it's so *convenient*, requiring but the addition of an equal quantity of water and a few minutes simmering!

Different days, meals and tastes all call for different soups. Learn to suit the soup exactly to the occasion. The next time you serve Campbell's Soup, take a moment to examine the label. Read the list of the twenty-one different kinds of soups printed there. 12 cents a can.

* * * *

MAKING yourself familiar with this list is a "liberal education" in soups. You then know how to vary your daily menus and select just the soup that proves most attractive for each meal.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

—charm of youth

"that schoolgirl complexion"

The simple rule in daily skin care to follow if you seek it

THE woman of today knows one goal above all others in beauty care. And that is to *keep* her Youth. For she knows how tragically difficult, *once lost,* it is to regain.

Soap and water has become the Youth preservation rule of the world. Used properly, it is surprising what it does. The thousands of youthful women, long past their first youth, seen on every side today, prove the point beyond question.

Urged by leading skin specialists, that rule is based on keeping the skin and pores clean of age-inviting accumulations. Its whole secret is the KIND of soap one uses. *A true complexion soap is meant,* a soap like Palmolive, *made for one purpose only;* to safeguard the complexion. Others may prove too harsh.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So, largely on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

How many girls I have seen try to become prom-trotters, and fail because they thought it necessary to neck and to drink! At a Princeton prom, a few years ago, we danced until sunrise, when the boy I was with suggested that we drive out and get breakfast.

We took two girls who were staying at the same inn as I; and, as they were bored by the boys who had dragged them, my partner secured two of his classmates for them. I know that they had never seen the boys before. My partner and I were in the front of the car, and we hadn't driven far when I turned around to make some remark—but I did not make it. It would have been unfair to interrupt such adept necking.

That afternoon the man I had been with told me that after he had returned to the inn his classmates had roared with laughter because one of the girls had confided:

"I'll tell you the rest of the story—and a few others—while we are dancing tonight."

The story was never finished, for the boys did not dance with those girls that night; in fact, they never saw them again.

And there is the girl I knew quite intimately, who lived near Yale and who had been mildly popular. However, she missed two of the dances and apparently became desperate; at any rate, she began petting. If you don't believe that men talk, you should have seen how soon the "glad word" passed around the college.

For three months she was dated nearly every night and made the dances (but not with the best fraternity men). Then she was as dead as if she had moved out of town; for she was simply a joke. Even the girls knew about her.

But it would be foolish to continue to cite cases. I have never known a popular prom-trotter who was a "heavy necker." Only the would-be prom-trotter who lacks real ability, strives by her wildness to be, if only for a moment, the attraction of a large group—which smiles secretly as she drowns in her own liquor.

NOT that the prom-trotter is an angel; far from it. She smokes, but with moderation; she drinks one or two cocktails, but she doesn't get "tight"; she is a good sport. Without having heard of Aristotle, she follows his doctrine of the mean.

Worse, by far, than the girl who drinks is the girl who tries to reform any one. I know a girl who is very popular in every other way—pretty and a good dancer—but the boys hate to have her on a party because they know she disapproves of drinking.

Since the prom-trotter's is the broad middle course, how does she stand out in the little subtleties? In the matter of dress, as in other things, she is a psychologist. She has studied her type. Her hats match her eyes or bring out the scheme in her hair.

If she is after a particular man, she must dress for him. She remembers that Gus likes her in big hats, Tony in small ones; that Harry thinks yellow is her color; that Harold likes the dainty, fluffy maidens.

As to the cut of her dresses, they must have a touch of sophistication—but only a touch. The ingénue has always been the most successful vamp. The most popular girl at a recent dance I attended wore a long dress that reached her ankles, and she had long hair. On the crowded floor she was a conspicuous mark, and she danced divinely.

The prom-trotter learns the tricks of bidding and attracting men while other girls are in high school or college. It is my estimate that in the East 90 per cent of the real prom-trotters go to finishing schools but never to college; and that is why they have the time to make all the dances. With them it is an all-year business which begins when they are thirteen, and which requires intelligence and money, and, believe it or not, a great deal of work. Let me tell you about it.

SINCE it is a continuous business, let us start with the opening of colleges in the fall. At that time the prom-trotter must have bids for the big proms at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, and at least three others from such schools as Annapolis, West Point, and Cornell. Invitations to the smaller colleges and informal dances may be secured at the big proms or at the football games.

With the football season over, the boys come home for Christmas vacation, and then the prom-trotter must get in her deadly work. She must be especially nice to fat Willie King—even though she would much rather be with handsome Raynon Tully—because he goes to Williams and she hasn't been up there in ages! She must dance every night; she must vamp right and left; she must meet every possible new man without forgetting old friends. By hook and crook and an invitation to tea, she must collect every possible, and a few impossible, invitations.

When Christmas vacation is over the prom-trotters must be dated up until Easter—being sure to have bids for the Yale prom and Dartmouth house party in February, and the Princeton prom in March. Dances at smaller colleges and at prep schools fill in the off nights. Of course, the prom-trotter soon becomes rather old for prep school; but sixth-formers at Groton have a way of becoming freshmen at Yale the following year.

Always the prom-trotter must plan ahead. At the Easter vacation—if not before—she must collect her bids for commencement day at Harvard and Princeton and the senior prom at Yale. And though these dances end the prom-trotting season, those who make a business of it can no more rest than a naturalist in hot pursuit of a butterfly can stop at the 5 o'clock whistle.

A summer moon can work miracles in worming invitations out of susceptible collegians.

They know that a summer moon can work miracles in worming invitations out of susceptible collegians. I have even known it, on several occasions, to make a boy so forgetful that he asked two girls to the same dance, to his unutterable confusion later.

Those cherished invitations! Those one doesn't care about come easily; but the others! One has to work for them, scheme for them—even, as a last alternative, hint for them.

"Oh, the West Point hop! I wish I were going. All my friends are. I envy them so!"

There are many ways of getting bids and of being popular—ways as different as the girls who use them, as different as the boys for whom they are intended.

Perhaps the most unusual I know of was used by a friend of mine. Her father was wealthy, but she learned to concoct tasty dishes.

Then she made a habit of cooking chafing-dish suppers for her college friends when they were home on vacation. One boy brought another, and soon she knew boys from almost every college; and, as she was attractive and a good dancer, her only trouble was in deciding which invitations to accept.

And now that we have the bids, let's look at the dances—the wicked dances. But first the problems of whom to go with and how. The prom-trotter must attend the dance with the most attractive, the most popular man she can get to take her. If this desirable doesn't ask her until she has timidly accepted another bid, she must use all her ingenuity and tact in getting out of the earlier date.

MANY things come into consideration besides the young man's ability to do the Charleston and Black Bottom—such weighty matters that even the boy for whom the prom-trotter feels a real affection must frequently be put aside for another.

Which of the two—or three—men is the upper-classman? Which belongs to the best fraternity? If one is a mere sophomore while another is the captain of the baseball team, the prom-trotter has but one decision. As for fraternities, the prom-trotter keeps well posted on their standing.

She knows much more than the different grips. She can tell you who has done what and why he did so. She knows all about the fraternity invitations, days before elections. To have the greatest popularity she must go with the most eligible man.

On the way to the prom!—with a chaperon. I have never known a real prom-trotter to neglect this essential part of her wardrobe. I have known boys to have girls without chaperons at dances; I have even known them to drag actresses; but, without exception, these boys were the "sad eggs" of the campus, and the girls certainly were not prom-trotters.

Sometimes one girl's mother will chaperon a party of girls; and occasionally, after you have been to a school half a dozen times, the wife of a faculty member will ask you to visit her during the next dance. But a real prom-trotter can never go farther than this.

The most popular chaperon I ever had was a Mrs. Harrington, who was everything a model chaperon should be. She was a good sport (the secret of her success). She really enjoyed college parties, liked to see young people have a good time, was not shocked by trivialities, and she wisely preferred to know what we were doing rather than to have anything go on behind her back.

Mrs. Harrington always was ready to go to parties where etiquette demanded her presence; but she never failed to charm the erudition out of some professor and snare him as a beau. Also, she had a happy faculty of disappearing when there was no need for her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

At the Yale prom she did not attend the tea-dances, or the "Sheff German"—that informal first-night affair which lasts until breakfast—but she was always in Woolsey Hall for the formal prom on the second night.

The true prom-trotter has no need of strict chaperonage. She knows that she has to watch her step. Her aim is to be the most popular girl on the floor. She goes out for the many in order to attract the few desirables; for she knows that nothing succeeds like competition—and there can be no competition if you are parked in a dark car.

The universal idea seems to be that the popular girl at a college party is the scantily clothed, over-rouged flapper, cigaret in one hand, flask in the other.

But the art of being popular is more subtle than that! I have known girls to try the above course, and all they got out of it was the reputation of being wild. Others, without it, will knock the stag line cold. The difference? It lies in the little tricks of the skilled prom-trotter, in the tricks that experience has taught her will attract and hold men.

The successful prom-trotter knows that boredom is dangerous. I knew a girl at Princeton commencement four years ago to miss a bid for the next year's opening dance because she showed that she was bored and tired. The boy told me he was going to ask her, but later said that he was afraid she didn't have enough pep.

Nothing drags partners out of the stag line like a smiling face! If one man seems to be having a good time, others will want to take his place.

When she is cut in on, the prom-trotter leaves her partner slowly, regretfully, with a smile that says she is sorry to go. She has studied the value of a smile, a slight squeeze of the hand. That man will come back!

She goes to her new partner with a happy smile, as if all evening she had been waiting for him to dance with her. If he has danced with her before, she must be clever enough to take up the conversation where it was interrupted. And when the music stops, the prom-trotter never applauds—that would seem too eager.

Hour after hour the prom-trotter must dance, often on swollen, blistered feet which add to the misery of an aching back, and all the time she must keep a gay smile on her lips. If she can sing, she must hum the tune softly, breaking the melody to fling appropriate repartee in response to her partner's remarks.

MEN expect her to amuse them, to make them talk and laugh. The popular girl must be a three-ring circus!

The men can return to the stag line and rest, stroll out, and smoke. But the prom-trotter knows that the popular girl is the one who dances all evening from the arms of one man to those of another without stopping, except when the orchestra pauses—and how seldom that is in these days of two orchestras!

It is the prom-trotter's business to remember names; for nothing hurts a boy like not being known. No course in memory-training is half so efficient as knowing that if she wants her men to come back she must know that she met Jack at Hot Springs; that Phil took her skating at Lake Placid; that Dick last danced with her at a charity ball at the Ritz-Carlton.

She must listen with interest to interminable stories and be ready to laugh at the proper moment. She must be quick to sense whether a man likes chatter with his dancing, or whether he prefers to glide in dreamy silence.

She must know how to dance any dance the man wishes. She must be perfection in all the new steps and at home in the old, slipping without effort from the Charleston to the Black Bottom, from Black Bottom to the Spanish tango, from the tango to a two-step that went out of fashion while she was in a cradle—for there is always the possibility of some old alumnus honoring her with his attentions.

It is never possible for her—unless she is dancing with a man who is very much in love with her and of whom she is quite sure—to appear tired or depressed.

If you think these little things do not matter you have never been a prom-trotter.

How vividly etched on my memory are certain scenes, comic in their youthful tragedy: the haunted eyes of little Mary ———, tyro prom-trotter, as she confessed: "I *forgot* that divine blond's name"; adding in a voice that would have shown affection for a dead mother—"And he didn't dance with me again all evening." Joyce ———, on the third night of dancing at Williams (which we reached after successive dances at Harvard and Cornell), sitting on a sofa beside the man with whom she was desperately in love, and falling dead asleep just as he was on the point of proposing. And many, many others.

WHEN the prom-trotter is cut in on, she leaves her partner with a smile that says she is sorry to go.

No prom-trotter is complete without a "line"—that store of small talk on which such a large part of her success depends. An exceptionally beautiful girl, if she is a good dancer, can get by without it; but the average girl must have a good line or she will be labeled "dumb"; and bids do not follow such an anathema.

One of the most foolish opinions I have ever heard is that the deadly line of the skilled prom-trotter is carefully mapped out ahead of time; that she sits all day reading epigrams which she will introduce that night.

What could be farther from the truth! Her line must be original, up to date in the slang of the moment; witty, slightly sophisticated, and inspired by modern ideas, yet containing a touch of the naïve. Most important of all, it must be adapted to the mood of the young man she is trying to charm—which means the one with whom she is dancing at the moment. She must be quick to notice by a smile or a slight pause whether the man prefers them cynical, quiet, peppy, or demure—and act accordingly.

Can you imagine the effect of a studied line? Flat! The prom-trotter has a harder task than simply learning clever things. Her line must be spontaneous chatter suitable to the mood of the moment: gay and mocking, witty and faintly ironic. If she uses flattery (dangerous, on the whole, for it makes men suspicious), she must be very subtle.

As important as knowing how to talk is knowing when to keep silent. The girl who has a deadly line and who also knows how to listen is irresistible!

If the prom-trotter will listen, she can pick up much valuable information that she can use later. She knows that she has but to sit with wide-open eyes on the face of the young man, an expression of rapt attention on her face, murmuring "yes" and "how wonderful!" at intervals, and she can let her mind compose letters to other men or plan her spring wardrobe.

Later the man will exclaim of her: "Gosh, that girl is interesting! She talks so well!"

I have mentioned the tragedy of failing as a prom-trotter; but there is another side—the tragedy of success, which, like the former, turns to comedy in retrospect.

The object of all the prom-trotter's activities is to be the adored girl of many boys' dreams; not to fall in love herself. She must look them all over, watch to see who is going to make a success, learn with which one she can be really congenial. But sometimes she does fall in love against her judgment, against her best intentions.

Then, no matter how much she may be in love with Harry, she can not show it. Her business is to have the many at her feet. She must not miss a dance to be with him, for some other boy will be looking for her and greet her return with, "Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere."

IT will not do to be given the name of "Harry's girl"—boys will not rush another fellow's fiancée. But if she can be reported as engaged to two boys at once, she is happy, for that is popularity.

How often, during my eleven years of prom-trotting, I wanted to go to a prom with the boy of my immediate adoration, only to refuse his bid with heartache because I had been on his invitation twice before, and now it was better to accept another! And how many tearful confidences from my friends:

"Doug has asked me to go to the tea-dance tomorrow, and I want to so much; but I'd better go with that insufferable Philip, hang him!"

Also, there is always trouble over fraternity pins. One of her lovers offers the prom-trotter "the greatest thing in the world, my pin," little knowing that it is a ball and chain to her. To wear it would mean death to popularity; and so, if she is unable to refuse gracefully, she accepts it—and puts it in her jewelry box along with the others.

Once our home was robbed and everything taken—everything, that is, but my fraternity pins. There were six of them at the time, and with fine contempt the burglar left them in a neat row across my dresser.

I have heard the fickle prom-trotter called by many harsh names; but behind this mad whirl of dancing, this frivolity and gaiety, this insatiable quest for new men, the prom-trotter has a serious objective not known to those who watch her laughing and dancing.

Before condemning her, glance at the other side of the picture—at the girls who have not been prom-trotters. They marry the first man with whom they fall in love; or, if not that, seize some one as a last chance. They are the ones who, later, clutter up the divorce courts; brought there by the desire for some of the flirtation they missed in their youth.

Of my prom-trotting friends who have married, there is but one who is not a happy wife with a proud husband. It is because they got their flirtations out of their systems early in life. They had known many men and were better equipped to judge the Perfect Man when he came along. They were not hurried into marrying the first man who proposed to them.

Prom-trotting is indeed a serious business.

THE END

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Leading the Beauty Battalion

Esther Ralston Puts Over Another Triumph in The Ten Modern Commandments

An Article by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 28 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD has its new battalion of beauty. The members of the 1927 pulchritudinous squad have all advanced within the last year or two, displacing the darlings who had reigned almost since the first close-up revealed mascaraed eyelashes in heroic proportions.

This battalion numbers Esther Ralston, Greta Garbo, Dolores Costello, Greta Nissen, Dolores Del Rio, Norma Shearer, and Olive Borden.

Miss Ralston, who may well head the list, has been coming right along cinematically in the last twelve months, and she has just appeared in a new starring film, The Ten Modern Commandments.

Miss Ralston, who is exactly twenty-five, has been before the public for twenty-three years. She was born in Bar Harbor, Maine. Her ancestry is Irish and Scotch.

Esther went on the stage at the age of two, as one of the Ralston family, then touring vaudeville houses, schools, and Chautauquas in an act that included everything from Shakespeare to songs and dances. Esther, incidentally, was billed as " America's greatest *Juliet.*"

Miss Ralston came into sudden screen prominence as the whimsically youthful story-book mother, *Mrs. Darling,* in Herbert Brenon's production of Peter Pan. The film also lifted Betty Bronson to the electric lights.

The film critics congratulated Mr. Brenon on his discernment in discovering Miss Ralston. Actually, she had been on the screen for eight years.

She made her first film appearance in Charlie Chaplin's The Kid, along with Lita Gray Chaplin. Her second rôle was in Mark Twain's immortal Huckleberry Finn.

She played opposite Monte Banks in one-reel comedies; she glorified the golden West as the heroine of Pete Morrison's thrillers; and she supported such minor luminaries as Hoot Gibson, Bill Duncan, and Herbert Rawlinson.

Thus, by an odd trick of circumstances, the subordinate rôle of *Mrs. Darling* did what a host of second-rate heroines had failed to do. Esther Ralston was forthwith signed by Famous Players. She did some neat playing in Jimmie Cruze's fantastic failure, Beggar on Horseback, and other pictures.

The New England lass of the salty special, Old Ironsides, gave Miss Ralston a push forward, and she is now a star with growing box-office popularity. Dorothy Arzner, one of Hollywood's two women directors, recently directed her in the bizarre Fashions for Women, and she is also the maker of Miss Ralston's newest, The Ten Modern Commandments.

This is another back-stage story, written by Jack Lait. Here a theatrical boarding-house slavey falls in love with a handsome but penniless young song writer, blossoms into a revue beauty, and helps her hero put over his big song hit. She does this by smashing the electrical switches, stealing the stage from the star, and singing the number in her teddies, with the aid of the dancing chorus plus an electric flashlight.

Improbable and really preposterous—but not so illogical when you see Miss Ralston in negligée. In fact, The Ten Modern Commandments (which, summed up in three words, are GET YOUR MAN!) is entertaining largely because of the beauty and playing of Miss Ralston.

Aid is given by Neil Hamilton as the song writer. This Hamilton has had an interesting, if short, career. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1899. His father was a metal-polisher.

Neil left home at seventeen and went to New York. For six years he posed for collar advertisements, did extra work, danced in the chorus, and worked in small stock companies.

Then, in 1922, D. W. Griffith gave him his first chance in The White Rose. He next made him the hero of his Revolutionary War film, America. This was the last big picture that D. W. made at his ill-fated Mamaroneck studios.

Esther Ralston, who, in The Ten Modern Commandments, shows how to " get your man."

Griffith struggled through it and barely got it finished after cutting out a whole lot of his original script. However, America lifted Neil Hamilton from odd jobs to a steady salary.

Short Comment

The Callahans and the Murphys—The usual thing of two Irish families, one moment affectionate, the next quarreling. Boisterous and probably amusing, if rough. Marie Dressler returns to films after fifteen years to wham the celluloid for a hit.

The Prince of Head Waiters—Yes, these cold guardians of the best tables are human, after all. Adolphe Menjou discovered that recently, and here Lewis Stone proves it all over.

Do you know that—

Theodore Roberts is back in Hollywood after a year in vaudeville? . . . King Vidor has started work on the Panama Canal special, The Big Ditch? . . . Two rival West Point stories are being rushed? . . . One stars William Boyd and the other William Haines?

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

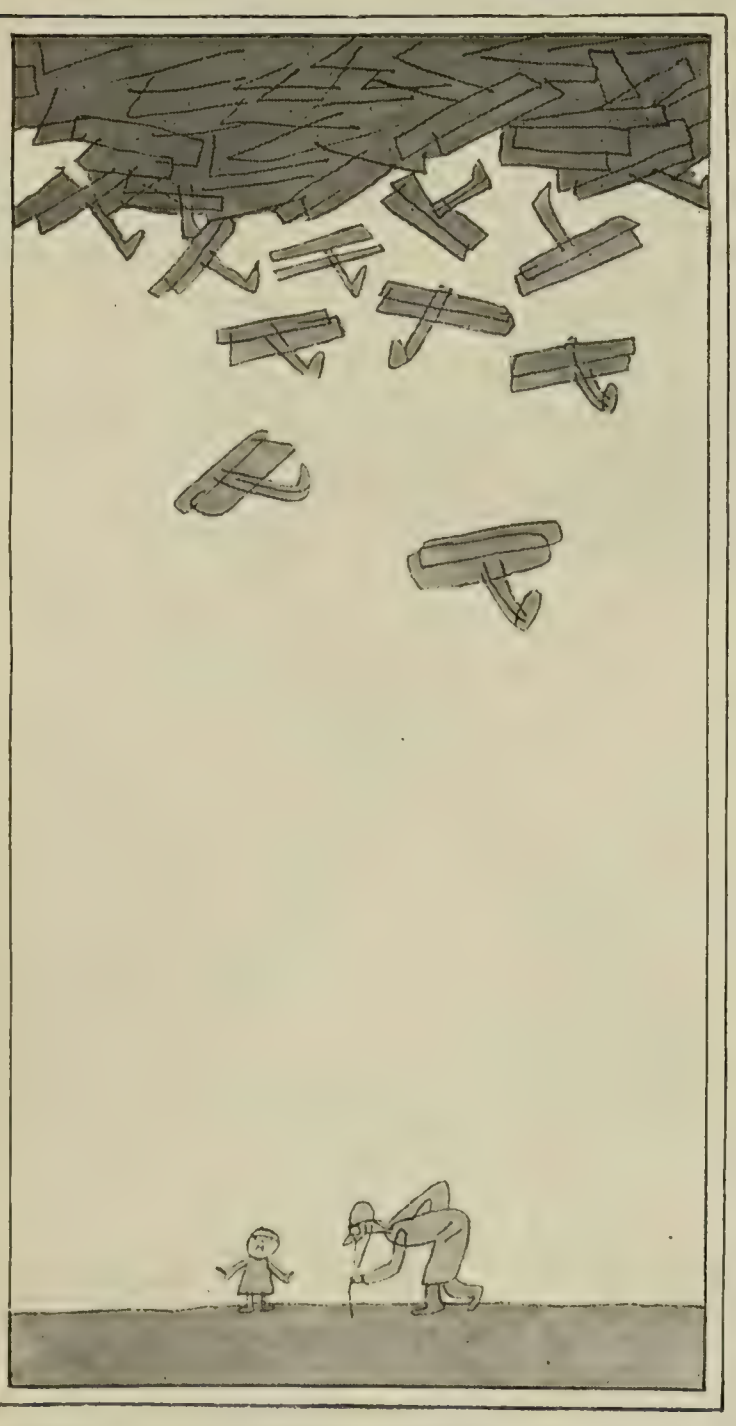
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

REFORMED BOOTLEGGER GOES INTO ANTIQUE FURNITURE BUSINESS. Mr. Antonio Sporza claims to be able to produce three Louis XV armchairs from one Louis XV footstool.

SNAP-SHOT OF ALTON CRUMLECH BLOOMSDEED, the Lawsuit King, whose fortune is estimated by the latest Bradstreet report at $100,000,000. Mr. Bloomsdeed made his money thinking up damage, libel, and plagiarism suits against people who had worked for it.



IMAGINARY SCENE IN AMERICA drawn by Etienne Dupont, aged eleven, a small resident of Paris who has only been reading the newspapers for three months.

ANOTHER WAR NOW OUT OF QUESTION. Baron Jon, who fostered pact to abolish brass knuckles in the Swiss Navy.

TITLED PORTRAIT-PAINTER VISITS AMERICA. The Duchess of Rootscooten in her studio in New York, beside her celebrated symbolic portrait of France's greeting to the American Legion.

—for up-to-date facts

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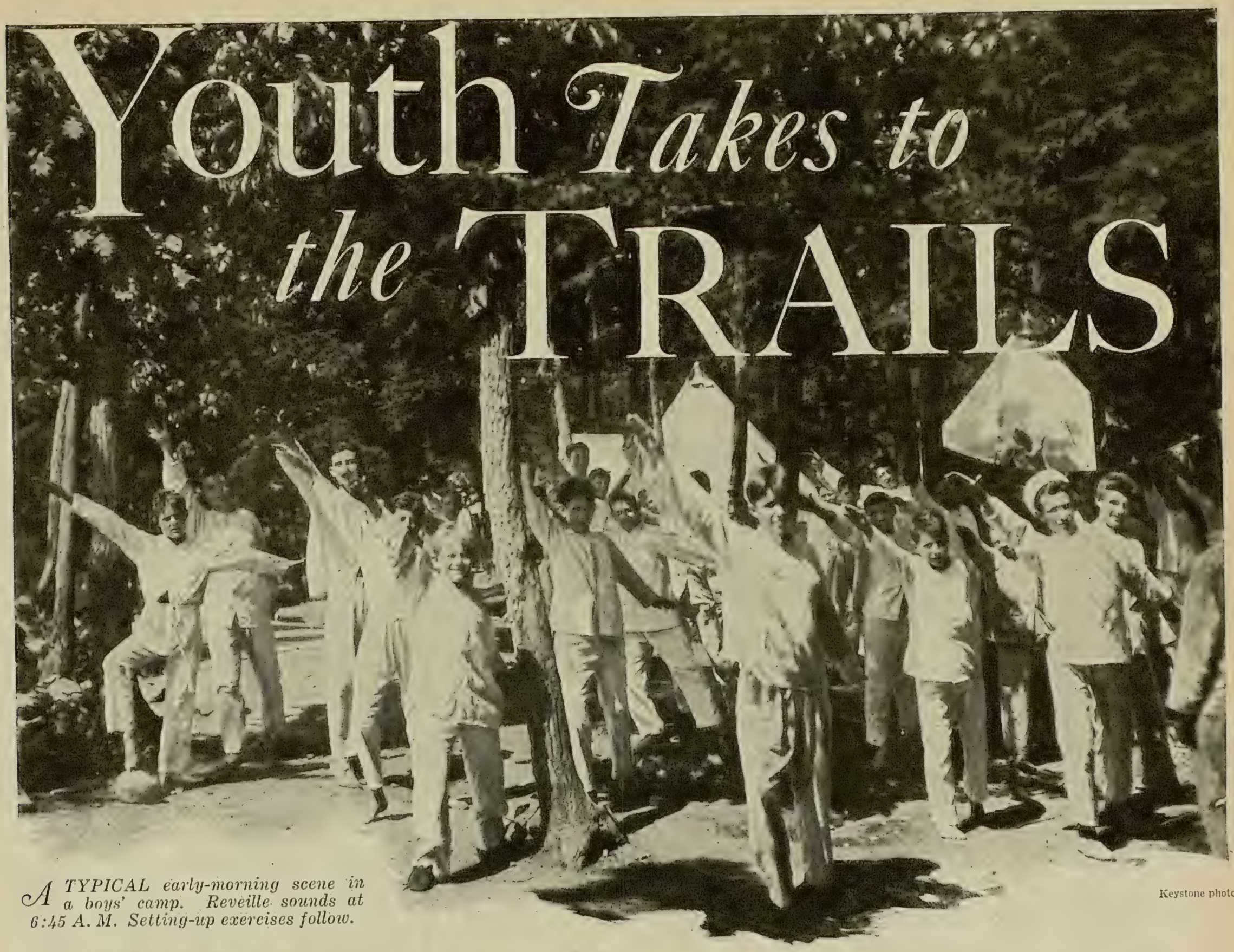
INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

Youth Takes to the TRAILS



A TYPICAL early-morning scene in a boys' camp. Reveille sounds at 6:45 A. M. Setting-up exercises follow.

Keystone photo

What Summer Camps Mean to Millions of Children

An Article by

FREDERICK TISDALE

(Reading time: 11 minutes 30 seconds.)

WE have been afflicted lately with a loudly articulate school of moaning philosophers. These disciples of disgust beat their bosoms and assure us that the universe has just about petered out. To hear them tell it, the human race is on a bee-line for Gehenna. They derive a melancholy satisfaction from the conviction that the American delegation will get there first.

Specifically, they allege that our civilization is sinking in a welter of sex and saxophones. The younger generations are a special target for their tears. Gin and jazz are corroding the souls of our immature citizens. There is no hope. All is lost, including honor.

If these gloom-spreaders want to retain their dismal beliefs, they would better stay away from the larger passenger terminals during certain periods of the summer. The periods referred to are those covering the departure and return of children in the annual emigration to summer camps.

Every year the cities send out increasing swarms of boys and girls. On remote lakes and mountains the urban-bred youngster discovers nature, and discovers himself. They leave with the pallor of schools and apartments upon them; when they come home they are as brown as mahogany, and as strong.

Within the past ten years there has been an amazing multiplication of camps and campers.

Camps for children fall naturally into three classifications: charity camps, where nothing is charged; institutional camps (such as those of the Boy Scouts, which have about 250,000 kids this year), where there are small weekly fees; private camps, where the child pays, and pays plenty.

One authority estimates that the United States has about 2,800 of these camps. They spend for supplies every year about $28,000,000. To that you must add $10,000,000 which cheerful parents expend every summer for special clothes, sporting goods, and the like. A right tidy sum, this $38,000,000 total—but it isn't all.

Hikers and temporary campers near the cities pour out $20,000,000 annually. Motor campers add $55,000,000 more for food and equipment. Adult camps and campers swell the golden flood by another $35,000,000.

The grand total (ask the sporting-goods houses if it isn't grand!) foots up to $148,000,000 every year. And the statisticians protest that this is a highly conservative estimate.

The most interesting of the camps are those for youngsters. They have condensed the development of boys and girls into a science—and they charge accordingly. A camp will have bunks for from 100 to 350. They charge from $100 to $500 for the two months.

Two months out of twelve is an abbreviated season. And since the properties lie in regions so remote that they can be used for nothing else, you might infer that their activities were tinged with philanthropy. Nevertheless, the camp-owners can get along very nicely without your sympathy.

A New Yorker told me:

"I have three camps in the Adirondacks. Each of them cleared $25,000 last summer. They will do considerably better this year."

THE fact that so many of these camps have sprung up in the cool mountain districts of the East has made New York a clearing-house for small back-to-nature pilgrims.

About a thousand camps are tucked away in forest districts served by rail systems radi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

DRAWN BY KARL GODWIN

While the walls tottered around them . . . they buried the linotypes . . . and saved the city's news service

When the great fire of 1906 swept San Francisco, not a newspaper office was left standing.

But while the walls were still tottering, the men of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD *Daily News* were feverishly digging under the press room floor to bury and protect the linotypes.

So it came that the *San Francisco Daily News* was the first paper in the stricken city to resume news service. Men do intrepid things when they work on their own. If they share in the profits, they will not weigh their share of the toil and hardship. That is one reason why the history of SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers is illuminated by so many pages of heroic achievement by individual staff members. For these newspapers are owned and controlled from within, by the men who make them, by the editors, writers, executives and publishers. Their concerted efforts to make SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers still greater never lessen.

For there is ever sounding in their ears that stirring Marseillaise to ambition . . . the worker's right to share in the fruits of the progress he helps to create.

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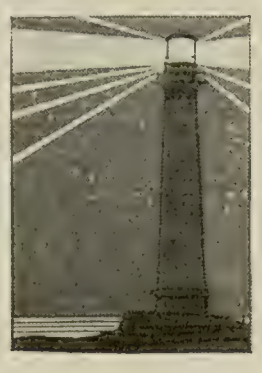
CLEVELAND . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



AKRON . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

ating from the metropolis. Their preserves cover wooded and watered areas in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, the New England States, and the St. Lawrence country. Some 125,000 children leave for these camps every summer.

Many of the high-priced Eastern camps are served by the railroads that share the Grand Central Terminal. The last days of June see the annual capture of this station by hordes of young campers.

Cataracts of kids pour down the stairs and romp in the main rotunda. Seas of girls, full of squeals and giggles, swirl around the banners that indicate the mobilization points for the different camps. It looks like a hopeless mix-up, but it isn't. The horde is so well directed by the railroad and camp staffs that a lost child is extremely rare.

SAY that Mrs. Robert Roe, of Park Avenue, consents, after grave doubts and deliberation, to relinquish Junior to Camp Winnemussiguntic during July and August.

Junior's best pal went there last year, and he brought back such glowing tales of his experiences that Junior has burned ever since with an unquenchable determination to accompany him this summer.

As soon as Mrs. Roe has signified by letter (and check) that the camp is to be favored by the presence of her son, she receives a sheet of instructions. Junior must have sweaters, shirts, breeches, and stockings that conform in shade to the camp colors. Also blankets and a sleeping-bag; for he will hit the trail in hikes that will keep him out in the woods overnight.

These and other details of equipment draw Mrs. Roe to her favorite sporting-goods store. By this time anticipation has tightened Junior to the tension of a piano-string.

There is a natural divergence of opinion between the two on the question of equipment — a divergence complicated by the fascinating articles on display and an apparent conviction on the part of the young camper that he is in for a heavy summer of Indian-fighting.

While his mother is fingering a pair of heavy woolen stockings, Junior drags her over to another department. There he points to a repeating rifle in a rack of lethal weapons.

"Mom," he says in an ecstatic whisper, "buy me that!"

His mother protests and an obliging salesman adds that the piece of ordnance indicated is suitable only for elephant hunts.

This and subsequent refusals bring on a crisis which is settled by the purchase of a knife. But what a knife! It weighs about two pounds and has fifteen blades, not counting the chisel, saw, file, nail scissors, pick, and corkscrew.

After she has added up the bills for Junior's outfit, Mrs. Roe would be the last person in the world to doubt that $10,000,000 is spent annually for such things.

Despite Junior's pessimism, the great day finally arrives. His things are crammed into his duffel-bag and the palpitating young man is taken down to the Grand Central.

They make their way through thousands of excited children and mothers to a point on the balcony indicated by a Winnemussiguntic pennant. Here Junior meets his friend and becomes acquainted with other boys who are to be his companions at camp.

Not without maternal misgivings, Mrs. Roe surrenders her offspring to the directors and councilors of the camp. Train-time approaches, and for about five minutes she kisses Junior good-by.

"Good-by, mom," says Junior. (But he wishes she wouldn't kiss him so much, because the other kids may get the impression that he is a sissy.)

As they start for the gate, she bombards him with parting injunctions. He mustn't go in swimming unless grown people are near by. He must wash his teeth every night and morning. He must write at least once a week.

"And be a good boy," she adds.

"Sure, mom," Junior agrees, though most of the instructions have found no lodgment in his head.

Mrs. Roe tries to go through the gate to the train, but the gateman won't allow it. At least, she can stand at the gate and watch until her son's hat disappears. That goes at last, and Mrs. Roe returns to a strangely empty apartment, having recourse now and then to a damp handkerchief.

Multiply this illustration by 20,000 and you will get some idea of this annual event at the Grand Central. The return of the horde at the end of August is just as clamorous.

The gloom-spreader has a cynical answer for all this.

"Sure," he jeers. "The modern parents send their kids away for the summer because they don't want to be bothered with 'em. If they park 'em at one of these camps, the parents are free to tear around to gin parties and night clubs."

To answer him, I quote a mother who has five children. At the time this was written, three of the five were in camps—the others were too young.

"No one reason," declares this mother, "will explain the astonishing growth of the camp idea. Perhaps the largest single factor is that parents now have more money with which to give their children such advantages.

"Prosperity is allowing more and more couples to realize their long-cherished hope of a trip abroad. They realize that their younger children will profit far more by a healthful summer in camp than by trotting over Europe with them.

"When school turns out in the city, children must go home to the apartment or hotel where their parents live. And that is a sad playground, no matter how many toys clutter it.

"I consider these summer camps a necessity for city folk. Under strict supervision and coaching, my children acquire faculties more valuable, in some ways, than those they develop at school. Isn't it as important for a boy to know how to swim as to memorize the multiplication table?

"Boys and girls are taught at these camps to love the beauties of nature, to take care of themselves, to act honorably toward their associates. When they come home their bodies have been built up by exercise and proper food; their nerves have been improved by regular hours, plenty of sleep, and peaceful surroundings.

"My children were so greatly improved after their first summer in camp that I determined they should go every summer thereafter until they were too old to be admitted. And they are more enthusiastic about the idea than I am."

OF course, there are camps and camps. The best ones have been in the game long enough to have developed efficient staffs and to have discovered certainties in method. Poor camps wither and die because youngsters by their behavior advertise or condemn the places where they have been.

The percentage of girls and boys that now patronize summer camps is about equal. Accepted ages range from six to nineteen years. The best locations are on rivers or lakes in heavily wooded hills.

State and camp officials guard health conditions by rigid inspections of water, milk, drainage, etc. A doctor and a nurse will be found in all camps of any size. A camp that allowed an epidemic to break out would have a hard time

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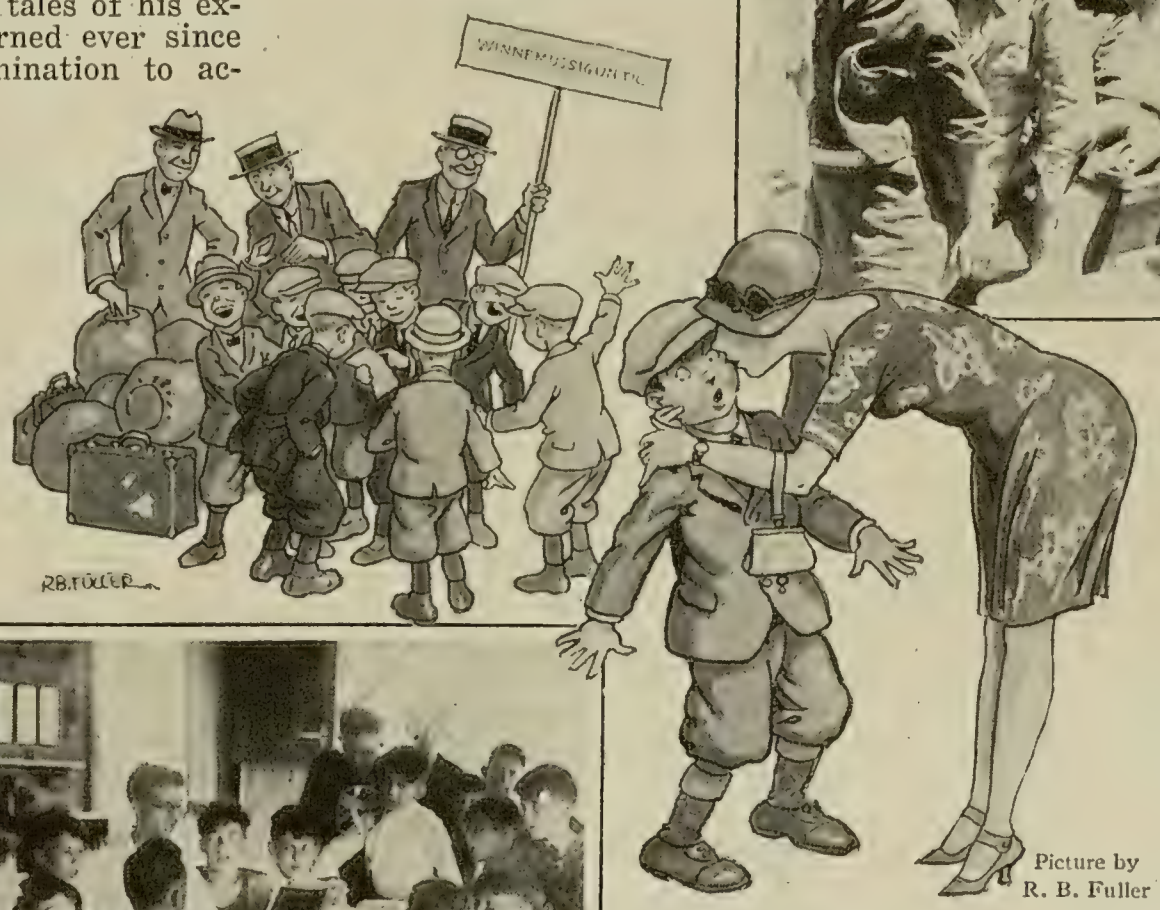
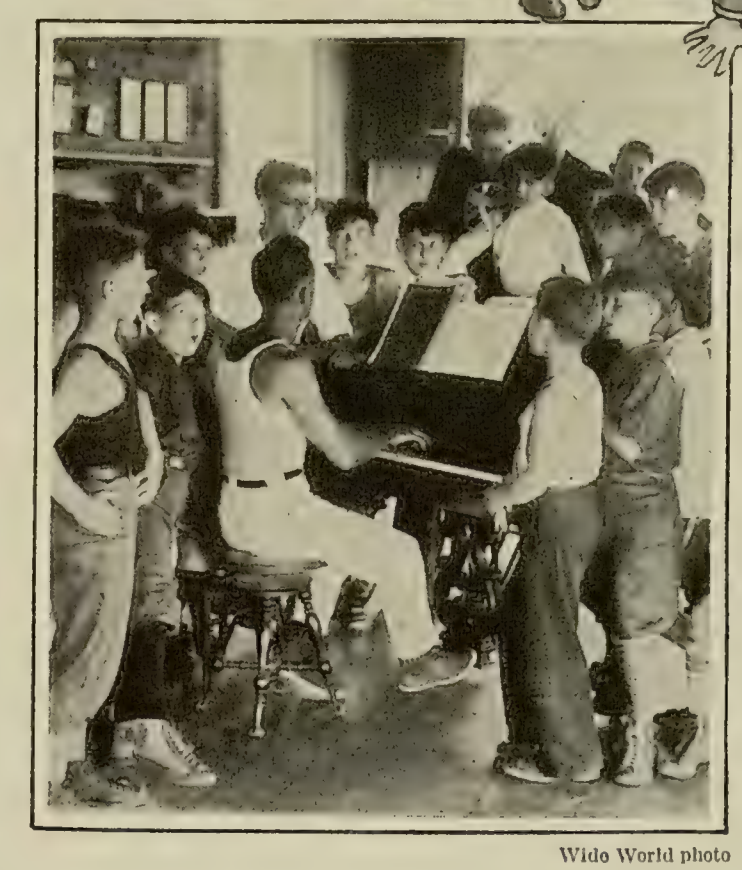
Int. photo

A GIANT slide in one New England camp provides amusement for a few of America's young camping army.



Picture by R. B. Fuller

JUNIOR wishes his mother wouldn't kiss him so much, because the other kids may get the impression that he is a sissy.



Wide World photo

THE summer days are divided into regular periods for sports, study, and rest. Singing, as shown by this photograph, is a favorite recreation.

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[YOUTH TAKES TO THE TRAILS]
Continued from Page Twenty-seven

overcoming a boycott by parents in the following summer.

One of the greatest factors in the success of these outdoor institutions has been the councilor. The children eat in a central hall, but they live in tents or light bungalows. Six form a group, and a councilor lives with each group.

Before they are chosen, the character and qualifications of the councilors are subjected to microscopic examination. They must be college graduates, and each one specializes in the teaching of some subject in sports or woodcraft.

Under the watchful eye of this mentor, the children must make their beds, care for their clothes, keep the tent clean, and act generously toward other members of the temporary family.

ONE of the councilor's greatest cares is the homesick child. That depressing malady is apt to seize upon any youngster in the first few days of his initial summer in camp.

The neophyte, who has been the center of all activity and affection at home, finds himself in a strange place, confronting a strange mode of life, surrounded by strange faces.

Experience has taught the councilor to deal skilfully with the attack. The first rule is:

"Keep him busy—so busy he won't have time to think about his troubles."

Children must not form groups to the exclusion of a newcomer in their tent. They are coached to make him feel at ease, to make him feel that he belongs. Such treatment indoors, with every outdoor moment crowded with interest, convinces the sufferer that it isn't such a dismal world, after all.

The very young girl and boy may consider a good-night kiss necessary before they can compose themselves for slumber. The councilor administers the required caress. Often a small boy demands a good bedtime story before he goes to sleep. The councilor must be able to reel off yards of tales about fairies and animals that talk.

In most instances the central personification of maternity is the camp mother. Usually she is a mother with a successful family to her credit. She sees to the mending of the more serious rips, offers a sympathetic bosom for tears that must be shed, and helps the councilors in the more stubborn cases of juvenile blues.

Camp life rotates on a regular schedule. At 6:45 A. M. reveille scatters the dreams and routs the campers out of their cots. There are setting-up exercises before breakfast, and afterward beds must be made and tents put in order. Sports, games, and study periods follow.

After lunch there is a compulsory rest period, and on its heels another session of sports and games. After supper, lighter activities are pursued, and by the time taps sound at 9:15 P. M. the tired youngsters are glad to hit the hay.

It takes a wise person to make a rule—and a wiser one still to know when the rule should be broken. Most camp directors realize that an inflexible check may become a bad thing, and councilors are instructed to use their judgment.

It is necessary to check candy orgies by limiting the amount of sweets sent to each child. A group of girls will sneak a box of cake into their tent, play possum after taps until the councilor goes out, then produce the contraband and revel in a forbidden party. Their delights are doubled by the belief that they are breaking a regulation.

It would not be half so much fun if the girls knew the councilor was waiting outside, stifling her yawns until the party broke up and she could come back to her own cot without interrupting the stolen revelry.

"It is sometimes desirable," says the rule book of one big camp, "for councilors to allow a party to be 'pulled off' without appearing to know anything about it. The campers enjoy the idea of 'putting it over.' There is no harm in letting them think they have done so."

AT all camps swimming and other water sports are popular. Instructors show the youngsters how to take care of themselves and how to rescue others. They are taught not to rock the boat or the canoe; but if an upset occurs, they have mastered the knack of boarding the elusive craft from the water.

On hikes, young professors of woodcraft instruct them in the making of camp-fires and cooking. Horseback riding is very popular. Many camps have classes in basket-weaving, painting, etc.

Picture by R. B. Fuller

Among both boy and girl campers, swimming and other water sports are popular.

If a youngster has fallen behind in arithmetic, say, arrangements may be made for coaching while he is in the woods. Dramatics is a recognized part of the course. For the older boys and girls dances and other social events are arranged; but there are not too many of them and they are supervised carefully.

Particular attention is given to assigning each camper to games and sports that will heal character defects. Some camps have rating sheets that catalog the youngsters' strong points and weaknesses.

The headings include traits such as Courage, Cheerfulness, Appearance, Humor, Unselfishness, Leadership, Modesty, Will Power, and so on. The councilor marks down percentages for the camper and, in general powwows with other councilors, works out ways for correcting faults.

THE director of a big camp in Maine was asked, "What is your greatest difficulty in dealing with children?"

"You'd never guess," he said, smiling. "Our great trouble with the child is the parent. All camps have hotels or special rooms set aside for fathers and mothers. There are certain visiting days; but of course you do not want to deny them the right to see their youngsters whenever they demand it.

"Demonstrations of affection often upset the training of the camper," he continued. "It does not simplify our work to have a cooing parent gorge the child with bonbons or undermine necessary routine with other indulgences. Really, the months in camp furnish the only discipline that some modern children ever get.

"Yes, there are camps and camps. The wise mother and father will look for certain features before making a choice.

"The location should be far enough away from big cities to be free from too many visitors. There should be country roads and backwoods trails for hiking. Find out whether your child would thrive better at an ocean beach or a wilderness camp.

"All camp buildings should be raised off the ground for air circulation beneath, and should stand where the healthful sun-rays can get at them. Plumbing should be modern and there should be plenty of it.

"Above all, it should be remembered that the summer camp is vastly more than a vacation for the child. It is training and preparation for the future. During the two months, your camp director has the child under his influence for more hours than a teacher in school during the entire term. Habits and lessons taught in camp become a permanent part of the camper's after-life."

THE END

HE told Olga that things must come to an end with them. De Crissac would be glad to get her back.

Pictures by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Tragedy *of* OLGA

The Story of a Girl Who Learned to Love too Late

By

MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE

(Reading time: 9 minutes 40 seconds.)

TO understand what happened later, it is necessary to reconstruct the background of the lady who was at the time of the tragedy the Duchesse de Crissac. She had been Olga Lovejoy, of Minneapolis, in 1913. That was, you will perhaps remember, before the world knew of the so-called flapper.

Olga Lovejoy had been handsome in a way a little more than usual: she had two soft blond wings of hair; her sedately narrow skirts were ankle-length; she had a soft voice; and if she'd any opinions she kept them to herself. Probably she knew what sex appeal was, but certainly she never mentioned it—least of all in what used to be known as "mixed company."

At parties, it was never Olga Lovejoy who stayed later than the rest. She was never "talked about" even in that day when, looking back, it seems to us there must have been no reason for such chatter, ever. She was the norm—the perfect, pretty American girl, completely pliant, completely unawakened.

That year she went to Lausanne, by way of leavening her education, which was of the excellent-finishing-school type. And the war-clouds lowered just late enough to permit her to pack her elegant luggage and her bewitchingly pretty self on board a liner for home.

During her stay at Lausanne she had met some of the "charming people" for the benefit of whose acquaintance her mother had partially engineered the trip. Chief among these was the Duchesse de Crissac, a grim, mustached, incurably inquisitive old gentlewoman whose exquisite French served the young American girl as a model.

The Duchesse had a son in service in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

If HAY FEVER turns life's picnic into a panic RINEX it!

WHATSA use of beating 'round the bush . . . if you have hay fever you know it. If pollen is poison to you, nobody has to tell you where it hurts:

No hiking trips
No rides in the country
No picnics
Keep off the grass!

* * *

But there *is* relief. When hay fever hits you, *Rinex it.*

Keep a Rinex bottle on your hip and enjoy normal comfort outdoors in *any* part of the country right through the whole hay fever season.

What Every Woman Knows

Many a beautiful friendship never gets to the *boiling point* because hay fever starts up the sniffles first.

The dreadful truth is that *no* beauty shoppe can overcome the charming effects of hay fever.

He may want a clinging vine, but not a weeping willow.

Pollen puts a permanent wave in even the most patrician nose and turns beautiful blue eyes into twin pools of tears. No amount of make-up can cover the glow of inflamed nostrils that are *always sniffling.*

No man looks twice at a hay feverette. He may want a clinging vine, but *not* a weeping willow.

It's a masculine fact . . . if they've got to swim on a petting party, gentlemen prefer ponds!

Hay fever is not out in the fields but inside your head. Being an internal condition, it can be fortified by an internal preparation—Rinex.

Are you wetter'n a wilted collar? Is your nose one of those "leaks as it seeps as it streams" things? Does life seem not worth living?

Then never say die—*say Rinex.*

Rinex controls hay fever and we don't mean perhaps.

Rinex, we repeat, does such a sure fire job that we can afford to make this offer:

Go to your druggist. Say "Rinex." Take as many doses as you feel is a fair trial. If you're not *entirely* satisfied with the way it works for you, take the rest of the Rinex back to the druggist and spang, just like that, he'll give you your *whole dollar.* That proves how we believe in Rinex, doesn't it? It explains why 50,000 leading druggists carry Rinex and are enthusiastic about it.

You ought to be able to get Rinex at any *good* drugstore. If you have any difficulty at all, send your dollar direct to us and we will send it, special delivery, postage paid, on the same guaranteed basis.

Use the coupon for an order blank and pin a dollar to it. Liberty Magazine stands behind every ad that appears in its columns, so you *can't* lose.

Men, it's True

Hay fever is the meanest handicapper in life's great game. Get a case of hay fever going good and it turns the finest fairway into a water hazard.

Always Sniffin'

Try a little dry fly fishing while you're weeping over the ragweed. Just try.

Go in for tennis—with your nose making its own racket.

Nope. There's no sport in hay fever. None.

All sorts of sniffles—weepy eyes and inflamed nostrils, mild catarrh, chronic catarrh, head colds, rose fever, rose colds, summer colds, hay fever, hay asthma—respond magically to Rinex. Try it! Sure, safe, easy to take—not habit-forming. No bad after effects.

DR. PLATTS **Rinex** PRESCRIPTION

Hits Hay Fever *Knocks it out*

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☐ Here's my dollar. Send me (plain wrapper) a full size bottle of Rinex postpaid, *special delivery*, on your money-back-guarantee basis if it doesn't work for me.

☐ I haven't hay fever or asthma now, but would like to try Rinex for its sniffle-ending qualities. Send me your free sample.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Morocco, and it was of him she often spoke when Mademoiselle Lovejoy came to tea. He was named Raoul. He was thirty-three at the time, and, from the murky snapshots his proud mother had to show, a dark, spare Frenchman of the style we call "typical."

Nearly all the men Olga knew went to France either that first year of the war, with the Foreign Legion, or in 1917. She had never had a single real "love affair," as they used to be called in those dear, innocent days. Perhaps she had been clumsily kissed, once or twice; but that was all.

IN the fall of 1917 Raoul de Crissac came to America with the French mission. He was thirty-seven to Olga's twenty-two, and he seemed older. Years of foreign service had sharpened him, molded him a little rigidly.

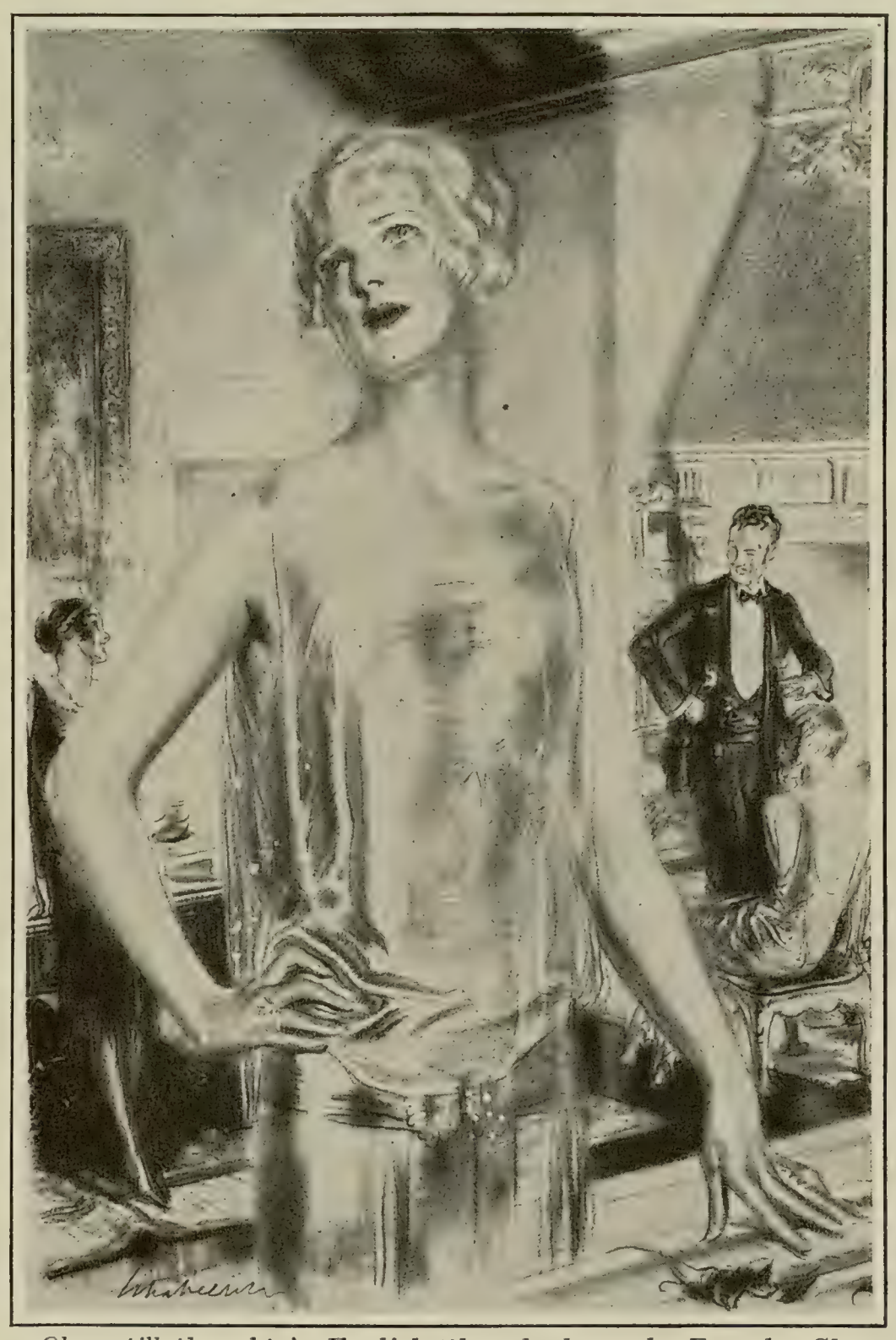
He seemed to Olga a most romantic figure, after a plethora of khaki-clad hundred-per-centers. Anyhow, all the young lieutenants and captains of her acquaintance were hundreds of miles away. And Raoul, recognizing the importance of the *dot* she would bring him, discreetly pressed his suit.

At first she did not recognize his wooing as such. It was so remote and deferential. She had been used to the quaintness of clumsy kisses and attempted hand-holdings. But when Raoul de Crissac went to Washington in the autumn of 1918, they were betrothed.

Mrs. Lovejoy saw infinite possibilities in a war-time wedding. The horizon tints of the bridegroom's uniform seemed to have been planned specially to harmonize with the decorations of the Chapel of St. Simon, which she herself had given to their summer-place settlement.

They were married that September, with a good deal of fanfare, crossed swords, mustachios, and the like. Mrs. Lovejoy reflected with satisfaction that it was lucky Raoul's ancestors had been Huguenots. Of course, if they had been Roman Catholics, it would have meant that the wedding would have had to be solemnized in the shabby little temporary Chapel of St. Brigid, across the falls. Or else they would have had to go back to Minneapolis, to the cathedral, while the heat was still thick on the city. Everything seemed to fall out very well.

Raoul took his bride back to France immediately. They were in Paris when the Armistice came. He had seen heavy service the first three years of the war; had been



Olga still thought in English, though she spoke French. She was oddly alien in her own group.

invalided. The following August their first child, a little dark replica of his father, was born; the next year another, a girl.

As was inevitable, Olga found herself swallowed up in that Gallic institution, the family. She and Raoul lived with the old Duchesse in the gloomy, beautiful château, not far from La Rochelle.

THERE was an expert *bonne* for the children; there were dark, deft, respectful servants who kept the well oiled machinery of the great house in order with no apparent effort. Indeed, the children themselves seemed less hers than she would have believed possible.

If they had inherited a little of her own Northern fairness, she sometimes thought, they might have seemed more definitely hers. But they were small, correct, brunette infants. The language they spoke was not the speech of her own happy childhood.

Olga still *thought* in English, though she spoke French. And thus she was oddly alien in her own group. She had not been assimilated by her adopted family in marriage. She had only changed her name and given her fortune into a strange man's keeping.

In a woman less cool of temperament the reaction would have proved more acute. Olga had realized, very soon after her marriage, that the physical side of the contract brought only a feeling of deep distaste, which wore on to a resigned, but never happy, tolerance. If she had loved Raoul in the way one reads of in books and characters prate of on the stage, she thought it might have been very different. But she didn't love him.

Respect she had for Raoul, and a sort of remote fondness which grew out of their intimacy and the fact that his children were also hers, fruit of her agony and bewilderment. But certainly she neither thrilled at the sound of his step nor repined in his absences. She very much doubted if the book-and-play variety of love existed. Anyhow, she was not too curious.

HER father died when little Lucienne was two years old, leaving her a rather stupendous portion of his fortune. Olga wept dry, secret sobs, because she was so far away, and really because she had lost with him a part of her youth and her dreams.

She could not really believe that this sorrow had touched her, because she was cut off from home and lived in a small, circumscribed world alien to her family's. But Raoul decided it would be well for her to have a rest and change, and they packed their bags with the elaborate paraphernalia required for an effete hunting trip in Africa. Raoul had friends who were making it, the modern equivalent of the grand tour of the '90s.

But even Africa, the claw-land of heady scents and tropic passions, brought Olga no closer to reality than before. Cushioned as her life had always been, it remained so even in jungle fastnesses, with wild beasts stalking deep in the brush and the potent sorcery of a yellow moon over the earth, because here were guides and couriers and runners; here were tents for camping *de luxe;*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble lather"

teems with water

BUBBLES are "shells" of water. And water, science says, is what really softens beards. Therefore Colgate has made this "small-bubble" lather which contains thousands more of these water-shells, hence holds more moisture. Fine as mist, these bubbles seep down between whiskers to skin surface, right where blade meets hair, as the lather pictures above prove.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable throughout the day.

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Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502, I, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

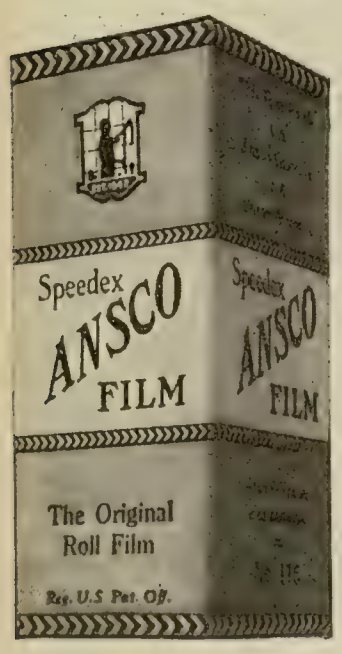
Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

"They all say that about Speedex!"

6 out of 6

"Aren't they clear!"—"I want that one!"—"Say, won't she be tickled!"—"Didn't have much light, either."—"Six out of six!"—



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[THE TRAGEDY OF OLGA Continued from Page Thirty-one]

paté and caviar and truffles for luncheon.

The hunting itself was not so productive of thrills as she had expected. Raoul and the other men in the party, English for the most part, wore eminently correct hunting kit, and occasionally a lion was correctly bagged. But there was nothing dangerous or primitive in the engagements. All was ordered, smooth, adventure *de luxe*. It was a distraction of a sort; but the thrills were few and far between.

Olga was glad enough when her husband tired of the sport and proposed that they start for home, earlier than they had planned. It was now late spring, and he, a devoted gardener, had begun to think longingly of the roses and the unclipped hedges in the château garden. A little bored with each other, the De Crissacs arrived in Cape Town just a day late for the steamer. It would be two weeks before they could take passage. Olga fretted at the delay.

AT dinner that evening in their hotel, Raoul ran into a man who had been a fellow officer, Etienne Coudray. He begged them to join him at his table. Here they found a gay party of colonials, again mostly British.

The women observed the slow, cool loveliness of Olga with feline apprehension. The men turned to her, in her white-and-silver frock, just out of its Paris box, with flattering attention.

One of the men, especially, Olga de Crissac noticed, and small wonder! Gavin Denham was known from Kensington Gardens to the Taj Mahal as a charmer of no mean prowess.

He was a lean, sunburnt, narrow-waisted Englishman who wove his broad-shouldered way arrogantly through all manner of adventures. He had a roving glance and a restless heel. Olga had seen his sort before; but in her capacity of discreet wife and mother in the De Crissac household, and in her advantageous but somewhat restricted girlhood, she had simply never happened to meet his kind face to face.

He made what used to be known as a "dead set" at her. Raoul, talking big game to Etienne and the others, probably did not notice, that first evening, what progress young Denham made with his wife. Certainly he scarcely observed what was toward when, next afternoon, Olga was missing at the tea hour. She was sitting, rapt as a schoolgirl, across the table from Denham in a cheap little confectioner's, listening to the charmer.

How he talked! What liquid honey his words made, and what sweeter, subtler flattery his phrases conveyed! For the first time in many years, since just before her marriage, perhaps, Olga became aware of her beauty, which was considerable; of her desirability, which was unquestionable, but had hitherto seemed unimportant. It must have been fatally easy for Denham to woo her, as wooing it was. In six days she was desperately in love with him.

Of course I do not know; I can only reconstruct some of that wooing from what I know of the old Olga Lovejoy.

She was lonely, she was sad, she needed love: she needed to be first with some one.

The father she had adored had slipped out of her life without giving her an opportunity even to say good-by. Her children, of whom she might have expected at least recompense in the way of fond devotion, belonged less to her than to the strict *bonne* who performed the meanest offices for them. She needed to be first. She needed reassurances in her sadness and her aloneness.

Raoul, courteous, but sufficient unto himself, was more than ever a stranger to her. This new man spoke the language of her world. His eyes caressed her when she told him of her grief; her heart's laceration seemed to mean something close and personal to him. She seemed to live again, to hope, because he gave life new meaning.

On the seventh day they threw caution overboard and embarked, as stowaways, on a coaling ship bound for Marseilles. Olga left her husband just a frantic, incoherent note.

She was a little delirious when she wrote it. She abandoned all her trappings, her beautiful impediments.

She had only a gold vanity case in her hand for luggage. But she thought: This is divine. This is real, at last. This is living. And I have never lived before.

It was a frantic happiness, a mad stolen dream, that journey. Penniless, they landed, grimed, laughing, Olga convinced that the world was well lost for her lover.

The cushioned ease she had left seemed horribly tiresome. As for her fellow conspirator, this was merely a new sensation, stolen kisses and caresses in a piquant setting, with the feeling the princess had stepped down from her throne to cavort with the cabin-boy.

SOMEHOW they got to London. Denham had letters of credit waiting for him there, but soon the money was gone, and with it the spirit of high adventure. They were in lodgings—grimy ones. Olga's one costume, a beautiful gray traveling suit, had emerged from the cleaner's just a little the worse for the wear and the coal dust. She had to launder her own few frail underthings.

Her relatives, indignant at the bald stories of her flight which had somehow crept through in dispatches from Cape Town, were revolted at her behavior and refused to honor her requests for money. And the money from her father's estate had all been turned over to Raoul.

Now that Denham was back upon his own ground, his passion for his blonde goddess cooled quickly. To him, in Africa, Olga

had seemed rare and exquisite, a new flower to pick and wear in his buttonhole.

In London she was a little dusty, this white flower, as a gardenia is when its petals have been breathed upon.

He thought he would prefer a fresh one.

More and more he left her alone in the dingy rooms. His temper wore thin.

He wearied of her kisses; her fond arms and their frenzied embraces bored him. He had waked the statue to life, and now he wished he might wave a wand and restore it to inanition. He was no proud Pygmalion.

They had come to London in May. July was hot on the Chelsea roof-tops when he told Olga that things must come to an end with them. He was weary of this pretense at loving. He had an invitation to somebody-or-other's place in Scotland.

She could pack up and go back to La Rochelle. There was no hole-and-corner stuff about him, he informed her.

De Crissac would be jolly glad to get her back; the talk would be hushed up. She could make a deuced lot of trouble for the De Crissacs if they *didn't* knuckle under, with all that money at stake, he said.

Olga listened, as he packed and flicked an elegant cigaret to and fro. Scotland—and it was over—and she was to go back and eat humble-pie and be forgiven.

SHE was very quiet—too quiet, if Denham had only realized. But he had known many women: he believed in kissing and riding away.

He was careless. When he left the room, whistling, to get his shaving-kit, Olga flew to the writing-table and with a swift look ascertained the number of his compartment—the train was the 7:10 from Euston.

She flung herself upon him when he came back, the light insult of a whistle on his lips. Oh, but it wasn't to end like this, she screamed at him. He was joking; he was never serious. She'd burnt her bridges. She couldn't go back if she wanted to—which, God knew, she didn't!

He threw back his head and laughed at her with a flash of his fine teeth. Scenes, he reminded her, they had both agreed were pretty tiresome.

He hoped she wouldn't spoil his memories. And he swept her a low bow.

When he returned for his bags at 6 o'clock, there was no sign anywhere of Olga. He shrugged his arrogant broad shoulders and swung out with never a backward glance. Oh, well, she'd seen the sense of what he'd said. Probably was on her way Channelward even now.

MEANTIME, the Duchesse de Crissac, in her badly pressed gray suit, was making her way to the station from a shabby shop in a mean street. She had traded her diamond bracelet for the price of a fare to Scotland and a curious little carved dirk which the pawnbroker assured her was a museum piece.

When Denham swung himself impudently into the first-class carriage, he found her there before him.

She had not even troubled with the conventional disguise of a smoke-colored veil. He chaffed her a little, through his annoyance, at her omission of this so necessary theatrical touch.

He couldn't mean it, she persisted obstinately; he had *meant* her to come with him. Ah, she had seen through him and his mighty jests.

Denham, after one glance around to assure him the guard was not within ear-shot, began a tirade of quiet abuse more potent than the filth of a drayman. Every barbed word, uttered in that insolent, high-bred voice of his, urged her further.

She had given him his chance, hadn't she? Well, let him take what he got.

As the train plunged into a tunnel's darkness, she lunged desperately at him with her barbed knife. The first thrust went wild. The train flashed again into light.

Now she saw he was laughing at her, surveying his ripped coat sleeve with an indulgent contempt. Again the darkness loomed at them.

She swooped again, and, because he was contemptuous, he did not even try to deflect her blow. This time the blade went deep into his side.

She saw, with horror, the look of surprised agony on his face. His eyes widened, and as she turned the knife clumsily on herself, he reached for it with an instinctive gesture, and hurled it clattering to the floor.

"You fool!" he said harshly. "Here, call the guard. I'll see you're taken in hand. Can't get out of it that way."

Before he lapsed into stupor, he had coolly handed her over to the horrified train officials. The woman—and here he looked at her with rage and blighting contempt—was probably mad. Dangerous, homicidal, at any rate. Never saw her before in his life. His last conscious thought was that the Honorable Joan, the fresh flower toward which his eyes had been directed, probably would write her own version of this. Dash it all!

"He'll live, but that right side always will be paralyzed," the great London surgeon pronounced, next morning.

But by the time the verdict had been delivered, Olga, in the dreadful unwashed darkness of her cell, had taken a quieter way out than that through courts and tribunals. A poison had been hidden in the sole of her shoe.

A FRIEND tells me he saw the two De Crissac children walking in the Bois the other day. He is a Frenchman, and so he said, with devout emphasis, that it is well they do not resemble their mother.

One does not, anyway, believe in these mixed marriages, he adds. Now, in France we do these things better: the *mariage de convenance* solves all. Our girls know what is expected of them.

He seems to think of Olga Lovejoy as a blonde Jezebel.

I tried to tell him something of the girl I knew—the unawakened, utterly "average" girl of my pre-war dancing days.

I tried to make him see that some incalculable force had lain in wait to trap her. He only shrugged.

But if ever I meet Lucienne de Crissac, after she is grown, I shall explain it all to her.

I have an idea she might be glad to know.

THE END

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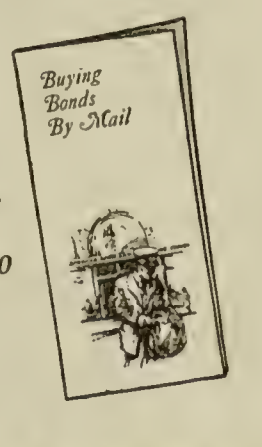

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AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know
?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What American city is supplied with water through the longest aqueduct in the world?

2—What is the Bourse?

3—What is the amount of blood in the average person?

4—How high is the Statue of Liberty from the foundation to the torch?

5—Name the six continents in the order of their size.

6—How long can an elephant stand on its feet?

7—Why is it advisable to let a biting mosquito finish its meal?

8—Where can fresh water be dipped out of the Atlantic Ocean?

9—Why does a sailor have thirteen buttons across the top of his trousers?

10—Where did the phrase "watered stock" originate?

11—What is the origin of the term "salary"?

12—What is a horse-power?

13—How many languages or dialects are there?

14—How many reputable words are there in the English language?

15—What percentage of automobiles sold in the United States is purchased on credit or deferred-payment plan?

16—What surname is most prevalent in the United States?

17—How long did it take Columbus to sail from Europe to America on his first voyage?

18—When did newspaper advertising begin?

19—What nation has the lowest rate of taxation?

20—How can you tell poison ivy from the Virginia creeper or American ivy?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How many pieces of wood are there in a good violin?
A.—About seventy. Pine and silver fir chiefly are used for the top of the sounding-box, and maple for the back, sides, bridge, and neck.

2—Why do many foods not taste right when you have a cold?
A.—Most of the so-called "taste" of food depends in reality on its smell. When a cold impairs the sense of smell the flavors are lost.

3—What makes the Red Sea red?
A.—The presence in this sea of enormous numbers of tiny red algæ (water-plants).

4—How does the white of an egg settle coffee?
A.—The albumen in the egg encloses the particles of coffee and sinks to the bottom.

5—Why is cuttlefish bone placed in canary cages?
A.—Lime is necessary to canaries, and cuttlefish bone has been found to contain just the right kind.

6—How far can a flying-fish fly?
A.—The larger species, found off California, often cover 200 yards.

7—What means of support is a cadet allowed while at West Point?
A.—His pay is $780 a year, plus one ration a day at $1.08, or $1,172.40. He is allowed to receive nothing from his parents without permission from the Superintendent.

8—What is the longest big-league baseball game on record?
A.—The game between Boston and Brooklyn, May 1, 1920, which went to 26 innings for a score of 1-1.

9—What country is known as the land of no jails?
A.—Iceland, where there is practically no crime.

10—How many signs are there in the zodiac and what are they?
A.—There are twelve signs of the zodiac—Aries, Taurus, and Gemini (spring); Cancer, Leo, and Virgo (summer); Libra, Scorpio, and Sagittarius (autumn); and Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces (winter).

11—Do ships pass through the Panama Canal under their own power?
A.—No. They are towed through the locks by electric locomotives.

12—If you traveled consecutively through all the streets in New York City, how far would you go?
A.—4,618.4 miles.

13—In what war did Abraham Lincoln serve?
A.—In the Black Hawk War, in which he had the rank of captain.

14—How much of an iceberg's total bulk is submerged?
A.—About nine-tenths.

15—How are the titles of nobility graded in Great Britain?
A.—King, prince, duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, baronet, knight.

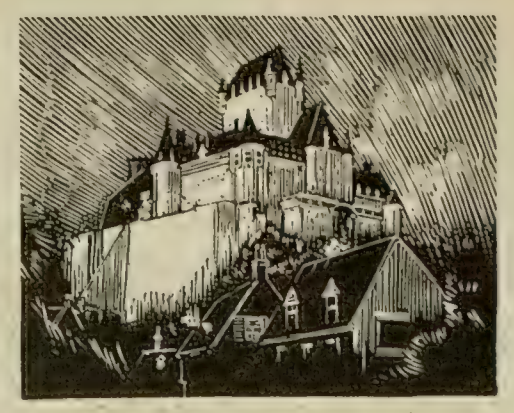
16—Which is the oldest college in the United States?
A.—Harvard; founded 1637.

17—What is the distinguishing feature of a cheroot?
A.—A cheroot differs from other cigars in having both ends cut square, instead of one being pointed.

18—How early and how late can Easter come?
A.—Easter can not be earlier than March 22 nor later than April 25.

19—What country controls the majority of the world's raw rubber production?
A.—Great Britain.

20—How many American-born people are now living in the United States?
A.—76.2 per cent, or 81,108,161 out of a total population of 105,710,620.



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Cities — austere, then suddenly welcoming as you jog over cobble-stones. Old world towers and turrets. Houses hanging sheerly on winding hills.

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Thomas E. Lane photo

HIGH-RANKING German officers at the funeral of a British airman shot down behind the lines. Two captured fellow fliers are seen at the left. Two chaplains in long cloaks and a grave-digger are in the foreground.

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen's Squadron Downs Thirteen Planes in One Day—The Baron Entertains His Captives—Two Men Who Survived Tell Their Tales

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 21 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The greatest month in Richthofen's career as an air killer was April, 1917. It was Bloody April. The daring ace brought down twenty-one Allied planes, killed twenty-one men, and wounded or captured thirteen more in thirty red days. At the close of this carnage, his total of victories was fifty-two. Mr. Gibbons has already described the early battles of this month. He now gives a vivid description of the others, plunging first into the details of how Richthofen killed four men in one day.]

PART TWELVE

SECOND Lieutenant Allan Harold Bates and Sergeant William Alfred Barnes were the two unfortunates who, together with Lieutenants Stuart and Wood, went to make up the quartet of deaths representing the results of Richthofen's record day, April 13, 1917.

Young Bates was six feet three in his flying boots, slim as a reed, but with a jaw and projecting chin that insinuated strength and determination. He was just a month on the young side of twenty-one when he went down under Richthofen's guns.

Yearly prize-winner at college, he stepped into the war with a degree in engineering, which was enough to condemn him to the place where England needed him most—an airplane works, inspecting parts, testing planes, and passing on new designs.

Bates hated it. He served notice that he did not intend fighting the war out in an office in England, and demanded his transfer to the active service branch of the flying corps.

He reached the front in France on April 3, 1917; and the flying career of this brilliant young giant lasted just ten days.

"On the thirteenth of the same month," says his mother, who lives at Swansea, "he was shot down and reported missing. His commanding officer wrote to us and buoyed up our hopes by stating that he was most probably not killed, as his machine had been seen coming down under control.

"However, on August 4, 1917, we received the news of his death. But the Air Ministry has never given us further particulars. The only information we have received has been from the natives of the village of Noyelle-Godault, where he lies buried in a little cemetery with six or seven other British soldiers."

Sergeant Bill Barnes was sitting in the observer's seat in front of young Bates. At Woolston, near Southampton, William Barnes, Senior, lives today, and he says:

"That boy of mine was a soldier from his head to the soles of his feet. I ought to know.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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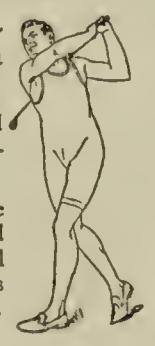

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The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Thirty-five

I was a soldier myself—enlisted in 1874. I trained that boy for the Civil Service, but when he was fifteen he said that there was nothing for him but the army. I let him have his way and I was proud of him.

"He wasn't much for talking, especially about himself. I learned from his comrades that he had shot down three Huns, and when he was home on leave, about a month before he was killed, he told me that he hoped to get a few more when he went back. He was in the flying corps only four months.

"Once I asked him about how things were going at the front, and all he said was: 'Well, Dad, I'd love to tell you; but it's a strange thing, as soon as I leave for home I forget everything at the front until I get back there again.'

"Here's the letter I got from his squadron commander telling me the boy was missing. It's all I ever heard about what happened that day."

Tough job those squadron commanders had during that month of April. Almost every day there were one or two letters like the following that had to be written:

April 14, 1917.

DEAR SIR:

I am most awfully sorry to have to tell you that your son, Sergeant W. A. Barnes, observer in my squadron, is missing since yesterday evening. He was returning from a bomb raid, and his machine was attacked from behind by a fast hostile scout and the engine hit.

He had to come down behind the enemy's lines, but, so far as could be seen, got down all right. So we have considerable hopes that he is alive and unhurt, although, of course, a prisoner. I most greatly regret losing him, as he was a very stout and keen observer who had done some very fine work with us.

I would like to offer you my sympathy and that of the other pilots and observers in your great anxiety for him, and our hopes that you will in time hear from him that he is alive and well. We can ill afford to lose such fine fellows as your son.

Hoping that the news will be good.

Yours very truly,
R. G. CHERRY, *Major*.

Bates and Barnes flew an old F. E. 2b, armed with two Lewis guns, and on the afternoon of their death they had just completed dropping several hundred pounds of concentrated destruction on a German ammunition dump located at a railroad junction between Hénin-Liétard and Lens.

Richthofen's report carried complete details for identification of his victims. It reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-third Victory.
Date: April 13, 1917.
Time: 7:35 P. M.
Place: Noyelle-Godault, near Hénin-Liétard.
Plane: Vickers two-seater, No. 4997. Motor No. 917, eight-cylinder.
Occupants: Lieutenants Bates and Barnes, both killed.

With three planes of my staffel, I attacked an enemy bombing squadron consisting of Vickers (old type) above Hénin-Liétard.

After a short fight my adversary began to glide down and finally dashed into a house near Noyelle-Godault. The occupants were both killed and the machine destroyed.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

That night at the Douai airdrome, the fighting pilots of Jagdstaffel Eleven toasted their leader for the first time as the ace of all German aces. His forty-third victory had established a new mark in the annals of the German flying corps.

Richthofen returned the toast and the plaudits of his comrades, congratulated little Wolff on bringing down four machines that day, and thanked the fliers of the squadron as a whole for hanging up the new record of thirteen enemy planes in one day.

Some of the occupants of the thirteen enemy machines had survived the day as prisoners and several of these had been brought to the squadron's mess. The fliers were always at odds with the army command on this question of entertaining captured aviators. The army insisted that air prisoners, like any others, should be turned over immediately to the Intelligence Section for examination and then sent to the prison camps.

Whenever possible, the war birds, whether they were English or German, "recaptured" their own prisoners, and on various pretenses transported them to the airdrome for a meal, drinks, and a general discussion of the business of killing each other in the air.

Men who had emptied their machine guns at each other during the day frequently sat at the same mess table that night.

RICHTHOFEN wearing the Pour le Mérite, the Kaiser's highest award for bravery.

The captor would drink to the health of his prisoner, compliment him upon the fight he had put up, and, to take the salt out of the prison prospect, would remind him that at least he was safe for the rest of the war.

The prisoner would lift his glass to the man who had shot him down, declare with a smile that it had been a real pleasure to fight so capable an adversary, and end with a sporting announcement that the best man had won.

With this exchange of compliments, the evening would progress as merrily and as late as the supply of liquor permitted. Usually it permitted.

Richthofen's four victims of the day were dead, but he took delight in exchanging views with the living victims of his staffel. One of these must have made a quick analysis of the flying uhlan's disposition and lack of humor, because it appears that he took advantage of it to the extent of pulling the German ace's leg.

> Of course the prisoner inquired after my red airplane [Richthofen wrote, concerning the evening]. It is not unknown even among troops in the trenches, and is called by them *le diable rouge*. In the squadron to which the prisoner belonged, there was a rumor that the red machine was occupied by a girl—a kind of Jeanne d'Arc. He was greatly surprised when I assured him that the supposed girl was standing in front of him. He did not intend to make a joke. He was actually convinced that only a girl could sit in my extravagantly painted machine.

THE English version of this incident was told many times among the Royal Flying Corps men in German prison camps and contributed not a few hearty smiles to the life of confinement. Richthofen was a stranger to English humor.

The German communiqué of the following day called particular attention to the achievements of Richthofen's squadron on his record day. Every man in the unit took individual pride in the official statement: "Six German machines have destroyed thirteen hostile airplanes."

It was good stuff to start the new day on. It contributed something to the flying and fighting by which the staffel knocked down eight more planes before night fell. Of this number, Richthofen received credit for one.

Lieutenant W. O. Russell, who lives at Hilliers Farm in Andover, England, tells the story of the fight, because he is the man the flying uhlan followed to the ground behind the German lines.

"Unfortunately, it scarcely can be termed a combat," Russell told me, "as by the time Richthofen arrived on the scene, I had lost the use of my engine.

"Six of us were engaged on offensive patrol in the neighborhood of Douai in Nieuport scouts at a height of twelve thousand feet. After about one and a half hours' flying, my flight commander dived suddenly. I followed him down, and at about eight thousand feet perceived two enemy two-seaters on my right.

"I attacked one of these machines and then discovered, to my horror, that I had lost my engine.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They will hold air.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

After descending another thousand feet, I was attacked by two enemy scouts and I was obliged to make a zigzag descent to the ground and landed at Bois-Bernard.

"A red scout followed me to the ground and I learned that the pilot was Richthofen.

"I believe my engine was hit during my first attack on the two-seater, as petrol was flowing freely from my tank when I landed.

"It appears our flight was very soon hopelessly outnumbered by Richthofen's squadron. I afterward met my flight commander, Captain Binney, in a German prison camp.

"He had accounted for four enemy machines before being hit in the arm while changing a drum on his gun. He remembered nothing more until he awakened in a German hospital. His arm had to be amputated at the shoulder. Three of my comrades were killed and I believe one succeeded in reaching our lines."

Richthofen won the credit with the following claim:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-fourth Victory.
Date: April 14, 1917.
Time: 9:15 A. M.
Place: One kilometer south of Bois-Bernard, this side of lines.
Plane: Nieuport one-seater, No. 6796. Rotary Motor No. 8341, 1b.
Occupant: Lieutenant W. O. Russell, made prisoner.

Above Arleux one of our observer planes was attacked by several Nieuports. I hurried to the place of action, attacked one of the planes, and forced it to land one kilometer south of Bois-Bernard.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The two victims of the flying uhlan's next victory, his forty-fifth, landed behind the British lines. They were Lieutenants Willie Green and C. E. Wilson. When they dug the motor out of the ground, they found what remained of Wilson under it and buried him there.

Willie Green limps a bit today as he travels around England selling phonographs and records. Thicker than "Wullie's" limp is the Scotch burr that hangs thistles on his words as he recounts his curious recollections of his last day in the air. A bottle of Highland dew shrunk visibly between us in the Savoy Grill in London, as the flying Scotsman unfolded the story.

"So it was the big Dutchman himself that got me," he agreed, after an inspection of the combat and casualty reports. "And I have been thinking for the last ten years that it was a ten-inch shell. It was certainly a stout blow.

"I was twenty-six years old at the time, and proud of my kilts. I used to fly in them, bare knees and all.

"I had gone out to France in 1915 in the Black Watch, and, let me tell you, there was an organization which rationed out as much risk every day as ever was my share in the air service.

"I happened to hear that officers in the flying corps were paid a guinea a day. Here was I with the Black Watch drawing down my seven shillings and sixpence a day, and spending twenty-four hours in the front line and dodging shells half the time.

"There was no argument left for a Scotsman. I transferred to the flying corps immediately, and reached the front in February of 1917.

"It was a great life. Good food and good drink; fine quarters and good fun, both in the air and on the ground. Wilson and I were together all the time. He was my age and had a great reputation as a college cricketer. We were the only two officers playing in the squadron football team.

Thomas E. Lane photo

FOUR prisoners—English, Scotch, and French —at the grave of a British flier behind the German lines.

"For two months we had been flying together almost every day and particularly during the German retreat to the Hindenburg Line. Those were busy days, with contact patrols and ranging the big guns to keep Jerry on the move.

"Our old B. E. was slow, but we had two Lewis guns, and both of us thought we knew how to handle them pretty well; although several times we brought the old bus back with bullet holes through the planes and fuselage.

"I RECALL leaving the airdrome on the afternoon of April 16, on an artillery patrol. So far as I know we had done rather nicely, although my recollection of details is indistinct. I remember calling once to Wilson and pointing below to something I thought he should mark on the map, and I have a dim memory of the plane making a sudden plunge, out of which I was able to pull it. But that's all.

"When I came to myself again I was in bed and a pretty little lass with black hair was holding my hand. She told me that I had been sound asleep for five weeks.

"Then the hysteria would come on me.

"Sometimes I would wake up with a jump, the sweat breaking out all over me. I was in a long ward that had six windows in the opposite wall. To me it seemed like a long railway carriage and I always had the feeling that it was moving along at a terrific speed.

"The conviction would come over me that just up ahead on the track somewhere was a sharp curve in the road and that it would be impossible for our car to get around it. I was certain that my end of the car would crumple up with an awful crash.

"I couldn't understand what it was. I never had any fear of railway trains before. I would shriek for the nurse, and the orderlies would run in and hold me down on the bed, although with a fracture at the base of the skull and my right leg broken above the knee I had no chance of getting up. They would calm me somehow, and after the hysteria had passed everything was all right.

"The worst part of it all was that I seemed to be two different people. One time I was my old self and the next minute I would be a stranger. This went on for months and sometimes I despaired of ever getting straightened out.

"The trouble was that my skull had been fractured at the base, and the shock of the fall had wiped out all memory of the fight in the air. Now I can see, from the six places where my report jibes with Richthofen's, that he was responsible. Richthofen's report clears up a lot of things that have been mighty dark to me for years.

"My condition in the hospital was made worse by the fact that everybody had expected me to die in a few hours and then in a few days. The result was that nothing was done for my broken leg, and when I woke up five weeks later, it had knitted together crookedly and was useless.

"Well, they shipped me to a hospital in England, where they broke the leg and nailed a couple of strips of metal on both sides of the bone to make it knit together again. I began to hobble around on it, but found that the leg was beginning to bend inward toward my other leg.

"The docs took an X-ray and found the bone was splitting down the center because the nails in the metal strip had been nailed in on a vertical line up and down the strip. So there wasn't anything to do but break that leg again. I have metal strips on the bone now, and the leg's quite strong, but she bends inward a lot.

"I always was bow-legged. They say it goes with kilts. So now my left leg bows out and my right leg bows in. It's not bad at all. The right leg, of course, is shorter; making it possible for me to turn quick on right-hand corners and follow a pal into a pub.

"My great regret is about poor old Wilson. They told me that the engine went clear through him."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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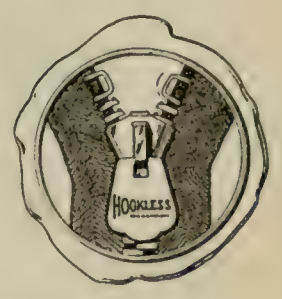

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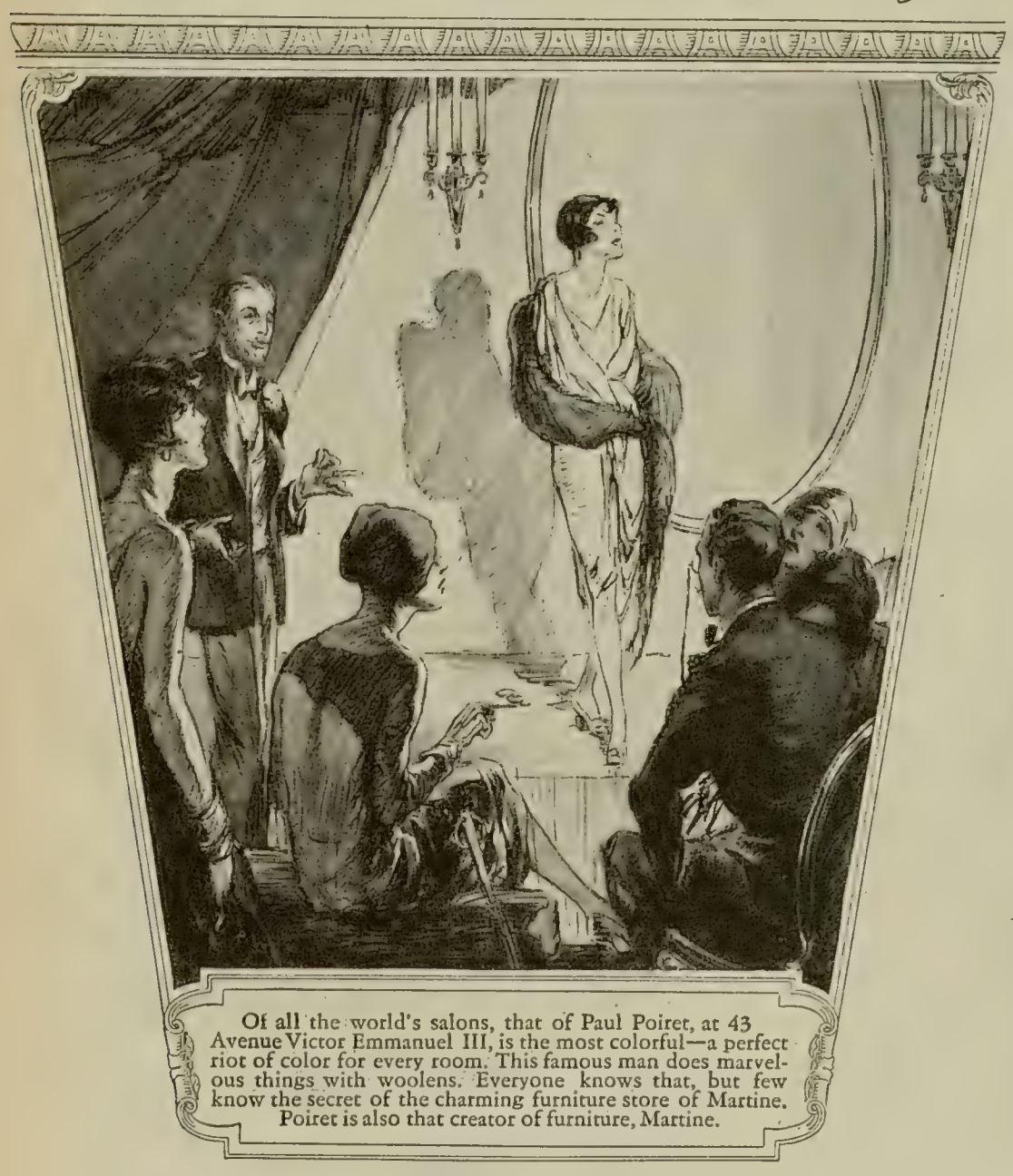

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"Everwear—Everywhere"

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Forty-one

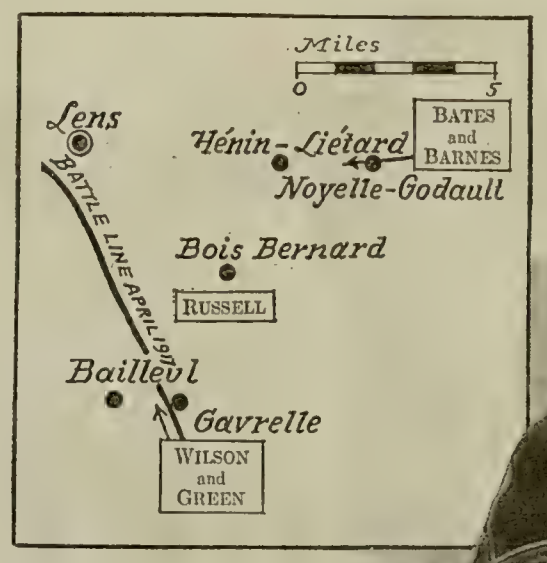
Before finishing the Highland dew, Wullie Green read once more the following report of Richthofen's on the fight that still evades the Scotsman's memory:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-fifth Victory.
Date: April 16, 1917.
Time: 5:30 P. M.
Place: Between Bailleul and Gavrelle.
Plane: B. E. two-seater. No details, as plane fell on other side.

When pursuit flying just under the clouds, which were at a height of 3,000 feet, I observed an artillery flier in 2,500 feet altitude.

I approached him unnoticed and attacked him, whereupon the plane plunged downward, smoking. The pilot caught the machine once more, then lost control of it 300 feet from the ground. The plane crashed between Bailleul and Gavrelle.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.



THIS map shows the scene of Richthofen's forty-third, forty-fourth, and forty-fifth victories.

THE flying uhlan's next adversaries, representing his fifteenth victory for the month, escaped with wounds, following the fight that sent them to the ground near Lagnicourt, behind their own lines.

Lieutenant W. F. Fletcher, piloting the machine, which was returning from a photography reconnoissance, was badly wounded about the head and arm in the landing crash, and his observer, Lieutenant W. Franklin, carried away one of Richthofen's bullets in his left leg.

The telephone messages from English front-line observers who watched the combat coincide in detail with the report written by Richthofen as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-sixth Victory.
Date: April 22, 1917.
Time: 5:10 P. M.
Place: Near Lagnicourt.
Plane: No details, as fell other side of line.

While my staffel was attacking an enemy squadron, I personally attacked the last of the enemy planes. Immediately after I had discharged my first shots, the plane began to smoke.

After 500 shots the plane crashed to the ground. The fight had begun above our side, but the prevailing wind drifted the plane to the west.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

In a little soot-grimed tenement house in the southeast end of London, a man and a woman of the name of Tollervey are living today. On the wall of the front room is a framed photograph of a soldier's grave in France.

It's the last souvenir of nineteen-year-old Sergeant Alfred Tollervey, who, with Second Lieutenant E. A. Welch, was shot down and killed by Richthofen on April 23 in an air fight that added another victory to the flying uhlan's well-filled game bag.

Sergeant William Barnes, who brought down three Germans.

British infantry saw Welch and Tollervey attacked by a red scout plane, saw one wing fold back on the hard-pressed English machine,

and then turned their backs as the remnants fell to earth.

Richthofen thought his victims fell behind his own lines, but he didn't take into consideration the fact that the second Battle of the Scarpe was in full swing that day and the front lines were by no means stationary. He received credit for the kill, although the error was embodied in his claim as follows:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-seventh Victory.
> Date: April 23, 1917.
> Time: 12:05.
> Place: Méricourt, just this side of the lines.
> Plane: B. E. two-seater. No details, as plane broke in air and remnants scattered in falling. I spotted an artillery flier, approached him unnoticed, and shot into him at closest possible range. The left wing of his plane came off. The machine broke into pieces and fell down near Méricourt.
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

"He was due home on leave when he was killed," says Mrs. Tollervey; "but he gave up his leave in favor of a comrade whose wife was having a baby."

It was sometimes several days before Richthofen received credit on his claims, and on the day he killed Welch and Tollervey, the High Command had acknowledged only as far as his forty-fourth, which was his capture of Lieutenant W. O. Russell nine days earlier.

This is revealed in the characteristic letter which the German ace wrote to his mother upon his return that noon to the airdrome:

> With the Eleventh Squadron,
> April 23, 1917.
>
> LIEBE MAMA:
>
> I intend to come home at the beginning of May, but before then I will go pheasant shooting, to which I have been invited and to which I am looking forward eagerly.
>
> After that I have been invited to lunch with the Kaiser.
>
> Meanwhile, my forty-fourth stands to my credit, but I will take a rest after the first half century.
>
> Lothar has had his tenth victory.
>
> Since I took over this command, it has accounted for 100 planes.
>
> Uncle Lex will visit me during the next few days. Wedel was here too, and, apart from them, the house is continually crowded with guests.
>
> MANFRED.

In the following five days Richthofen made daily flights at the head of his jagdstaffel and engaged in several combats, but results were not forthcoming, and he was still three units removed from the goal he had set before he would go on leave.

But, with the opening of the week beginning April 27 and ending May 3, the business of killing in the air took a brisk spurt.

Second Lieutenant Harold Bates (left), killed, and Lieutenant W. O. Russell, captured, in two of the German ace's Bloody April victories.

Lieutenant Willie Green, shot down by the flying Baron, was unconscious five weeks and recovered.

In those seven days, twenty-six British machines were shot down behind the German lines. Richthofen and his fighting pilots accounted for twenty-three of them. It was a boast worth writing home about.

OF those twenty-three successful combats, Richthofen came off victor in five, and he worked only two days at it. The first of the quintet, his forty-eighth conquest, took place on the morning of April 28.

The only living survivor of that fight is a quiet-mannered, keen-eyed London business man, whose most exciting sport and diversion these days is his week-end retirement to a cottage at No. 193 Beehive Lane in the town of Illford, Essex.

Since the exciting days of the war, addresses, as well as times and customs, have suffered considerable change, so that it was not without long hunting that a one-time twenty-three-year-old second lieutenant of the name of F. J. Kirkham, who was an observer in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Like changing from low gear into high

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Also makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Forty-three

the Thirteenth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, was located.

"It was rather a mess that day in the air," Kirkham told me. "While it was going on, I never had the slightest idea that I would be sitting in a café ten years afterward and telling about it over a bottle of ale. It's hard to believe that old Follett, who sat behind me in the plane that morning, has been dead and buried that long.

"Our airdrome was at Savy—you know that village up Amiens way. Follett was a year older than I—twenty-four, I believe. He had been married a year and had a pretty little wife living in Kensington.

"Follett piloted our bus, which was a B. E. two-seater tractor with the observer sitting in front. We had two Lewis guns, one firing forward through the propeller and the other fixed over the top plane and firing backward. Not a bad bus at that, but slow and hardly a worthy competitor to a fast scout plane. Our business was artillery patrolling to range the eight-inch howitzers.

Sergeant Alfred Tollervey, one of the two men killed in Richthofen's forty-seventh victory.

"WE pushed off at 7:20 A. M. that day to do a shoot over the lines. Everything had gone fine for some time. My wireless was working well and the receiver at the battery was making good corrections on our targets. The stuff was dropping where we wanted it to.

"I was watching the ground for the arrival of our shells, when a burst of machine-gun fire came to my ear directly behind me.

"I turned quickly and stood up to man the rear gun. It was too late. The red Albatross had continued its dive downward just in back of our tail and was 'way out of range.

"He must have been doing one hundred and fifty miles an hour. I saw two others swing by, so I knew that at least three of them had dived on us from above and behind.

"They had taken us by surprise. We were quite low—not over three thousand feet, I believe. Our plane dove straight down, so that, standing up in the forward seat, the back of my neck was to the ground and my face to the sky. I pulled back into the seat and looked into the pilot's box.

"Poor old Follett had sort of crumpled up and fallen forward on the stick. I couldn't see his face, but I knew that some of that first burst had hit him. His body on the stick sent the plane down in a steep dive. He must have rolled off it, however, because we seemed to straighten out once or twice.

"It had been only a comparatively few seconds since that first burst, but here was the red Hun scout again just behind and above my tail. I fired round after round from the gun attached to the upper plane, but as our machine was out of control, I couldn't aim well.

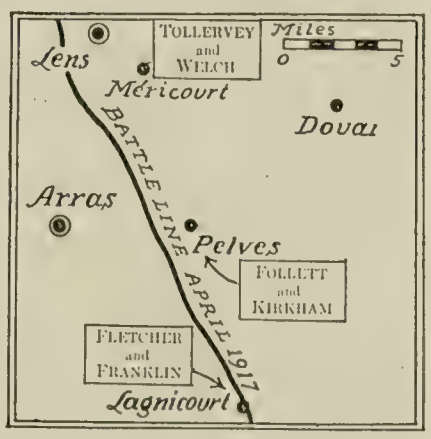
"We were going down at a frightful rate. I figured everything was over but the final fadeout, so I just stuck to the rear gun and fired away at him in the hope that I might get him also. I emptied the entire drum without effect. The red scout stuck right there on the tail and his two machine guns were pumping lead all the time.

"I HAD a number of bullet splashes in my face and hands. The sleeves and shoulders of my flying jacket had several dozen holes through them, and one bullet hit the barrel of the machine gun right under my nose. I remember looking over my shoulder and the ground didn't seem more than ten feet away. I closed my eyes and said good night.

"But luck was with me. The plane hit a clump of small trees in the German big-gun positions. I woke up while German gunners were cutting me out of the wreckage. The first thing I heard was Follett's voice.

"'God, we're on fire!' he shouted weakly.

"I think he must have been unconscious and raving. The tank had split wide open and petrol was over us and everything; but no fire started. I was pretty well shaken and sore all over, but aside from cuts and bruises and the bullet splashes on my face was all right.



Showing the scene of three of the German ace's conquests in April, 1917, in which he killed three enemies and wounded three.

"The Germans carried Follett on a stretcher. We walked back through the open, and English shells were falling around pretty thick. Some of the batteries we had been ranging were shooting this stuff in on our calculations, I thought, as some of them came rather close.

"It must have been about three-quarters of an hour after the crash when we reached a dressing-station in a stone hut. I think it was near Vitry. I sat on the ground while a doctor dressed my wounds. They had Follett inside the hut trying to find the bullet that had hit him in the back and lodged in his chest. They couldn't find it. He died five minutes later.

"The Jerries were considerate to both of us there. They took a gold ring off Follett's finger after

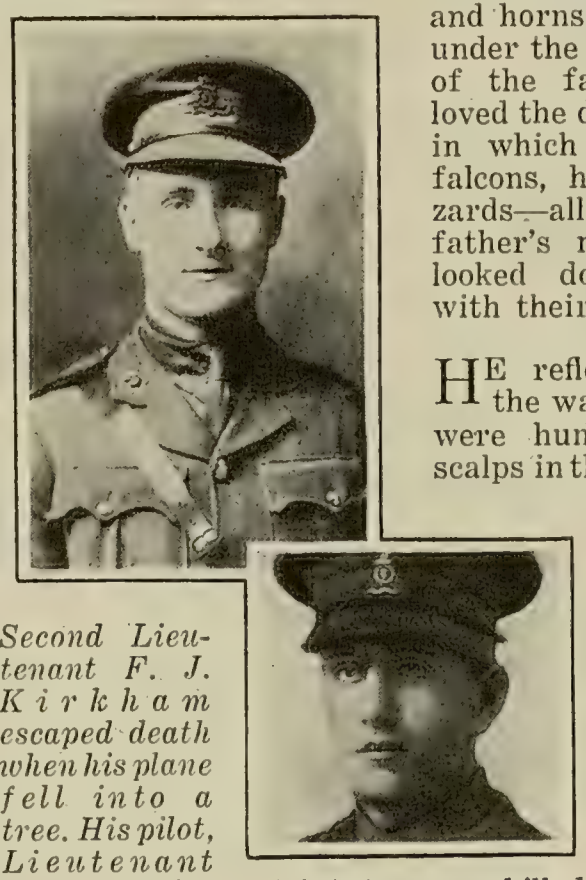
he died and gave it to me. It was his engagement ring. I carried it with me in prison until the Armistice and then took it back to his widow, who was living in London.

"I was marched back to a big unit headquarters, where I wrote and addressed a post-card to my mother, telling her that I was all right, and asking her to tell Mrs. Follett that her husband was dead. The Germans promised to drop it over the lines.

"From there I was marched ten miles back along the road with a mounted uhlan carrying a lance behind me. I must have been a funny-looking sight walking into Douai with that ferocious escort and myself in a torn and petrol-soaked uniform with a lot of blood-soaked bandages.

"Along the canal into Douai, French girls came out and walked beside me at the side of the road. They gave me cigarets and said mighty nice things to me in French. Soon my French escort of women, girls, and little boys in wooden shoes became so large that the uhlan ordered them to stop following.

"The uhlan marched me up to Richthofen's airdrome in Douai, and some of the pilots of his squadron treated me very nicely — gave me coffee and something to eat. One of them told me that it was Richthofen himself who had shot me down.



Second Lieutenant F. J. Kirkham escaped death when his plane fell into a tree. His pilot, Lieutenant R. W. Follett (right), was killed.

"We never met. I left that night for prison and that was my address until the Armistice."

Kirkham's great disadvantage in the plucky fight he made during the descent is revealed in the final sentence of the flying uhlan's combat report, which reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Forty-eighth Victory.
> Date: April 28, 1917.
> Time: 9:30 A. M.
> Place: Woods east of Pelves, southeast corner of Square 6998, this side of lines.
> Plane: English B. E. two-seater.
> Occupants: Lieutenant Follett, killed. Observer F. J. Kirkham, wounded.
> About 9:30 A. M., while pursuit flying, I attacked an enemy infantry or artillery flier 2,000 feet above the trenches.
> Above the woods of Pelves I shot the enemy plane down.
> From the beginning of the engagement to the end, my adversary was never able to get out of the range of my gun.
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The German ace liked a good gallery. He knew he was the "goods" in the air, and it gave him great enjoyment to put up a good show for interested spectators on the ground. The presence of a grand-stand inspired him to greater exertion.

Under the eyes of a special guest from headquarters he had shot down three planes and killed four men on the 13th of the month. Today there was some one on the ground watching him with eyes that reflected mixed emotions of pride, love, and fear.

The witness to that day's carnival of death was none other than his father. Richthofen was still young enough to enjoy exhibiting his prowess before the father whose ability as a hunter and as a marksman had been his boyish inspiration.

He could remember the many days in the old home in Schweidnitz, when his eyes would stray from his lesson books to the walls of the large drawing-room, on which were mounted several hundred bleached white skulls and horns that had fallen under the gun of the head of the family. He still loved the dusty glass cases in which stuffed eagles, falcons, hawks, and buzzards—all victims of his father's marksmanship—looked down upon him with their glass eyes.

HE reflected now that the walls of his rooms were hung with human scalps in the form of strips of fabric bearing the numbers of the planes he had brought to earth. On his desk was the ever-increasing collection of little silver cups of death, that kept pace with his conquests in the air. Showing the old man how he did it was a joy.

There was another development that piqued his pride that day. It had been reported to him through the Intelligence Department that his fame had become so great that the British had organized an Anti-Richthofen squadron for the purpose of driving him from the air.

I have been unable to find that any such organization ever existed in the British Flying Corps, and, at that time on the front, I never heard of it. It was well appreciated, however, among the Allied fliers that the man who "got" Richthofen would gain special distinction as an air fighter.

It is true, though, that the first man Richthofen killed the next day, April 29, was in the air with two others for the express purpose of dealing with the German ace. Of the three English air knights who flew on that special mission, Richthofen and two of his comrades shot all of them down, killing two and taking one prisoner.

How three English planes, sent out to "get" Richthofen, met in combat with the German ace and his brother Lothar, is vividly described in the next instalment.

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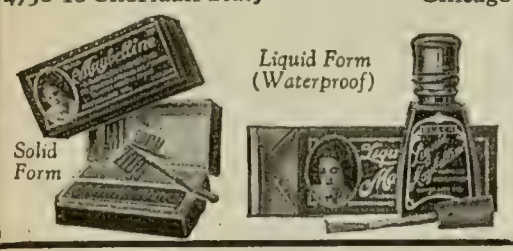

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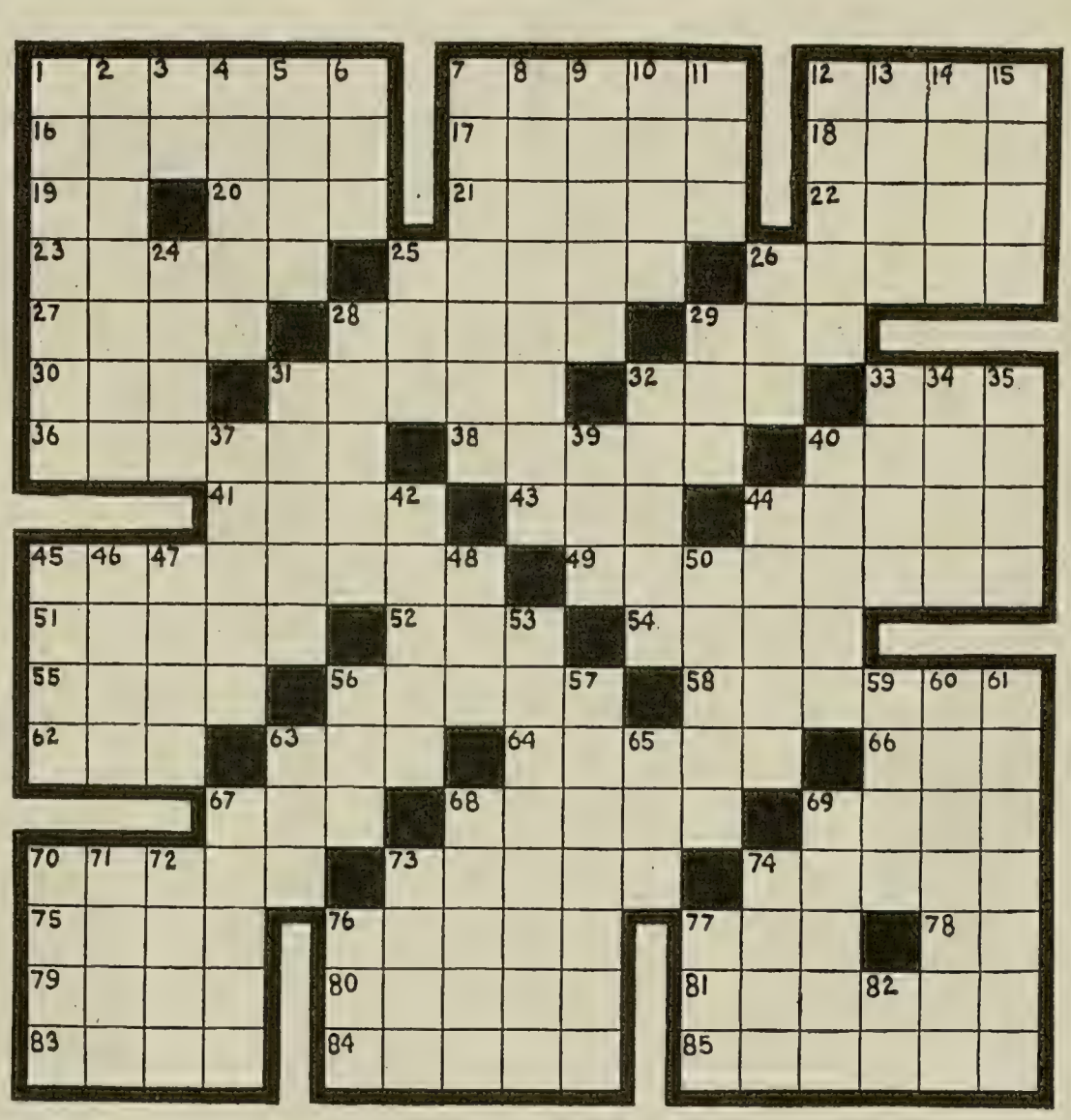


Prize Puzzle No. 52

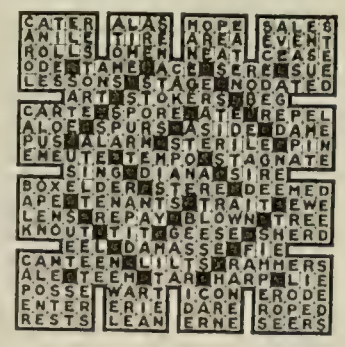
By MRS. J. G. ALLEN, Gadsden, Alabama

HORIZONTAL

1 To do harm to
7 Languishes
12 An unimportant quarrel
16 A regular customer
17 Proportion
18 An instance or circumstance
19 A pronoun
20 Augment
21 Spiritless
22 Scope or range
23 Inclines
25 Catkin
26 Vision
27 A perennial plant
28 Possessive pronoun
29 The lay, as of land
30 Opposite to the weather side
31 Intended
32 Middle
33 To plan in detail
36 Whirlpools
38 Frozen
40 Youthful court attendant
41 A fruit
43 A speck
44 Military student
45 Hesitating
49 Having no equal
51 Type of voice (plural)
52 The acme
54 Fruit of the blackthorn
55 A narrow opening
56 To deal with
58 To charge
62 Equality
63 To acquire at a price
64 Commonplace
66 A deer
67 A tag
68 Calm
69 To alienate the affections of
70 Curt; uncivil
73 To wait upon
74 Dreads
75 A high church dignitary
76 A carpenter's tool
77 A beverage
78 In a high degree
79 Verily
80 Pastoral
81 Rosier
83 To split
84 Shouts
85 Members of a secret order

VERTICAL

1 Saliva
2 Pandered
3 By
4 Barter
5 Coal-scuttles
6 Culminate
7 Fashioning
8 Bewailed
9 Expiate
10 To encircle
11 Inebriate
12 Frighten
13 Peel
14 On the ocean
15 Persons associated in any work
24 Poverty
25 An exclamation
26 Accomplished
28 Coating of a seed
29 Cover
31 Edible part of anything (plural)
32 Minute insects
33 Fabricated
34 Matures
35 Fondles
37 Imbecile
39 To cut off
40 Lost color
42 Entrance
44 Withered old woman
45 A clasp
46 Feminine proper name
47 To move
48 A digit
50 Select class
53 Fatherly
56 A container
57 Traverses
59 Conception
60 To make gross or rough
61 Muscles
63 Flying mammal
65 To freeze
67 Tendency
68 Pale bluish gray
69 Frees from noxious plants
70 A boom
71 Habitat
72 Disclose to view
73 To turn out of a course
74 An insect
76 To prize
77 The end of a sofa
82 Syllable sounded in solmization



Answer to Puzzle No. 51

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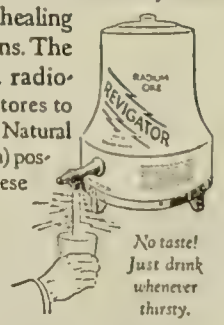

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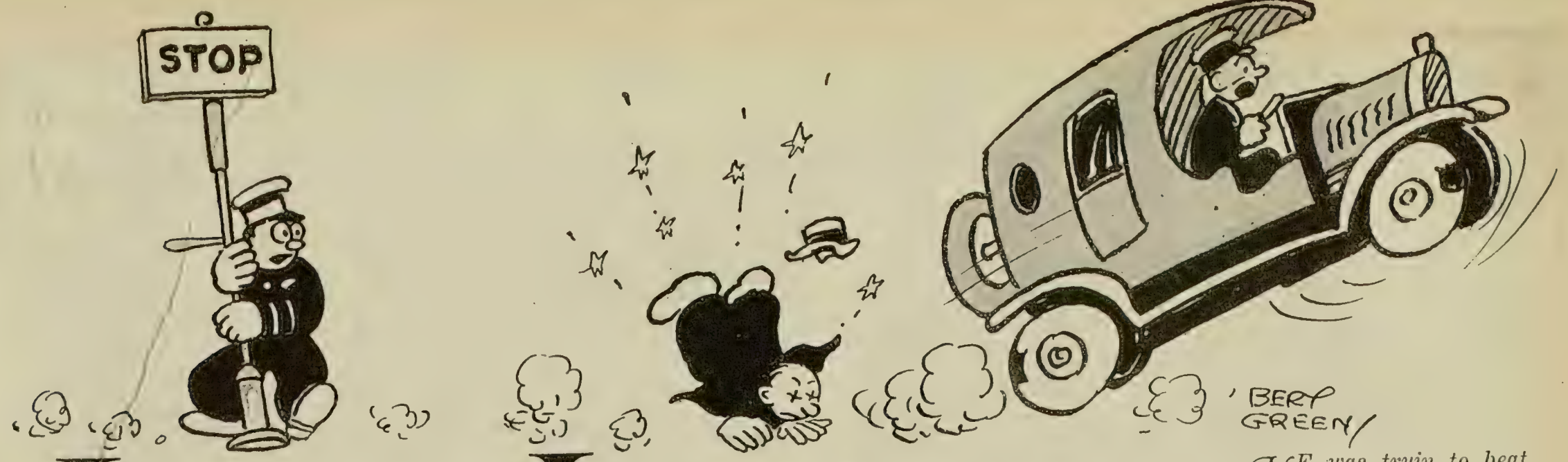


HE was tryin to beat a taxi acros the street, and the mouse-trap changed the stile of his close.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

Some Touching Sediments from a Filling Station

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

Hotel Aberdaba.

DEER MARG,—

I would have mailed this letter to you last night but I busted my suspenders, and besides I feel so low that I could walk under a Pinkineese with a high hat on. I had to go to the dentist again and have my tusks fixed. You kno the nice shiny gold tooth I had put in the front—well it popped out the other night when I was tryin to open a bottle. You certainly hafta be true to your teeth Marg, or they will treat you false.

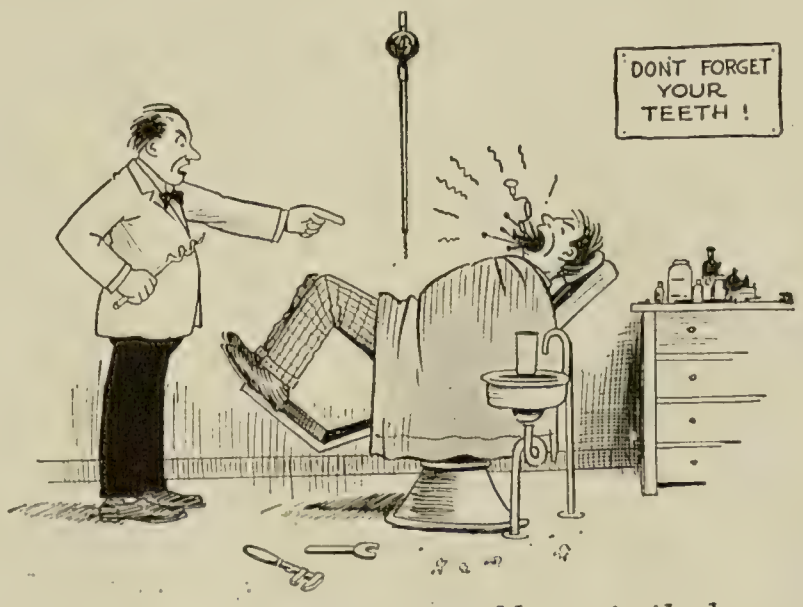
Every time I talk now I sound like a second hand bicycle pump. If I keep on having trouble with my potato mashers, Im goin to get em all yanked out and get a set of tin teeth like your old lady has.

I got a good dentist though—he knows his onions. He used to be a steam fitter. He said that before he went into business for himself he used to be in a dental school up in the Bronx Zoo, where ever that is.

I got so now Marg that I dont any more mind goin to a dentist than I do bein run over by a taxicab. I feel so comfortable in the chair—just like on a red hot stove.

The last time I was there he had everything in my mouth but the radio. I looked like one of those machines for makin permanent waves. You kno what I mean—where you sit like a dumb Issac for a couple of hours with a lot of roman candles tied on your head—you kno—it comes under the head of pleasure.

The other day he sticks in my mouth a gadjet somethin like an automobile jack. Then he got out a thing what was a cross between an ice pick and a potato peeler and he shoves the workin end a foot in my gum and then he says, "That bottle of hootch you sold me the other day ate the leg off my desk"—and what could I say with a mouthful of hardware?



"That bottle of hootch you sold me ate the leg off my desk."

Then he digs out a coal chissel and a hammer and you could hear me holler to Sandy Hook. Then he squawks "What are you yellin about, you dident feel nothin," and with that he puts the sting on me for $eventeen smackers.

He had a room full of patients when I went in, but when I came out they was all gone. I guess they dident like the sound of my broadcastin. Hes a tough bird—he likes to work on you to hear you holler. I gues thats why he took up the saxiphone—he dont hear nothin.

So your girl friend with the crockery eye is mad at you. I told you not to tell her she had legs like pipe stems. Never tell nobody not to tell. It puts the idea in their skull. And she had a fallen out with her sweetie?

I dont blame her for airing that bird. The only thing he was ever good for was destroyin bon-bons. All he thinks of doin is dressin up in a fried shirt and crackin wise in a nut sundae garage.

I forgot to tell you Marg that our old friend Jimmy McNitny is spending a couple of pleasant weeks in the hospital. It seems that he was tryin to beat a taxi acros the street and before he knew it the mouse-trap had changed the stile of his close.

Everything is a Sam Loyd to him. He says that as soon as they get the crank-shaft out of his chest hes goin to swim the english Chanel. He dont have to be all wet, hes just got a bit scrambled—you understand Marg. Grape nuts.

A feller just called down from room number 62 and put up an awful holler for another bed. He said the matress was soft like a gun base. And a woman phoned she wanted a pitcher of nice fresh ice, because she wanted to try and make some of those "crankcase cocktails" she was reading about.

On the square she would drink the glue they put in the fire extingwishers if she could get it out of the hose. Shes older than Noah and is married to a milk fed guy about 22 years old. Shes had her face lifted so many times she would make a swell model for false faces. And oh what a cute figure—just like Grants toomb.

You know she loves that charlotte russe so much that if anythin ever happened to him I think she would have him stuffed and stick him in a corner.

THE Porter invited me out to his house the other night to supper—he lives somewhere over in Jersey, a place called Sackenhack. On the level we took a ferry boat, a rattler, and a buss, and then walked 2 miles. I thought I would have whiskers before we got there.

Then in busts his wife. She said she was out on one of those "tea fights." Where they play bridge all afternoon. We had a wonderful supper—canned beans, canned tomatoes, canned soup, and canned plumbs. Shes a great cook—all she needs is a can opener.

The wimen today Marg can be found in anyone of three joints—playin bridge, a delicatessen store, or a beauty parlor. And if you ever pull a fast one on me like that, Marg—youd find yourself under different management. But I dont think she loves him much because she had a pip of a black eye.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis — Joint — Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. Literature describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to the present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

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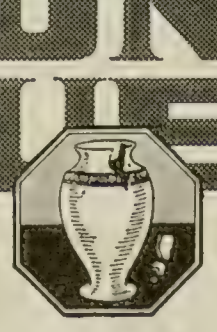


McCORMICK & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

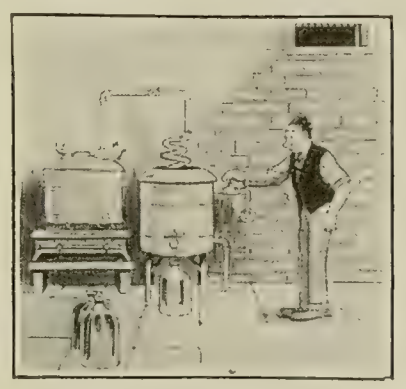
TO MEND BRIC-A-BRAC

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Marg, I got an awful trimmin the other day from a girl what looked like a picture in a movie magazine. And did she take me. She took everything but the under draws. Say, she could take Mack Sennett and Flow Ziegfeld and make em silent partners to Tiffiny. She could sell Mar Jung sets to a Scotchman. And what a line of maple sirup she had—short, blond, pretty, with one of those baby-come-to-me voices, and a figure just like yours, Marg.

Oh, what a steam heated mamma. Just one of those things that would jam traffick and make a traffick cop sleep on his hands. Im goin to tell you the hole story Marg and I dont want you to get mad. Wimin dont usually understand them things Marg, but with men its different. They are use to takin em on the chin.

Well, she blows into the hotel one night and asks for the best sweet in the house, and when I got a peak at them eyes I could see that she was very ruffined so I gave her the best flop in the joint. Then she rites in the register "Mrs. Sandy Mac Tavish, Scotland," and then she gives me the eye, and me bein in the business Im in, I figure that maybe we might do a little business together.



The next day she gets kind of clubby and asks a lotta sap questions about the place and tells me I look just like a sweetheart she lost in France and a lotta stuff like that, and then she says she would like to go down to the Metripolitan Opera house and hear Fritz Chrisler, and up to then I didn't know that the automobile agent could play the fiddle.

So I get big harted, figurin that she knows somebody on the boats, and goes for the rap on the opera, and everythin.

How anybody can pay money to hear a feller practice on the catgut like that is over my head. Gee I dont kno Faust from the Anvil Choras but I know good music when I hear it.

So after the show we have a bite to eat—$17.50. She ordered everythin from see weed to puddin and snails, too. Them are the things they can't ketch in Philedelphia, and we go back to the hotel, and she says "you have been such a nice sweet boy Im goin to invite you up to my room and give you a drink." Toot Sweet—thats French for "I should worry."

SO I sneaked up about 2 bells and she threw her arms around me and says "Baby, Im goin to give you what you never tasted before," and with that she pulls out from under the bed a big valease full of scotch labels pasted on it and opens it up and what do you think was in it? About a dozen of the prittiest bottles you ever looked at. With shapes like a piano lamp, all made out of that stuff what they make flower pots of.

Then she gets two wine glasses and pours out two stiff shots and says, "This is what the Prince of Whales drinks—down the hatch."

Im not kiddin you Marg, it was the finest scotch I ever hung a lip over. The kind of stuff that gives you ideas—makes you want to buy every lobster in a night club and neck your mother-in-law. Goes down like olive oil with a smell like hilyertripe.

So I figured if I could only get some of that stuff out of her by kiddin her along I could clean up. I dont want you to get sore just because I went up to her room Marg. Its business. We got to make these contacts. Shes all apple strudel with me. Youre the only one Im nuts about.

Well anyway after we had about a dozen shots, she tells me the hole works. She said her husband is a steward on one of the big boats and has a friend over in Scotland what ran the still for the Prince of Whales, and that he could get all he wanted as the Prince never knew how much liquor he had.

And as far as gettin the stuff over here was concerned, there was nothin to it as her brother-in-law was one of the custom officials on the dock. So she said if I was a very nice boy she would get me 25 cases cheap as she was beginin to fall for me, so I told her to go to it.

So two days later when the hootch came in she wouldnt take the money until she made me taste it to make sure it was the same stuff. Then she said she was terrible sorry but that her old man insisted that she go back with him on the same boat. So she kissed me good bye and checked out.

OY-OY-OY *did she take me.* That night when I poured out the stuff, every quart bottle had a lot of parifine wax in the bottom and only about a *half pint of good hootch floated on the top.* How did I know? I couldn't see threw those flower pots.

She took me plenty. She got the dough and I got the wax. Ever since then Ive been living in the Automat—machenery meals, where you put in a nickle and get the beans in the face. Theres one great thing about them Marg—when you look in the little windows a ham sandwich looks like a pot-roast.

I got to get that money back somehow, or Ill be sellin canary bird swings on Broadway.

Well, I got to go now and turn off the still. Remember me to your mother and father. I know how she must feel livin with a grouch like him. Also tell her that I couldent get the brazzier she wanted as they was all out of that size and they wanted me to order one in the tent department. Wishing you the same,—

Yours till your stockings run,

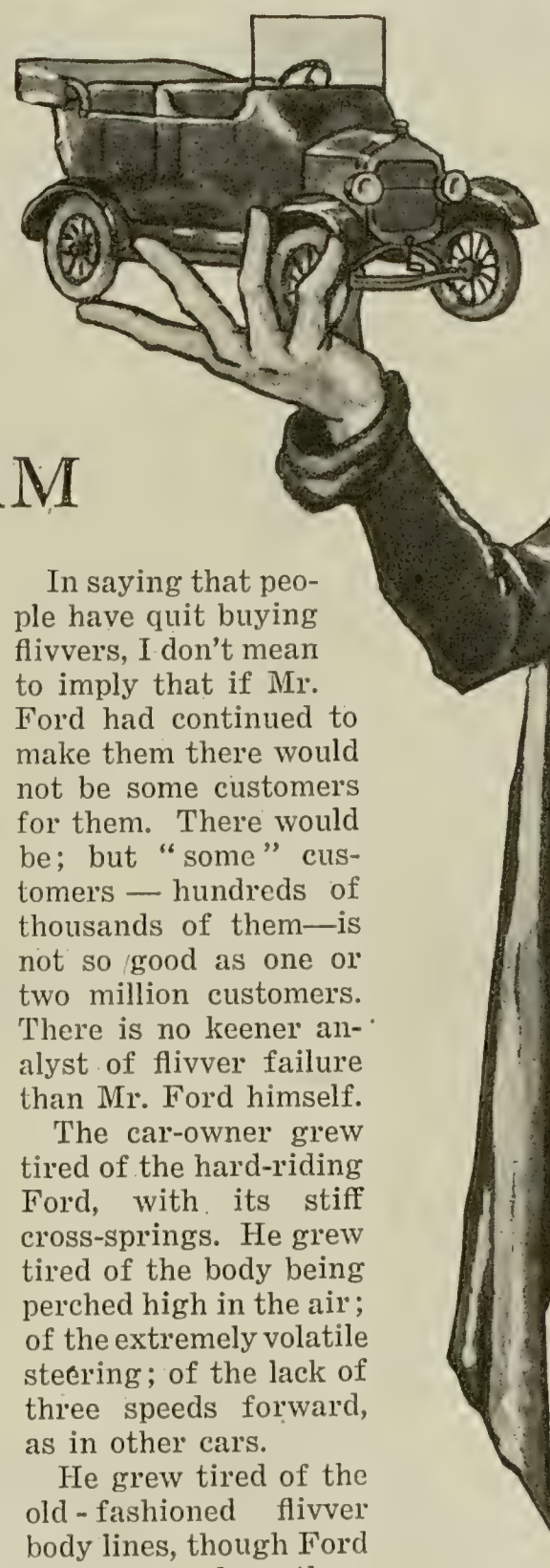
MIKE

Ps. Tell your old man that the Scotch to him is $5.50 per copy.

Another of Mike's mash (sour) notes will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

The Flivver PASSES

Ford Drops Lizzie for a New Love After Nineteen Years of Romance



"Alas, poor Lizzie—"

AN artist's conception of Mr. Ford as a modern industrial Hamlet.

An Article by

WILLIAM F. STURM

(Reading time: 15 minutes.)

THE flivver is passing.

After nineteen years of loyal, if at times noisy, service, the pride and joy of Henry Ford is chugging down the long, long trail to oblivion.

Nineteen years is a long time, as time is reckoned in the automobile industry. The gaunt and shaky flivver has rattled the backbones of two generations of motorists. It has seen the rise, the decline, and the fall of many a pretentious dynasty of motordom. It was born when there were barely 200,000 automobiles in all the United States, and it goes to its reward with more than 20,000,000 cars cluttering the city streets and country highways of the land.

In its time it has been, perhaps, our greatest instrument of civilization. It performed paramount service in bringing the city to the country, and vice versa; it has been the largest single factor in road improvement; it has spread the gospel of made-in-America to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Henry Ford signed the death-warrant of the ubiquitous flivver on May 26, 1927, on the occasion of the entry of the fifteen millionth Model T touring-car into the world.

In consigning the reigning type of Ford to oblivion with the announcement of an entirely new car, Mr. Ford only followed the precedent of other automobile owners who have consigned it volubly to a place with a considerably higher temperature than oblivion.

In reality, it has been the people and not Mr. Ford who have turned thumbs down on the flivver; for, in issuing the fiat that speeds the ubiquitous car to Valhalla, Mr. Ford but relays the signal for its passing first flashed to him by the automobile buyer.

Had the Model T—which has been made since October, 1908—continued to sell in as great quantities as it has in years past, the efficient Ford organization would have continued to grind out flivvers at the rate of 8,000 a day. But they have not continued to sell as in the past, and Mr. Ford is elevating his sights somewhat in order to bag the dollars that are soaring past him and falling to the more expert gunnery of other small cars.

In saying that people have quit buying flivvers, I don't mean to imply that if Mr. Ford had continued to make them there would not be some customers for them. There would be; but "some" customers — hundreds of thousands of them—is not so good as one or two million customers. There is no keener analyst of flivver failure than Mr. Ford himself.

The car-owner grew tired of the hard-riding Ford, with its stiff cross-springs. He grew tired of the body being perched high in the air; of the extremely volatile steering; of the lack of three speeds forward, as in other cars.

He grew tired of the old-fashioned flivver body lines, though Ford has improved on these in the last two years. He grew tired of the foot-shift and of the short wheel-base, which is an aid in making a car ride hard.

Mr. Buyer did not march up his millions to the Ford factory and insist on changes. He simply changed his affections over to small cars that could give him comfort, low center of gravity (which is another phrase for ease of control and safety), three speeds forward, style, flexibility, and speed.

In making a new car, Mr. Ford hopes to wean back the recalcitrants. He probably will be able to do this if he builds as good a car as he promises.

Mr. Ford, mentioning the new car, said:

"At present I can only say this about the new model: it has speed, style, flexibility, and control in traffic. There is nothing quite like it in quality and price. The new car will cost more to manufacture, *but it will be more economical to operate.*"

As far as the deceased car is concerned, any remark as to speed, style, flexibility, and control would have been good for at least three guffaws and a snicker. The said guffaws and a snicker would have gone for speed, style, and flexibility. But no one has ever guffawed at Ford control—they cussed it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Appetites on Edge

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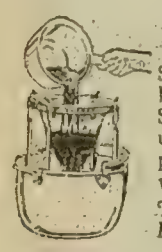

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[THE FLIVVER PASSES Continued from Page Forty-nine]

The trouble has been, prehistorically and presently, that flivver drivers have had too much control. They have been for years terrifying the rest of us by their sudden stops at street crossings, et cetera, multiplied by four.

If by flexibility is meant acting like a six or an eight, the fliv has left something to be desired along that line. But let no one whisper about their lack of pep in getting in and out of traffic. They are literally serpentine in bending in and out of lines of cars that have it on them in other branches of the business.

Perhaps the greatest improvement to be noted in the Ford car is Mr. Ford's own recognition of the need for something better than he has been prevailing on his dealers to sell. He voiced it in these words:

"Conditions in this country have so greatly changed that further refinement in motor-car construction is now desirable, and our new model is a recognition of this."

You have to hand it to the flivver. It has done immeasurably more than shake up its 15,000,000 owners.

It may be a Leaping Lena, a Nervous Wreck, a Rolls Rough, a Sailor's Delight, or a St. Vitus Dance; but it has usually taken its passengers where they wished to go and brought them back. We may have thanked heaven that we did not have to ride in it, but if 15,000,000 people had not been willing and eager to do so the history of the city of Detroit and a whole lot of the rest of the world would not have been written just as it has been.

The Ford has been the greatest automobile evangelist in the world. Its price has always been so low that it was an incentive to a prospective car-owner to buy it. Having once bought a flivver, the purchaser forever committed himself to own a car of some sort.

On buying his next car, especially in the earlier days, he would no doubt repeat on a Ford. But there came a time when more money or higher social position, real or imaginary, induced him to make the step upward that divorced him from his first love.

THERE are certain definite conclusions that have been reached by Ford buyers in the last twenty years. As a means of transportation, *per se*, the Ford has always been 100 per cent. It was always ready to go and come. But even the best friend of the flivver could not give it a great deal beyond that. I speak now of comfort, and say nothing of economy.

Throughout all the years of manufacture of the Model T, Mr. Ford has clung to certain definite principles of construction. Chief of these have been his four-cylinder engine, his cross-springs, and his method of shifting from one speed to another via the feet of the driver.

In one other matter Mr. Ford has had a definite principle:

He has never put an accessory on his car that was not an absolute necessity in making the car move. Speedometers, wind-shield wipers, bumpers, gasoline and oil gages, shock-absorbers, and other accessories that many manufacturers have regarded as absolute essentials, have been caviar to the Ford.

This hesitancy on the part of the largest car-maker in the world has been a decided boon to accessory manufacturers from Dan to Beersheba who have not been so backward when it came to hanging all the little comforts and necessary gadgets on the flivver.

FORD, with the acumen that has made him the greatest industrialist in the world, in the very beginning made a car to fit the country's needs, rather than a car that anticipated the country's needs, as did his early competitors. With no pavement outside the cities, with some graveled roads, but a large percentage of dirt highways, which became in a degree impassable in wet weather, the demand was for a light, powerful, and sturdy car. The flivver, from the very outset, fulfilled these needs.

Henry Ford gathered around him the best metallurgists and engineers he could find. Where the general type of car of the vintage of 1908 and thereabouts was heavy and cumbersome in the main, the flivver was so lightly constructed that it was gibed at. Yet its spidery front axle, its light steering parts, its frame, its spindly spokes, were herculean in the strength infused into them by past masters in the art of metal and automobile structure.

Even today there is no car built, probably, that can compare with the Ford in the strength of materials—in their ability to stand up under abuse. The dependable four-cylinder engine soon became a byword for reliability, not so much among the farmers, who still clung to horses, as among the townsfolk who must brave the mud and the ruts if they would leave the city behind them.

The spread of the flivver into the hands of the farmer was gradual. In 1908 it was unusual to see a Ford or any other make of car on the farm. But as the Fords continued to negotiate the rough going with city folk at the wheel, and the roads around the cities continued to improve, the farmers began to view the flivver as a commonplace.

HENRY FORD and his son, Edsel, in the fifteen millionth flivver.

From a commonplace it came to be a commodity with them, and the demonstrations of the city owners were thus translated into farm ownership through the one medium the farmer could understand—service.

As the highways continued to improve, the farmer still clung to the Ford for the service it gave, rather than for its appearance or comfort. But as the roads grew better and the country grew richer, other makers came into the picture with style and comfort as well as service. And this was the first tolling of the bell of doom for the Model T.

In passing, it is well to know that the deceased Model T did not just pop up on the automobile horizon. Mr. Ford began experimenting with the manufacture of automobiles as early as 1892—one of his first models being a two-cylinder affair.

As the nineteenth century closed, Ford became identified with a group of men for the manufacture of motor-cars. Through lack of control in the company, Mr. Ford soon severed his relations with them, and by 1903 he got into business on a manufacturing scale. His first model, the A, was a four-cylinder car. In 1905 the model F was a two-cylinder. In 1906 Ford reverted to the four-cylinder; but evidently he had not arrived definitely at the proper number of cylinders for a car for the masses, for he launched a six-cylinder model in 1907.

In October of 1908 Mr. Ford had finally decided on the four-cylinder engine, and there burst forth on a waiting world the now famous Model T.

The year the Model T came on the automobile horizon there were 63,500 passenger cars built in the United States, and Ford made 10,660, or 16 per cent, of them. The other 174 manufacturers made the other 52,840. As a contrast, in 1926 there were 3,765,059 passenger cars manufactured, and Ford's contribution was approximately 1,276,000 of them.

SO well pleased was Mr. Ford with the handiwork of his engineers at the birth of the Model T, that there have been no basic changes made in the construction of the motor and the car in general. It has been refined somewhat in its outward appearance, but that is all.

It is a tribute to Ford's genius that he could continue to please the public over such a long period of years. What other piece of mechanism in America today can hold a candle to this record— nineteen years of manufacture without a major change in mechanism?

One can accuse the flivver of almost anything and prove his case. Take the single, though somewhat important, item of the flivver as a wealth-producer—the little acorn from which the mighty oak of Ford holdings has sprung:

In 1903, at the start of business, the Ford Motor Company was capitalized at $100,000, with only $28,000 cash paid in. That was less than twenty-five years ago. Today this $28,000 cash has grown to assets in excess of $800,000,000.

Among these assets is listed one of the best cars made in the world today—the Lincoln, which the Ford Company bought in 1920.

There are, besides the Lincoln plant, two great Ford plants in the vicinity of Detroit. One of these is the Highland Park plant, 278 acres in area and employing between 50,000 and 70,000 workmen. This plant assembles cars, makes artificial leather, rubber compound, textiles, storage batteries, radiators, bearings, and many other of the materials that go into a Ford.

West of Detroit is the Fordson plant, which has an area of 1,100 acres, and is used primarily for the conversion of raw materials. Tractors, Ford engines, plate glass, and many other Ford necessities are made here. It is estimated that 75 per cent of the tractors used on American farms are made at the Fordson plant.

THE Canadian Ford Motor Company is located across the border. Up in the North Woods are the huge Ford lumber industries; in Virginia and Kentucky the Ford coal-mines; in northern Michigan the iron-mines; in Kentucky 125,000 acres of virgin timber and coal; in Pennsylvania and Minnesota glass-making plants.

On lakes and ocean the Ford steamships ply. To carry Ford products there are Ford-owned railroads. The rest of the industrial world might stop, and still Ford would be able to go along in the even tenor of his way; for he has sources of raw and finished material for everything he needs in his business.

There are, besides, a huge airplane landing field and a factory making all-metal three-motored monoplanes.

Ford has thirty-six assembling and service plants in the United States, and plants in all the principal countries of Europe, South America, Australia, India, and Japan.

Ford employs about 200,000 men in all his industries. These employees, with their families, would make a city larger than Indianapolis, which has about 400,000 inhabitants.

The first million is the hardest—in Fords as in everything else. Up to the advent of the Model T in October of 1908, there had been approximately 20,000 Fords made. While Ford was making this 20,000 between 1903 and 1908, there were fewer than 200,000 cars built in the whole United States.

By December 10, 1915, the first million had been made. June 14, 1917, saw the second million completed; April 2, 1919, the third million; May 11, 1920, the fourth million; May 28, 1921, saw the fifth million; May 18, 1922, the sixth million. At this point, production, which had reached 1,000,000 a year, fairly jumped ahead, and the time between millions was cut considerably.

January 12, 1923, the seventh million passed out into a waiting world. July 11, 1923, saw the passing of the eighth million. The last of the ninth million rolled from the production line on December 26, 1923—a slightly belated Christmas gift. June 4, 1924, the tenth million mark had been passed. January 5, 1925, marked the passing of the twelfth million.

A change in body design was made in August, 1925, and production received a serious setback because of the change and because of an error which is said to have occurred in the blue-print department, which was not detected until it had proceeded far into production. The thirteen millionth flivver opened its eyes on a cold world, literally and figuratively, on January 6, 1926. Six months later, July 21, 1926, the fourteen millionth flivver was turned out on a chilly world.

It was not until May 26, 1927, that the fifteen millionth mark was passed.

LEST the drivers of other cars think that by the number that engage their fenders and rear bumpers, all of the original 15,000,000 still roam the universe, it may be stated that a fair estimate of the living flivvers is 8,500,000. Some censuses may raise this figure to 10,000,000, but not this census-taker.

It is further estimated that a cool million dilapidated flivvers seek eternal rest on the junk-heap yearly. Right away some one has figured how long it will take the genus flivver to disappear from the face of the earth.

From birth to disintegration, the average life cycle of the Ford is about seven years—though, of course, there are many tough old-timers rolling around the streets today at the hoary old age of fifteen years and more. While age has dimmed their luster and put rust on every available spot, their heart action still continues regularly enough to keep movement in their dilapidated frames.

The flivver is the result of mass production intensified, and this mass production has enabled Henry Ford to undersell all other automobile-makers for years. As the number of flivvers has increased the price has decreased, in spite of numerous improvements. In 1908 a spiffy-looking touring-car could be had for $950. In 1927 the price had gone down to $380.

NO doubt, one thing Ford hopes to gain by a change of model is the absolute divorce, without alimony, of the word flivver from the Ford product.

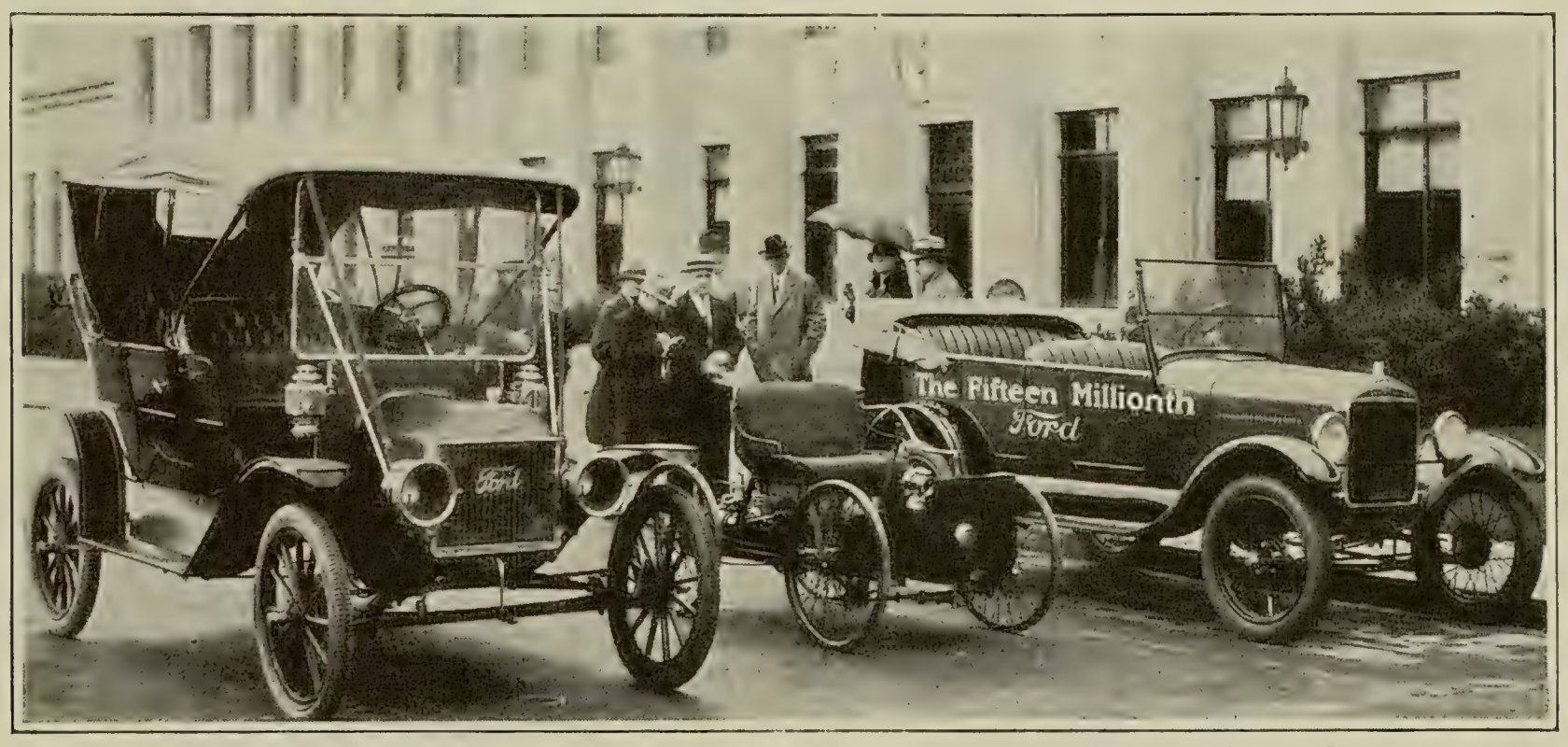
Another disagreeable feature of the change from one model to another is that it will revive the telling of Ford jokes, which amusement has only recently sunk to three points off zero. No one has accurate figures on the reams of paper that have been consumed in printing books of Ford jokes, nor how many candles have been consumed while the candle-owner put down on paper his idea of the best Ford joke in the world.

A joke per car made is our own idea of the grist. Each of these jokes has been told an average of nine times, so that the total output is approximately 135,000,000, or a little more than one telling to each individual of this country's population.

As the broker has it:

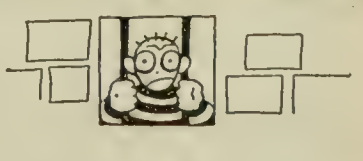
"While we do not guarantee these figures, we have obtained them from sources which we deem reliable."

THE END



The three great steps in the Ford industry: The original flivver (center); the first Model T (left); and the final product.

STAYS PUT—*and how!*



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Hello Everybody! *This is* Johnnie Walker *Speaking!*

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Try any first class shop and see for yourself what I mean—only"

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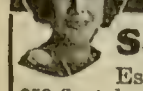

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FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"ALL settled in your new home?" Lil's boss asked. He was signing his hieroglyphic signature to the day's mail.

"No," answered Lil. "We're at mother's until after Sandy's business trip—he starts on the road in two weeks."

"I'm glad you're back," the boss went on. "Your substitute spelled Chicago with a *k* between the *c* and the *a*."

Lil started out with the boss' letters. "Oh!" she said. "It still says August!" And she brought his desk calendar up to date.

At 4:45 she left the office, after telephoning her grocer.

"Put a *special* on the one to my mother," she warned the office boy. "I'm leaving early to make biscuits."

In the elevator she added a dab of powder, a touch of rouge, and a natty pert tilt to her $3.98 blue felt. And she read the Beware of Pickpockets notice. She possessed a certain business hauteur since her honeymoon—having graduated from Miss Morse, the boss' stenog, to Mrs. Jenkins, the boss' secretary!

Lil crossed east on Main Street—although the north-and-south traffic was on—and breezed into the butcher shop.

"Wanna juicy steak?" the fat butcher asked, throwing the trimmings from a piece of beef to his delighted cat, Emma. "Or a leg o' lamb, split chicken, calves' brains, bluefish—or bologna?"

"Say it again? I wasn't listening," Lil smiled.

Mr. Bennett repeated his list, adding "cold tongue."

"A little tongue—and charge it," Lil ordered.

Mrs. Morse, who was on the way home from her vacation motor trip, thought her daughter couldn't keep house.

"I bet she hasn't even dusted the banisters," she was telling Mr. Morse as they bumped over a detour up-State.

Mrs. Morse was weighted down with souvenirs for relatives, hints on window drapes (picked up in Chicago), and nine extra pounds.

Lil hailed the 5:15 bus.

"Open soup—put potatoes in oven—mix up biscuits—dust vestibule doors—set table—lay out S's straw mules." She was listing these chores on the bag around the cold tongue. "And empty ice-box pan!" she called out to the bus driver by mistake.

At 6:08 Sandy swung into the gate. Lil heard it squeak. Had he remembered to bring the dessert? "A girl's idea of lasting romance," she'd told him on their honeymoon, "is to have her husband always bring home the dessert!"

So Sandy had brought canned cherries (33 cents), cream puffs (30 cents), or ice-cream (30 cents) for their dinner!

"I'm making a nice surprise, dear," she told him.

"Here's something nice, too," Sandy said, pretending not to see the Golden Cook Book opened to Old-Fashioned Delmonico Biscuits. And he handed his wife one pint of pineapple and lemon ice!

He practised his customary gallantry by seating Lil at the table with a theatrical manner. He stole a radish when he thought she wasn't looking. And then he tuned in on jazzy dinner music.

Sniff—sniff—*sniff!*

"Oh!" Lil suddenly gasped, checking her graceful forward pass with the platter of cold tongue. "My biscuits are burning!"

"Oh!" Sandy added. And Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Jenkins made a two-yard dash into the kitchen.

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Should Settle Her

Junior's aunt from the city was visiting her small-town relatives. One day, while taking her sister motoring, Junior's mother pointed out a place where a tornado had uprooted a number of trees. The city aunt was very interested and asked numerous questions. Junior, in a haughty little voice, remarked:

"We may live in a small town, but we can have tornadoes."—Mrs. Albert Nelson, Colfax, Ia.

Very True

Billy is terribly afraid of the dark. The other night he wanted something in the next room, which was in darkness. He asked his little sister Margery to go with him.

"What are you afraid of?" she asked.

He told her he was afraid a bear would get him.

"Well," she said, "there's no use of him getting us both."—Mrs. Emory Chastain, Versailles, Ky.

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BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
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DO Fighters HATE Each Other?

Keystone photos

TWO determined fighters who held no grudge. Jack Dempsey (left) and Tom Gibbons, just before their fight at Shelby, Montana. (Above) Gibbons shooting a left to Jack's chin.

A Review of the Famous Grudges of Prize-Fight History

As told by TOM GIBBONS
to Douglas De Younge Silver

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

EVERY business man hates certain rivals, and I venture to say that every fighter entertains the same feeling toward some of his rivals. All the fireworks about grudge fights have not been just ballyhoo to grab a crowd. Some fighters always have hated each other; but in every instance I ever heard of there was a reason for the grudge.

There were more hates in the old days because the leading reasons for hatred—fake guaranties and failures to grant promised return bouts—were more prevalent. Boxing is better organized today and the more orthodox reasons for bitter grudges have been removed.

You can't stamp out the old human element, however, and there are still a few grudge fighters. The most prominent is Jack Sharkey. He hated Harry Wills before he fought him; and after they met and Harry began to hold and hit, Jack's fury was unleashed.

Sharkey, disgruntled at the results of two previous Maloney fights, had worked up a good grudge against Jim Maloney, and in their last fight he vented it by knocking Jim flat in the fourth round.

When Ace Hudkins came East a year ago to battle Ruby Goldstein, he was all set to grudge-fight him, although he had never seen Ruby.

Ace had a natural dislike of Easterners, and when he learned that Ruby—a New York ghetto product—had announced that he was going to go after a knockout, Mr. Hudkins' ire was something wonderful to behold. Hudkins' animosity helped him to knock out Goldstein so hard that Ruby hasn't been the same since.

Ruby Goldstein and Sid Terris also have worked up considerable agitation over each other. They are both New York boys, from the same section of the city. Each has a large local following that has goaded him on.

You don't see grudge fights billed as such any more, because the public got tired of that ballyhoo. And if the fight turned out to be a song and dance, there was always a lot of embarrassing explaining to be done.

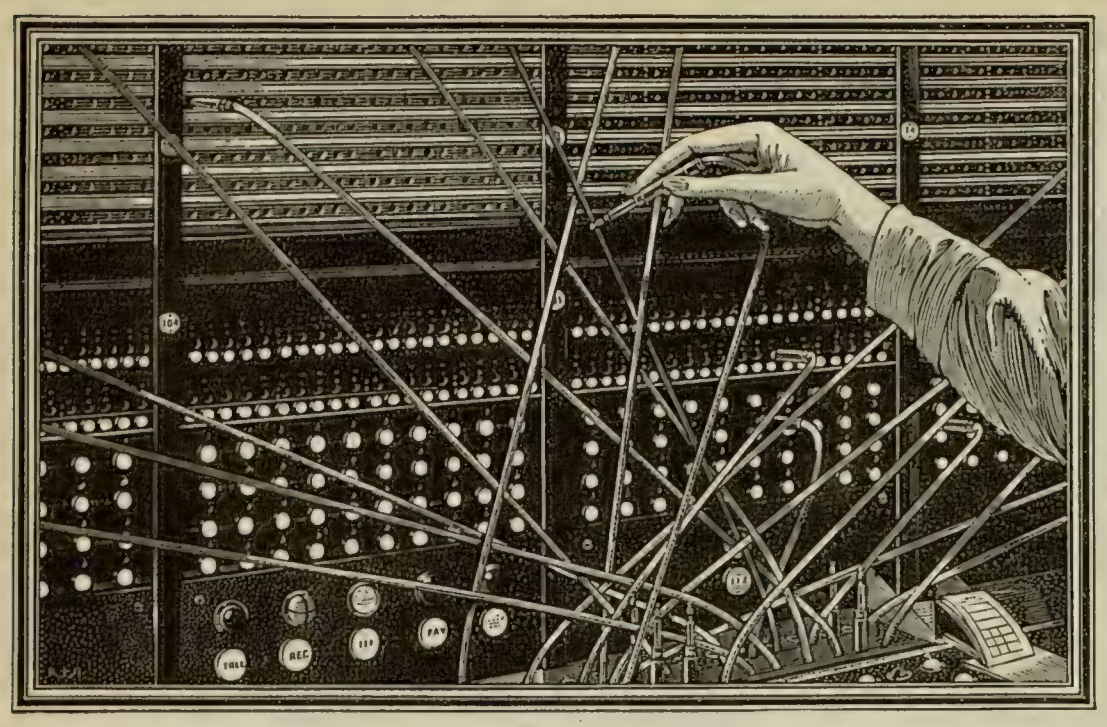
The most notable among successful promoters who present a fight on its own merits and ignore grudge possibilities is Tex Rickard. He capitalizes the dramatic element of uncertainty. This kind of advertising muffles the hate angle, which can do a lot of harm.

Perhaps the oddest feud was the one between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett. To his dying day Bob cherished a deep grudge against Corbett that started right after the Sullivan-Corbett fight, when Bob rushed in to congratulate Corbett and was promptly high-hatted.

This feud was featured by several magnificent episodes, including a meeting in a Philadelphia barroom. There, after publicly challenging Corbett, Fitz was restrained by his friends from assaulting the champion.

Another dramatic event growing out of their mutual grudge occurred when Fitz met Jim on the road outside his training camp at Carson, and offered to shake hands. The offer was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[DO FIGHTERS HATE EACH OTHER?] Continued from Page Fifty-three

refused. Fitz was about to swing on the champ when his trainer, realizing the horror of a fight without a gate, separated them.

A few days later, after Bob had knocked out Corbett in the fourteenth round, the deposed champ recovered and hit Fitzsimmons behind the ear, yelling that if Fitz didn't give him a return match he was going to hand him a beating every time they met on the street.

Fitzsimmons retorted ominously that if Jim tried any such tactics he would be killed by Bob's bare hands. Incidentally, Corbett never got his return match. That was a grudge that certainly died hard.

Speaking of grudges I have often been asked if, at some time or other during our boyhood careers, brother Mike and myself hadn't settled domestic difficulties with the mutual gifts nature gave us.

Well, we never did, because Mike is four years older than I, and that alone was enough to make me hold my peace.

Mike and I in later years did have some snappy work-outs, but we never got mad. We used to train together, and each work-out came pretty close to being a real fight. Fellows used to say they would rather see us work out than see a regular fight.

I often got some black eyes for my trouble, and as Mike was the hardest thing on feet to hit, he generally fared better. We gave about everything we had because both of us knew that it was the best way to get the desired benefits from hard training.

After each work-out, no matter how stiff it might have been, there was always mutual appraisal.

Mike was a great teacher, and I'll never forget the day he taught me how to really box. After a hard work-out he said:

"Now, Tom, come here. You're not really getting anywhere. You are too aggressive when you ought to give ground, and you fade away like Napoleon doing a retreat from Moscow when you ought to be in there forcing me to the ropes. Your timing is fierce!"

By combining constructive lessons with his destructive criticism, he laid the foundation for everything I learned about fighting.

Keystone photo

Good-natured Jack Dempsey's fighting face.

Years afterward, when I was fighting in the championship class, I used the basic principles of fighting drilled and punched into me by brother Mike.

He was always with me when I fought—if not personally, at least in an ever-present spirit. Not much room for a grudge, was there?

I CAN remember a few other classic instances of ring hate which, like the Fitzsimmons-Corbett war, had interesting and often amusing beginnings. Consider the strained relations between Packey McFarland and Kid Burns.

Packey never hurt a man much. He depended upon speed, fancy footwork, and caution, combined with an intricate knowledge of timing. His unmarked appearance was his pride. Then he fought Kid Burns and got several cuts and a black eye.

That shiner irked Packey and all his friends kidded him about it. In addition, Burns had got a big name through that one soak.

So Packey gave the Kid a return match, and from the start of the fight it was evident that he was out for blood. Mr. Burns began to sag in the second round. He held on until the seventh, when Packey knocked him for a row of Peruvian bathtubs and Burns went down and out.

HAND-SHAKING and the strategy emanating from it has had a lot to do with ring grudges. Perhaps the most famous instance was the grudge between Stanley Ketchel and Bill Papke. Ketchel stuck out his hand for the customary shake before a round, and Papke gestured as if to touch it, and then turned quickly and stung Ketchel in the snout. That wallop amplified a growing grudge between them.

I note that the New York State Boxing Commission has abolished the hand-shake after the first bell, and I think that, on the whole, it's a wise move. Hand-shaking has always been a bleak formality.

I do not think that its abolition will hurt the game. After all, people go to see a fight and not a hand-shaking contest.

As a referee, I have had considerable experience with the ring hand-shake. Once, during the war, I was refereeing an intercamp match at Camp Meade, Maryland, where I was an instructor in boxing. One of the fighters was particularly careless about hitting when his opponent was down. When his oponent got up, he would offer him the usual hand-shake.

This happened a couple of times, until the fellow getting back on his pins brushed the hand-shake aside and planted a right on the would-be peacemaker's jaw. The latter went down, and stayed there. I gave the man who ignored the hand-shake the fight.

Perhaps the greatest climax to any grudge fight was the historic occasion in Brooklyn when Sailor Burke and Willie Lewis knocked each other out.

These two boys were great boxers and they didn't like each other a bit. Lewis couldn't hit real hard, but he timed an extra heavy haymaker just as Burke lashed out one at him. Both blows landed simultaneously and the boys fell down together like a couple of ossified smelts.

Another apparent grudge fight was the last Jack Britton and Ted "Kid" Lewis battle.

Britton and Lewis were always friendly until a Kansas City referee gave the title to Lewis on what a great many people thought was a biased decision. Britton

finally got a return match and whaled the tar out of Lewis.

Many fight fans think that a boxer's earlier matches are the ones most likely to be tinged with hate. A young, green boxer, to bolster up his nerve, can tell himself he hates the other fellow and thus acquire additional courage. When a fighter gets older, he grows indifferent to the factors on which the grudge germ feeds.

My ring début was in a match with one Oscar Kelly in Minneapolis for a purse of fifteen dollars. It was what is known as a "sneak fight," and the date was September 25, 1911.

Right after dinner, Mike asked me what I had eaten. I mentioned, among other things, a couple of bananas with cream.

He said he thought the bananas would finish me, but to cheer me up added, "Oh, that'll be all right. It wouldn't make any difference, anyway."

The fight wasn't so bad. An hour before the start I was pretty nerve-racked, but the gong made me forget the bananas and attend to Mr. Kelly.

If I'm not mistaken, Kelly assumed the horizontal during the fifth round. I hope no ring aspirant will assume that bananas are helpful for training purposes. They may be all right for songs, but not for fighting men.

THERE are few boxers I do not like, and these few are fellows who resort to dirty tricks, men whose manner of living reflects upon men of the ring, of whom the majority are decent.

Billy Miske and I came from the same town, and naturally were great rivals. Well-meaning friends tried to twist this rivalry into a grudge, in spite of the fact that Billy and I were always the best of friends.

After all our five fights, we met in a restaurant and had a friendly chat, kidding each other about the probably ominous outcome of the next battle. Billy was dead game and there were only three fellows who could beat him: Dempsey, Levinsky, and myself.

To clinch the fact that Billy and I were always great friends, I will cite our famous fight in 1922, which was awarded to Miske on a foul. A lot of sporting writers, including Bob Edgren, claimed that Billy had pulled my hand down and made a blow appear foul.

I did not think he was fouled, and I couldn't believe he would quit. The doctors said he wasn't hurt, but I've always believed there never was a doctor who could tell definitely whether or not a boxer had been injured.

It was just one of those beautiful misunderstandings out of which almost any kind of a grudge can spring. It started a lot of hard feeling, but none at all between Miske and me.

Ring conversation often foments grudges and hatred. Silent workers hate to be talked to by garrulous boxers, and often get sore. I don't mind it myself.

The classic example of a fighter being outfoxed by some well-timed banter was the time Young Corbett practically talked Terry McGovern out of the featherweight championship.

Terry was getting ready in his dressing-room when Corbett, on his way to the ring, yelled, "Come on out, Terry, and take your licking!"

This unheard-of impudence on the part of a challenger to a champion got McGovern's goat. He sputtered and waved his arms, only to go out a few minutes later and lose his title.

Conversation was part of Young Corbett's stock in trade; but it didn't work so well in the Jimmy Britt-Young Corbett grudge fight.

Britt was paying considerable attention to a girl, and just to get Jimmy's goat, Corbett said: "I'm going to see her tonight after I've beaten you."

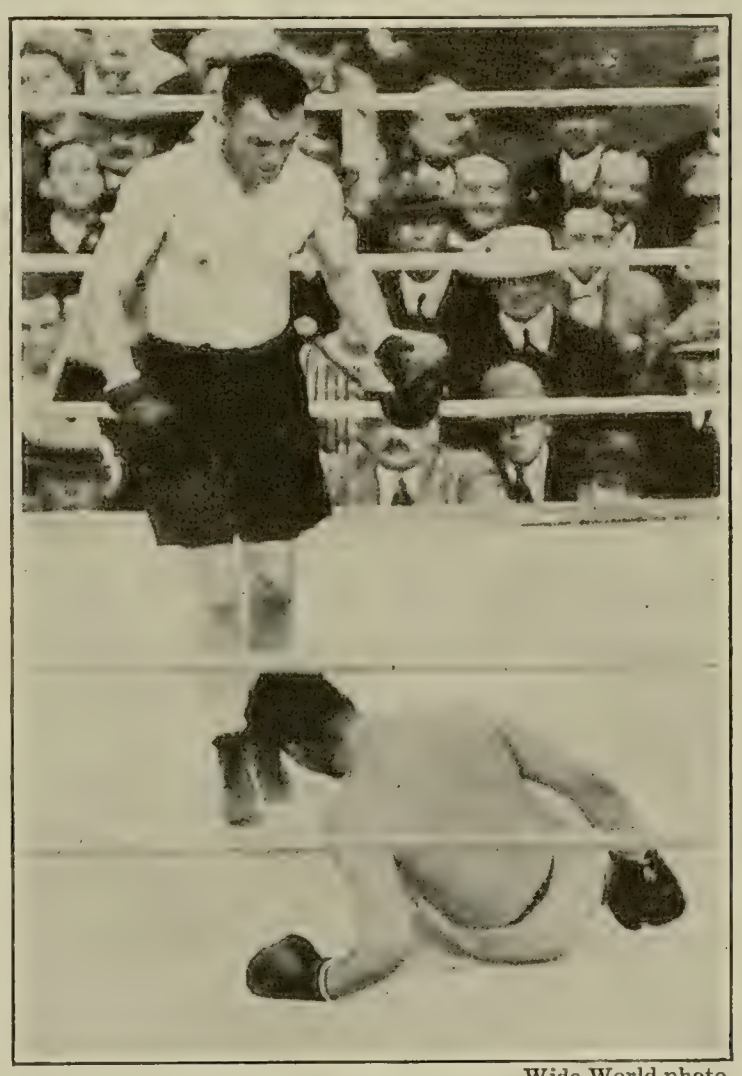
Britt, however, kept his head, outboxed his opponent, and got the decision.

I SAW Benny Leonard fight Gene Delmont in St. Paul in 1917. Delmont was doing well, so his manager sent him out to kid Leonard. Benny—ordinarily a very cool fighter—got sore and began to tear into Mr. Delmont with rare vengeance. He knocked Gene out in the eighth round.

After the knockout, Leonard strolled over to Delmont's manager and said, "Tell your boys to kid me, so I can knock them all for a row of ash-cans!"

I've talked with a lot of knock-out artists about the reaction of sending a man out; and the consensus of opinion is that very few fighters relish knocking anybody cold.

Once, though, a little piece of British sarcasm made me enjoy knocking a fighter down for the count. This was the time I fought Jack



Wide World photo

A SARCASTIC remark by Jack Bloomfield (on floor) made Gibbons enjoy knocking him out at the Wembley Stadium in England in 1924.

Bloomfield of England at the Wembley Stadium, near London, in 1924.

Just before the fight we were called to the middle of the ring and listened to windy instructions from the referee. Wanting to get started, I said to Bloomfield: "You know how to box, Jack, so let's go."

Sarcastically he remarked, "I hope I do."

There was something about that crack I didn't like; so I told him that he was going to get plenty of chance to show what he knew. I knocked him out in the third round.

Another time when I got mad, but caught myself in time, was when I fought Jack Dempsey at Shelby, Montana, and he began to use the rabbit punch.

During this fight the cheering of the fans was a great help. While the fans thought Jack would win quickly, they pulled for me. I benefited by this vocal support.

But once a mob yelling for the other man had a beneficial effect on me. I was fighting Joe Burke at Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1921, and in the first round we bumped heads and I was cut. At the beginning of the next round almost everybody in the place began to yell for Joe to knock me out. I got mad and knocked him out.

Often during a fight one man will feign an injury and thus irritate the other man, so there's no telling what will happen. In my fight with Carpentier at Michigan City, in 1924, it looked as if I was going to slip the K. O. over any minute.

Suddenly Carp sprained his ankle, but if his ankle was in a bad way, as he claimed, he forgot it was hurt on several occasions later, when he tried to slip one over on me.

Eddie Kane, my manager, went to see him the next day, and the ankle wasn't even swollen.

Fans frequently confuse a ring disposition with hate. Jack Dempsey, for instance, banks on a ferocious manner to disconcert the other fellow. As a matter of fact, he is one of the mildest-mannered of men.

Dempsey and Tunney are two extreme types. It is as easy for Jack to scowl as it is for Gene to smile. I don't believe Dempsey minds knocking out an opponent, while Tunney does so only when the occasion calls for it.

Jack Herrick scowls more than any boxer I've ever seen in action. He not only scowls, but growls like a hungry wolf eager for his dinner. But outside this caveman sort of stuff, he seems a good-natured fellow.

The most light-hearted fighting man I ever saw is Johnny Tillman of Minneapolis, who is always smiling from ear to ear, whether he's on the receiving end or not.

I'VE tried to point out here that boxers don't hate each other naturally. Grudges don't just happen—they must be fostered. Fans who go to a fight and expect the contestants to hate each other just because they happen to be whaling each other around, have the wrong idea.

Boxing is commercialized today, but I can't see why the placing of a larger premium on skill and brains isn't a good thing.

I think it's perfectly logical that business ability should enter into a boxer's make-up. The game is supported by business men and business women. Why should they expect all boxers to be dumb-bells?

Business men, I think, often yell their heads off for rough work and knock-outs because of suppressed caveman desires.

I think, also, that business men have more reason to hate each other than boxers have. A boxer can always work off his grudge, be beaten decisively by the man he hates, and be forced to forget it, the way old Tom Sharkey did after his second licking from Jim Jeffries at Coney Island.

Tom began to get sore at Jeffries after Jim had beaten him at San Francisco, but after the Coney Island fight, during which Sharkey got a couple of smashed ribs, he realized it was useless to hold much hate for Jeffries.

A business man can't work off much real he-man ill-will at the conference table. So he goes to a boxing match and lets the battlers carry on for him.

Ring conditions are better than they used to be. I say this knowing that my good friend Benny Leonard has recently relieved himself of a few broadsides under the title of The Dirtiest Game! I haven't found it to be so.

Naturally, it's rough, but I have met there some of the squarest shooters one would want to meet anywhere. Most of the shady boys are not really boxers, but saloon fighters.

Then, also, some former managers are casting a reflection upon the ring. They do more to keep boxing on a low plane than many boxers ever did.

What better type of boxers, for instance, could grace the squared circle than men of the stamp of Mike Gibbons, Willie Ritchie, Packey McFarland, George Chip, and Sammy Mandell—to mention only a few that come to mind?

As a whole, promoters are honest. There were times when they cheated and stole purses, and some will do the same thing now; but there are very few of this kind.

Only once was I ever shorted, and I know that was because the promoter had a bad, unavoidable financial break, through no fault of his own.

Speaking of fights, did Dempsey really foul Sharkey in their New York battle? Or was his K. O. fair and aboveboard? There seems a vast difference of opinion among the experts, and an interesting squabble is on. Read about it in Edward Doherty's series, Fair Fight or Foul? which starts in next week's LIBERTY.

VOX POP

100 Per Cent

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Red Knight of Germany is the best story that has as yet appeared in your magazine.

I know we are all fed up on war stories. However, the above can not be mentioned in the same breath, as Mr. Gibbons' story is a classic. There is no guesswork in it, as Gibbons does not write from hearsay.—*G. R. B.*

In Defense of Richthofen

TACOMA, WASH.—To me, the story of The Red Knight of Germany, by Floyd Gibbons, is of unusual interest. First, because I was one of those Canadian airmen whom Richthofen, no doubt, would have liked to make his eighty-first victim.

Second, because I had the opportunity of following the progress of his air victories during the latter part of his career—this from the position of a pursuit pilot in France, always in jeopardy of meeting up with the German ace.

I do not question the truth of the facts in Gibbons' narrative, but it wasn't understood by the British and Canadian airmen that Richthofen had the killer instinct. It was generally known among Allied airmen that the invincible uhlan early in his career refused to make a bombing raid upon London, saying that he couldn't stoop to raining death down upon defenseless women and children in their homes at night.

But, regardless of whether he was the "killer" of Gibbons' imagination, or was just fulfilling his duty to his country in the most chivalrous manner possible, he was unquestionably the Kaiser's "deadliest war bird."—*Everett G. Delgrave.*

That Piker, Nero!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The best part of The Red Knight of Germany will be the chapter that tells of his death. Nero and the rest of the bloodthirsty ones that are recorded in history were pikers compared to Richthofen.

When you read of the real Hun, as exemplified by Richthofen, you have a feeling that perhaps, after all, the stories that came across the sea during the war were not mere propaganda.—*D. C. Elliot.*

Perhaps He Had Wings

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—In Bright Sayings of Children I notice that a two-weeks-old pup can climb up porch steps and whine outside the door.

What kind of a pup might that have been?

Have handled many litters of puppies, but never yet have I known of a two-weeks-old pup that could perform this remarkable feat.

Did LIBERTY pay five bucks for that?—*A Reader.*

Our Honest Readers

KANSAS CITY, MO.—In my reception-room I keep all kinds of magazines. Every one of them has been stolen except LIBERTY.

It sure must be punk.—*Dr. Max B. Levin.*

Fencing

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I note in your Vox Pop that some chronic dyspeptic named L. C. Fence begrudges the space that has been given to Bobby Jones and wants to know who he is

and what he has ever done that was worth while.

This bird goes on to say that, as far as he knows, all Bobby has ever done is play a game—and prays that his son may do better. There ain't a chance, Brother Fence—so start hoping some of the little Fences get as high.

If anybody living more than two blocks away knows who Mr. Fence is, let 'em speak up.—*S. C.*

Hard to Swallow

NORFOLK, VA.—Just received my LIBERTY. I always read Vox Pop first. The most sensible piece I ever read was from L. C. Fence of Dayton, Ohio. I would like to shake hands with him.

If I had a son and caught him playing that baby game of golf I would make him swallow the pill.—*T. H. Swinson.*

It Must Have Been a (Hair) Oil Painting

DENVER, COLO. — Your current serial, The Devil's Mantle, is a regular dime paper-back thriller, isn't it? Ask the artist, W. T. Benda, "how come" Marion has a boyish bob in one illustration and in another (a few hours later) she has long, flowing tresses?

Yours for detail.—*G. W. Sauer.*

The Painful Suspense Is Over Now

TOTTENVILLE, N. Y.—Regarding the serial, The Devil's Mantle, by Frank L. Packard, can hardly wait until the next issue.—*Henry Nicolaison.*

Getting the Bonus Straight

ROSWELL, N. M.—I have just noticed in the issue of LIBERTY for July 23, 1927, under the heading, Twenty Questions, that you say Minnesota paid the largest bonus to World War veterans, having paid the maximum of $600. This is not correct, as the State of Kansas paid a maximum bonus of $816 to World War veterans of that State.—*John H. Watkins.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Minnesota's maximum payment was the highest flat-rate bonus. In Kansas, where the bonus was one dollar a day during service, some veterans received more than $600, others less. The average Kansas bonus was $381.]

In Contempt of Court

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Come on, girls! All of you who read Judge Charles A. Oberwager's article—Heaven Help the Modern Boy!—should be on your high horse and covering the Vox Pop editor with a deluge of righteous protestations.

Let's all give LIBERTY credit for condescending to print such an article, anyway, and show the Hon. Judge Oberwager our spirit!

If Oberwager wasn't a judge, I'd say lots of things, but I have some respect for his position. But, honestly, I can't understand his reason for such an insulting article. Is he a bachelor?—*L. B. G.*

Good Boys, Bad Girls

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Concerning your recent article, Heaven Help the Modern Boy! I wish to say that the conditions are true everywhere. Nowadays a boy can not even go to a single place without seeing a generous view of girls' legs. It seems that the girls deliberately show all they care to, and sometimes a good deal more, for reasons which they call "sex appeal."

This makes a big impression on us boys, and later gets us into trouble, as well as spoiling our future life work. The girl does not think of the effect on the boy. All she wants is a "good time," with plenty to drink. And if a boy don't go with the girls, why, he is known as a "slow number."

If the girl was half decent in her manner, in dress, and in speech, why, she could find plenty of good, clean boys. But no; today a girl has to be "fast and naughty" to get a good time.—*Fair Player.*

Little Devils

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Heaven Help the Modern Boy! Well, of all the nerve! You would hardly expect to read an article so narrow and one-sided written by a judge who really is supposed to be learned and broad-minded.

Too bad the dear, innocent boys can't control themselves. We girls sure are the little devils, aren't we? Leading the boys on and wrecking every bit of manhood in them. If they ever had any. For goodness' sake, don't spoil one of the best magazines by any more articles like *that.* —*H. B.*

A Successful Reformer

BOSTON, MASS.—Heaven Help the Modern Boy! may have been written with much needed thought, but why not make it: Boy Help the Modern Girl?

I, for one, have gone through the same difficulty, but with a year's untiring efforts have finally succeeded in bringing *one* girl to be what I have always thought of my mother.—*A Boy.*

More Cages! Quick!

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—The illustrator of Heaven Help the Modern Boy! had exactly the right idea when he pictured the boy in a cage.

Any of the male sex weak enough not to be able to resist (even when full of bootleg) the alleged sex appeal of one of these all but hairless, eight-ounce-clothed, knobby-legged, calcimined, gold-digging things known as the modern girl ought to be in a cage—or a padded cell.—*Robert L. Scott.*

They Drink Up the Liquor

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—In our opinion, Judge Charles A. Oberwager's article—Heaven Help the Modern Boy!—is very much exaggerated. I am a modern girl, go out with boys that drink, and I can't say that any of the girls of today are responsible for the drunken boys.

You know, all girls aren't to be judged by a few. We don't feel that we lead boys on in any way. The boys furnish the liquor and—the boys drink it!—*Jan and Glen.*

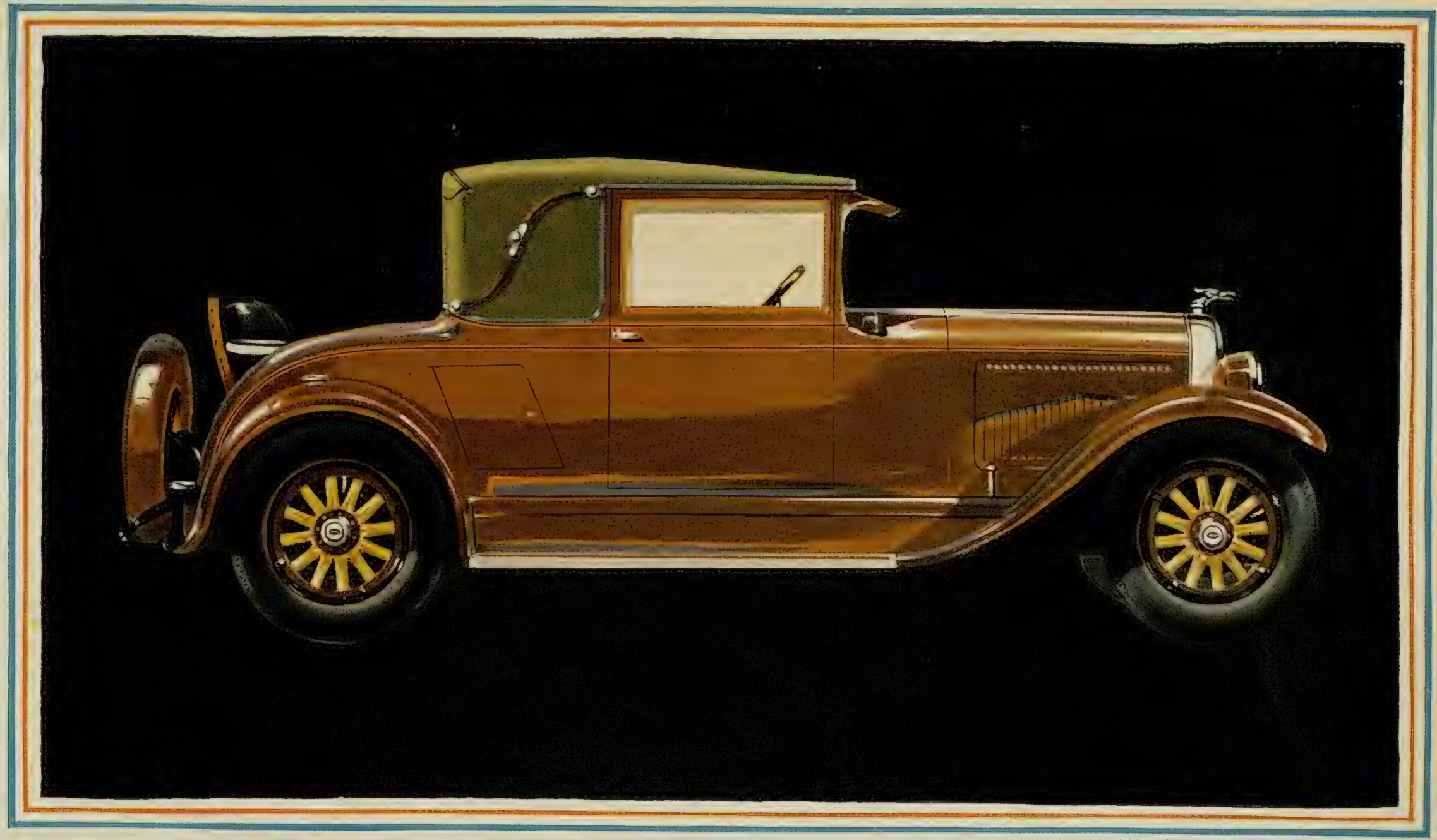
When Ladies Get Mad

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We are two so-called boy-chasers. We object strenuously to your article called Heaven Help the Modern Boy! We'll bet that the writer never heard that old saying, "God helps those who

help themselves." How about the modern boy helping himself? We'll say he does—without any help from Heaven!

If we had that judge here, we don't know what we would do to him. Does he think—because he knows that sort of girl—that they are all alike? Tell him to get acquainted! Nobody but a man would dare write an article like that. The farther you read in the article, the madder one gets.

Ladies don't call people bad names, but that is not saying we can't think them, and what is more, we *do!*—*Two Supposed-to-be-Nice Girls.*



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I Don't Want To Grow Up!

As Dictated by Toni, Jr., *to* Antoinette Donnelly

Pictures by Dorothy Hope Smith Barlow

Mom says I'll be a mannequin, because I love to dress up and parade.

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

DEAR WORLD:

Parents are so puzzling sometimes!

They want you to be little, yet they wish that you were big. They love you when you're naughty, yet they try to make you nice. They love you when you're simple, and they love you when you're wise. You mos' can gen-er-ally tell these things by looking in their eyes.

But the other day I wasn't so sure from my Mommy's eyes when she said:

"Toni, you'll have to stop growing. You'll have me broke buying shoes, the way you outgrow them, and my eyes worn out ripping tucks to make your skirts longer. Besides, I don't want you growing up so fast."

"Stop raising her on the three F's, then!" chided my Aunt Toni, who doesn't mind scolding me herself when I need it, but doesn't like to hear any one else do it.

"Raising her on what?" my Mommy de-mand-ed, looking de-fen-sive, as moms do when any one hints they're not raising their children right.

"On the three F's—Food, 'Fection, and Fresh air! That's what makes them grow, isn't it?

"It's what I learned when I was writing a baby column. A very great baby specialist told me it was what to advise mamas to give their children plenty of. He told me that affection is just as necessary to make a child thrive as food and fresh air—that he had known children born into homes where there was money to buy them food and money for nurses, but unless the nurses gave them 'fection, if their mommies didn't, they just wouldn't grow round and plump and jolly.

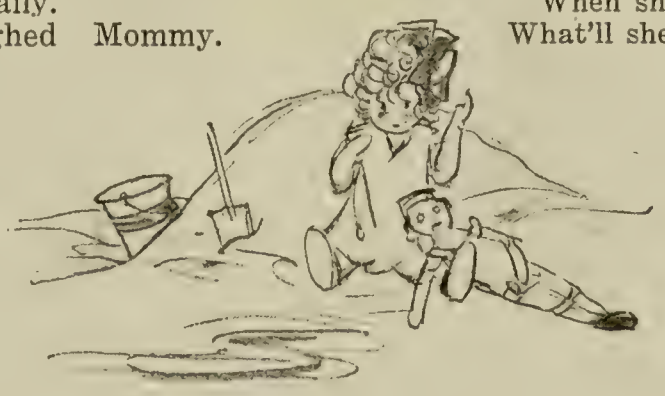
"So don't blame Toni," my Aunt continued, "for overcrowding her shoes and her dresses while you keep on following that doctor's advice. Anyway, I think she is a grand, big girl, and her Aunty loves her if her Mommy doesn't."

"Who said her Mommy doesn't?" demanded my beloved parent in-dig-nant-ly. "I do love her more every day. But I want her to be a baby longer."

"I guess all mommies are like that," said Aunty sym-path-et-i-cally.

"Yes, that's it," sighed Mommy. "Toni was

"Such a teeny-weeny baby
such a little while ago,
With only two small seed-pearls where now there is a row;
She couldn't walk; she couldn't talk—but, oh, I loved her so,
Because she was so helpless such a little while ago.



"—her dolls and mud-puddles and sand-piles she'd miss—"

"I wonder if the angels don't come peeping round at night
And, looking over tiny cribs, are so touched by the sight,
They take the helpless little thing and fit it out with wings,
And put a little bigger one among the cradle's things.
I can't make out where else they go—
For no one ever sees them grow!"

"Cheer up, Mommy!" says my Aunty. "There are worse 'grows' ahead. When she's three, which will be soon, she'll weigh 30 pounds and be 3 feet tall; when she's four, there'll be 34 pounds of her and 39 inches; when she's five she'll weigh 38 pounds and be 41½ inches tall; and when she's—"

"Don't tell me any more today, Aunty," Mommy begged. "I can't bear it."

"What about when she's really grown up?" Aunty teased.

"What about it? Yes, w-h-a-t about it? I wonder what she will be like!"

And that's what Mom and Daddy and Aunty are always wondering—what I'll be when I'm grown up. And the predic-tions they make! Aunty says I'll be a furniture mover. Daddy says I'll be in the house-wrecking business. Mom's guess is nicest. She says I'll be a mannequin, because I love to dress up and parade. But they all agree that I have the makings of a gang-boss, the way I order and get things done for me.

In fact, I've heard so much about what I'll be when I grow up that some verses just grew inside of me in protest, which I better perhaps get out as quickly as possible.

I'm afraid this verse-making in our family is going to be an epi-dem-ic, with Mom breaking out, and me not being able to control myself at all. If Aunty ever threatens, Mom says the meters had better all be shut off. Daddy says we needn't worry about him, as some one has to go on working; but he'll always have time to listen to anything I have to say, even if it is verse like this:

What'll she be when she grows up—
When she grows up,
When she grows up?
What'll she be when she grows up?
That's what her Mommy wonders.
An' I guess all mommies and daddies, too,
When they watch the things that their children do,
Hope for the best, but wish they knew—
yes, wish they knew!

My Daddy he says when I grow up—
When I grow up,
When I grow up,
I can be whatever I want to be,
If only my Daddy *he* may be.
My Daddy he loves me much, you see,
An' I love him as much as he loves me.

My Mommy she says when I grow up—
When I grow up,
When I grow up,
She hopes that I'll only be good and kind;
Whatever else happens she will not mind.
If I'm strong and well and a nice girl, too,
That's all she will ask—for then I'll do.

My Aunty she says when I grow up—
When I grow up,
When I grow up,
She hopes that I'll marry and settle down
In a beautiful house in a beautiful town,
And have a large family of girls and boys,
So she'll have the fun of buying them toys.

But Toni she says when she grows up—
When she grows up,
When she grows up,
'Twould be nice to be kind and nice to be good,
And do only the things that a nice girl should;
But her dolls and mud-puddles and sand-piles she'd miss,
So, if her Mommy don't mind, she'd rather stay as she is.

"Them's my sentiments," as my Daddy says when Mom looks as if she's getting the best of the argument.

Bobby's mama bought him a big box of crayons, because she wants him to be a great painter when he grows up. But when she asked him, one day before company, what he was going to be, he said a garbage-collector. So maybe it would be better if parents didn't ask too many questions. Because children often turn out better than was expected.

I'd rather not think about it, because it must be hard not to be able to play all day long and get all the 'fection and food and fresh air you need. And I suppose, when you get full grown, they have to stop giving them to you, for fear you'll get so big there won't be any room in any house for you. Or, if they build a house big enough, your next-door neighbor will be a mile away because you will be a mile round and he can't get any closer to you because he would be a mile round, too.

Oh, dear, trying to figure out such things is just as puzzling as parents are—sometimes!

However, Toni will not be too aged by next week to write another article for LIBERTY.

Sit Well, Stand Well, Be Well

By
Eileen
Bourne

Pictures posed under direction of the American Posture League. Taken by Rebele Service

STAND with the weight on both feet, but never on the heels. If the stomach is held up and back and the spinal column is straight, you will not slump into your hips. This also relieves the ankles of strain. Keep the head up without stiffening the neck.

WHEN seated at work use a chair so low that your feet easily rest upon the floor and the back of the hips touches the back of the chair. Place the weight on the thighs and you can lean comfortably forward from the hips without bending the back. This prevents fatigue, round shoulders, and tense neck muscles.

RELAXED position involves the same two important principles as the seated work posture. Although your knees may be crossed, keep one foot flat on the floor with the weight on the thighs. To sit so deep in your chair that the spinal column fits the chair-back is the real way to rest.

DO you realize that one cause for thick ankles, spreading hips, and double chins is bad posture? If your weight is distributed incorrectly and your head habitually dropped forward, these results follow.

Furthermore, because cramped lungs and slumped abdominal organs affect the digestive process, faulty posture may be a contributing cause of a bad complexion and lusterless hair.

Therefore, to cure these symptoms you must go to the root of the matter. Of course your grace also is deeply affected by the way you stand, walk, and sit. But this trouble can be cured.

Positive standards of good posture have been outlined for us by a group of orthopedic surgeons, physical trainers, and hygienists. It is called the American Posture League.

Scientific and uncommercial, this organization has for years concerned itself with research, and with the standardization of such furniture and wearing apparel as affect posture. One of the league officials says: "Good posture may be acquired by the average person. It is all a matter of practise."

What is meant by right ways of standing and sitting are illustrated here. But perhaps it is better to learn to walk first.

If you wish to prevent big hips and a wiggling, clumsy gait, you must first get the mental picture of being lightly suspended by a thread passing through the chest. Poise lightly on the forward part of the feet, with toes pointing straight forward, never out.

Keep the stomach up and the back held so that the chest is lifted. Then your lungs will fill with enough air to keep your skin and blood in good condition. Let the shoulders relax; forget all about your head; but remember to hold your chin up.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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8 *tablespoons Mazola*	½ *teaspoon salt*
	¼ *teaspoon baking powder*

Sift the flour, cornstarch, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Stir in the Mazola, moisten with the water. Turn onto a floured board, roll and use as desired.

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What School Children Should EAT

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE advent of school in September stimulates our interest in the children.

The school wardrobe and the year's program of studies have been at least seriously considered. On the other hand, few mothers have thought seriously of the more important item of their children's health.

Healthful winter menus, for example, have not been taken into account, except perhaps to dread their preparation. Yet it may be conservatively stated that haphazard menus and neglect of healthful food habits undermine the health of from 20 to 30 per cent of our American school children, even to the point of malnutrition.

Medical examiners class this one-third of the school populace as 10 per cent below standard weight for their height and age.

Because of poor feeding, they are more or less listless and lazy, both mentally and physically. Moreover, they are frequently fidgety, inattentive, high-strung, and irritable. In short, they are unfit for the year of school work, and they are becoming more and more unfit for the future.

School statistics show that such pupils are handicapped mentally as well as physically. The records of life-insurance companies prove that with so poor a start they have a much smaller chance to complete a normal span of life. Feeding experiments demonstrate that prolonged malnutrition so greatly retards growth and physical development that the results are frequently evident throughout life. Early deterioration and aging may, in many cases, be attributed to malnutrition in childhood.

What would we think of a farmer whose crop of fruit or corn was regularly from one-third to one-half "culls," with less than a paltry quarter of salable product? [says Lydia J. Roberts in Nutrition Work with Children.]

It is true that a fair percentage of our children do manage to survive and grow up to take their places in the world as more or less efficient human beings. It is true, moreover, that our standard of nutrition is higher than that of some other countries, though poorer than many.

Yet the fact remains that we are contenting ourselves with an inferior product, handicapped by rachitic deformities, dental defects, and generally under-par, inefficient, unbeautiful bodies, when, if we would but set ourselves a higher standard and strive to attain it, we might be producing a race of superior beings, of "men like gods."

There is no better time than the present in which to begin your nutrition reforms, since August to mid-December are the months of maximum growth. Not less than one pint of milk a day for each child should be considered, while all authorities agree that one quart is a safer minimum. Plenty of vegetables, a few sweets, and some filling and concentrated foods to supply the body needs until the next meal are essential nutrients for the well nourished child.

Stimulants in any form tend to lessen these important benefits. Children derive greater benefit from eating slowly, at regular times, while enjoying happy companionship. Aided by outdoor play and plenty of sleep, these foods will build up any child who is not encumbered by disease.

A child needs an especially liberal and constant supply of energy to accommodate his great activity and greatly accelerated growth. Ample breakfasts rich in cereal, milk, and egg, and satisfactory school lunches composed of body-builders, day after day, will eventually bring effective results.

COMMON causes of malnutrition and resultant human inefficiency are poor lunches for school children.

To provide the necessary requirements for the active muscular play of childhood, every meal should be rich in concentrated foods, especially for the adolescent; for during these years a child's digestive tract is too small to accommodate his greater needs. Under proper conditions, adolescent children have been known to nearly double their weight in one year.

Inadequate breakfasts and lunches, hurried meals, the candy habit, late hours, overexercise, and overstimulation are evils to be guarded against. Eliminate bad food habits and instil good ones, and watch the children grow and thrive. Earnest study will enable you to solve these food problems effectively. A helpful book is Lydia J. Roberts' Nutrition Work with Children, with its bibliography of diet helps, including many government pamphlets.

EGGS, milk, cheese, and a controlled amount of sweets are healthful for the adolescent.

YOUR child must first be freed of all physical ailments, such as bad tonsils, decayed teeth, adenoids, or lurking disease. After that the child should be taught to follow this list of a dozen healthful habits:

1. Go to bed regularly at an early hour, and sleep with windows open.
2. Start the day right with a good breakfast, and don't neglect to eat plenty of energizing cereal, preferably whole cereal.
3. Drink milk with every meal (about one quart daily).
4. Learn to like all common vegetables as well as potatoes, which latter dietetically rank with bread and macaroni.
5. Eat one or two generous servings of vegetables other than potatoes daily—one of these vegetables preferably raw, or of a type that does not suffer excessive loss of nutrients when properly cooked or canned, such as tomato and spinach.
6. Eat two servings of fruit. At least one of these should be raw.
7. Indulge in candy only as a dessert with meals.
8. Eat protein body-builders, such as eggs, fish, cheese, and meat, daily.
9. Maintain regular toilet habits of cleanliness and evacuation.
10. Care for the teeth by eating bone-building milk, fruits, and vegetables, as well as by persistent cleansing and semiannual dental repair work. Foods such as apples should be eaten to exercise the gums.
11. Exercise out of doors, preferably in the sun, at least two hours daily. This is best accomplished by playing with other children.
12. Come to all meals at the regular time, and eat slowly, with happy enjoyment.

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9-3-27

A RIDE in the Country

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A SERIAL BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

YOUNG Speed Thatcher stole a neighbor's car to take Pats Schuyler to a dance. In his own mind he called it "just borrowing," until the rumor began to spread over the ballroom that the police were looking for the thief. Too late to return it, then! He told Pats that he had stolen it for her sake, and was on the way to hell. The wild kid's answer was that she'd go there with him!

Speed didn't take her up on that. Alone, he left the ballroom, climbed into the stolen car, and headed straight for Mike the Gyp. Mike gave him a note to a man in Bridgeton: Beaut Thibaut, boss thief or "Lounger," and one of the heads of an auto-stealing syndicate.

With this on his person, no money worth mentioning, and his father's old revolver, Speed turned his stolen headlights toward rubber-tired crime.

Outside Bridgeton he parked, waiting for daylight. Something stirred in the back of the car! Stirred, lifted the rug, and rose. It was Pats! She had managed to climb in before him—and hide. So there she was, declaring herself his "child wife," whose place was at his side. And Speed was in the double rôle of thief and abductor!

Now the Lounger would have to be asked both to take him on as a driver and to help him get Pats home.

"There," he remarked to the two upon the floor. "That'll hold

When the smooth boss thief was found he quickly fell in with both requests. He ordered Speed to park Pats with his own girl, Neyda, in an apartment in Fleetleigh, then to lose the stolen car. After that, Speed was to go to a certain garage, get a big car there, and pick Beaut up on a specified corner.

Speed, following out the orders of this new master, was given an ominous message for him by the cigar-chewing garage head. "Tell Beaut," he said, "the wops are out after him—want to give him a ride in the country."

PART FIVE

THE Lounger was waiting on his corner, on schedule time, with two suitcases. He was disguised in a long coat, with a hat pulled down over his eyes. He slipped into the back seat of the closed car, and they went on their way to Fleetleigh.

Speed Thatcher slowed up at his new boss' orders, and gave him the last words of the man with the extinct cigar. He omitted that remark about the "ride in the country." It had slipped his mind entirely by now.

His leader, in his turn, gave him his final instructions—including another pleasant little surprise.

"I didn't go into it before," he said. "But what we're going over to the apartment for now is to meet a couple of the higher-ups in the mob—the syndicate—who are going to pass us over the stuff for our traveling expenses," he told his driver, leaning forward from the back seat.

"Oh, yes," Thatcher said, waiting eagerly for additional enlightenment on the future.

"They'll come through all right with what I'm asking, without a doubt," the man behind him was saying. "But in case they don't, and I might want you, I'm going to park you with your kid in the next room—so if I need help in any little argument that might come up, I'll know I have you there in reserve. Is that all right?"

"Oh, sure," said the young driver, as cordially as he was able.

So the Lounger went on and told him what he'd do if he needed him—how he'd whistle, and Thatcher would dash in—ready.

"For what?" asked Thatcher, straightening out his car with a jerk at the curbing.

you for a while! The next time, maybe you'll pay your debts!"

"Oh, for nothing much. Just to even it up! To make it two and two for me with those two," he told Speed. "For, if there's any argument, it will be all over before you get there. All you'll have to do is to stick around and lend me a little hand at the finish. Is that O. K.?"

"Sure thing," said young Thatcher, making it as snappy as he could, though his voice sounded hollow to himself.

"But there won't be any row. They'll come through, all right," said the boss thief. "Then we'll be off down the line."

"Ah-ha!" said the young driver. He didn't bring up the Florida trip at the time, but asked him instead of something more pressing, to his mind.

"But you'll drop that kid of mine off at her home—that's understood, isn't it?" he asked.

"Without a doubt," said the Lounger.

II

THESE auto-lifting syndicates, it seems, that do the so-called long-haul business, handling the great bulk of the commercial stolen-car trade of the country, operate, as a rule, through four main agents—unless you want to count the second-hand car salesmen who get the advance orders for which the cars are stolen.

All four of these were to be present in that little business conference in the Fleetleigh apartment that night.

On the one side was Speed Thatcher, the young auto-lifter—the fool kid just starting out, who takes the chance of stealing cars for twenty-five or fifty dollars a job—and incidentally is the only one that is ever likely to be jailed; and with him the boss thief, the so-called Lounger—the young reform-school graduate—who stays under cover, and draws in and sets going the wild kids who hang around the local crooked garages, to do his stealing for him.

On the other side were the manager who operates the district—say anywhere from a tenth to a quarter of a State—the "first broom," as the trade slang goes—hitched up with bootlegging and general underground politics; and with him the so-called "main squeeze": the financier and general operator of the whole thing—a big, big boy in big bootlegging and big politics, who manages the outfit.

Speed Thatcher, the newest member of the conference, was there, of course, without the knowledge of the last two—on the other side of the closed bedroom door.

He sat on the edge of the lace-covered bed, with Pats Schuyler under his left arm—wishing that she and he were anywhere but there, and listening to the proceedings outside. The session opened up socially, with Neyda, the mock-boy, serving cocktails with great freedom. The conversation was not always all that could be desired, but not too hectic, on the whole.

The man with the thick, heavy voice—the Main Squeeze, evidently—was growing frisky; asking repeatedly for "just one more little kicktail," and laughing heartily at his own merry jest. After he had asked four or five times, they began to get down to business.

"Now, listen, Beaut—about this thing you've got us in here for," said the fat voice finally. "How did you happen to be in such a jam with those wops?"

"What did I do?" the voice of Beaut Thibaut said. "Nothing but warn them to lay off dropping over and lifting cars out of my territory. And after that, when they had to keep on doing it, to tip them off to the police."

"Sure," said the third voice—the First Broom, the district manager, speaking up for the first time, high and harsh and irritated. "Nothing but send up the head of them all for a year in prison!"

"What else did you want me to do?" the Lounger's voice came back in a higher key. "Shoot him? You said you didn't want to start a war. Or did you?" he asked, evidently going over his head direct to the Big Boy.

"But was it any better"—the district manager was answering him—"to go in when the head of them all was in jail, and drag off his jane—this friend here?"

"Why not?" asked the voice of Neyda, breaking in, high and shrill. "I was going to quit him anyway. I couldn't get along with that soft-voiced murderer."

"But that wasn't enough for him!" the voice of the district manager continued. "No! He wasn't satisfied with stealing her. He has to send word around to this Angelo—this chief murderer—in jail, giving him the ha-ha on lifting his jane. Some humorist!"

SPEED THATCHER looked down at Pats Schuyler, where she sat under his left arm on the flossy bed, clothed in her rose-and-silver creation of the kids' party of the night before, receiving first-hand instruction on the domestic affairs of the real thing—of the manners and customs of the underworld.

"You're some comedy artist," the sarcastic voice of the district manager was going on—let loose more or less, probably, by the cocktails. "Some little joker! You had to go out and treat yourself to a real funny joke on those apes."

There was a silence before he went on speaking:

"Yeh. You're the funniest yet! You'll think so when those hairy-handed murderers once get near you!"

"Just what's the idea in their minds?" the Big Boy was breaking in to ask.

And Speed Thatcher listened for the answer with ever-growing pleasure and relief.

"Did you ever see a wop get passed that Italian insult," the district manager was asking in return—"the one where they bite their thumb at them? You know!"

"Many a time," said the fat voice.

"You'd think the menagerie had got loose in the lunatic asylum!"

The other man must have nodded.

"Well, that's what's going on here. They heard the expression about passing the ha-ha, for the first time apparently; and they think it's the great American insult. So now they're out to pass it back to this gay dog here—right!—in a way that'll advertise all down the line what happens to these funny little American jokers that get frisky and send them to jail

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Sixty-five]

—and run off with their private property!"

"I suppose you want me to get killed!" said the Lounger in a surly voice.

"I want you to pay something for your little jokes. Not come back to us hollering, when you've started the biggest war in the trade in years, that's liable to ruin us all!" said the other man.

The fat man's voice broke in now.

"What is it you want me to do?" he was asking the Lounger.

"Get me out of here before those murderers croak me," said the Lounger's voice, hard and harsh now. "Or else turn me loose on them. Or do you want me put away, like this guy here would like? Or picked up for a little ride in the country, maybe?"

"Aw, you make me sick!" said his adversary.

The voice of the Big Boy boomed out now, full and strong:

"Shut up—the both of you!"

There was silence then, till he spoke again:

"What do you think you want for your trip?"

"Blackmail—that's what it is!" the voice of the district manager interrupted.

"How much?"

"One grand—one thousand bucks."

"Won't five hundred do you?"

"No, it won't. It's a thousand or nothing!"

Silence.

"Well, what's your answer?"

"No!" the big voice boomed.

"A hold-up—that's all!" came in the high, quarrelsome one.

There was the sound of sudden scuffling movements on the other side of the door.

"You said the word," called the hard, angry voice of the Lounger. "You piker! That's just what it is. Stick 'em up!"

Speed Thatcher pushed aside the hands of the girl, which had tightened on his arm.

"Keep back. Get in the closet!"

"What is it you think you're going to do?" she whispered, standing still as he drew out his automatic.

"Stick 'em up. I mean it!" came the voice through the door.

CURSES—and the sound of a fallen chair! And then a whistle—the signal that was to bring young Thatcher in.

Hatchet-faced with excitement, he snatched open the door and stepped in with his gun to his first hold-up.

His handsome associate, Beaut Thibaut, stood at the right side of a davenport—a triumph of sartorial art, never handsomer or stiller-faced. With his left hand he waved young Thatcher to a position beside the mock-boy, Neyda, beyond the other end of the couch. In his right he held the heavy .45-caliber automatic toward two men backed, hands up, against the white mantel of the fake fireplace—a big, heavy-nosed man with a careless vest, and a small red-headed man with a sharper nose—the two higher-ups in the auto-stealing syndicate.

They stared—not yet adjusted to the shock.

"Who's this?"

"Never mind. Shut up."

The corner of the big one's wide, thick lips lifted over broad yellow teeth. "We'll get you for this!"

"One more remark from either one of you—and you'll get something else!"

"The hell we—" began the red-haired, fox-faced man—and stopped, getting it, the butt of the heavy pistol, over the side of the head.

He staggered, but didn't go down. A quick little stream of bright red slid down his brick-red hair and on to his cheek.

Speed Thatcher, his gun slightly unsteady, heard the quick, disturbed cry of his child wife behind him.

The Lounger moved his victims over to the other side of the wall—in front of the likeness of the blue-eyed baby boy and the lady and the gorilla—the guard on their other side moving with them.

"Start frisking," he told Neyda, who now began to empty their pockets of bills and weapons, tossing the guns here and there upon the davenport, and the wads of bills into a little bag—a woman's small enameled-leather bag, which she was using for the purpose—ending up with the jewelry, including the diamond, the size of a hazelnut, from the big man's somewhat soiled necktie.

The Lounger continued his conversation as the girl friend went on with her fishing—dropping her catch into her bag.

"You would gyp me, huh? You would play me a funny joke and leave me facing the wolf with these comic-opera wops, huh?"

They said nothing.

"Is the contribution over?" he now asked the collector. "All right. Turn around! Flop!"

THE two against the wall, at his motions, turned, facing it with their hands behind their backs. There was an element of humor about it, especially the fat man—or would have been if it hadn't been for the red stuff on the small man's head and collar.

"Pass the mittens!"

The girl assistant left the hand-bag on the davenport table, and pulled out a drawer in it.

She carried some shiny objects from there over to the Lounger.

"Four pairs, you wanted?"

"Yeh," the Lounger said, taking them.

He handed the two pairs of handcuffs to Thatcher—to fasten up the wrists of the two at the wall, already held behind them.

"No—like this!" he showed him—making the two back up together, and crossing the links of one pair of cuffs underneath the other. It was a rather tight fit, but it held them securely.

"This is a real funny act—but the first part only!" he told his silent captives, and now directed them to lie down sidewise, back to back, on the floor. They did this, finally.

Under his direction, Speed Thatcher fastened their feet together with more handcuffs, but larger ones, in the same way as their hands.

They lay back to back, grunting and cursing—but not too loud.

"Ain't I the funny man, huh?" said the Lounger. "But the act's not over yet!"

Then he turned over his gun to the girl, while he gagged them himself, personally—the first actual work he had done so far.

He got up then, and tightened up his blue-and-salmon tie, and straightened out his natty coat.

"There," he remarked to the two upon the floor—a fox trussed up to a hippopotamus. "That'll hold you for a while! The next time, maybe you'll pay your debts!"

A great place for humor, this underworld on the rubber tires! Not having seen much of it up to now, young Thatcher had not realized before how large a place harsh laughter had in murder and crime generally.

The boy now stepped over to Pats Schuyler at the door. Evidently, from her face, she hadn't greatly appreciated it, either. Still, she held her ground—still succeeding in keeping her poise intact.

The mock-boy was peering with interest into the shiny hand-bag. "How much do you suppose there's in there?"

"Never mind; plenty. Get busy now. We're going."

In ten minutes they were out of the house, with their hand-baggage, on their way—turning out the lights on the two motionless forms upon the floor.

"What'll they do when they find them?" asked the beginner in the stick-up game.

"What'll who do?"

"The police."

"What do you think—that they'll call in the police? Those two? Here? And open up this whole thing? How could they? Have some sense!" said the Lounger.

He was strong and active now—full of pep and spirit.

Speed passed on to the elevator with the Lounger's suitcase in one hand and Pats Schuyler holding on to the other.

He was quarreling with her again—on the same old dispute—under cover of the sound of the rising car:

"Are you satisfied?"

"With what?"

"That you can't go along any further? That this is no place for a girl?"

She made no answer.

"Or do you want to stick around and get murdered—or worse?"

She looked him in the eye—still unconvinced.

"If you think you can scare off the child wife from her duty—beside her man—you little know her."

"We'll see about that later!" he said, with a rising voice.

"Besides," she continued, "why all this debate? I hope you don't think that this man, this Beaut, would consent to drop off either of us now?"

He stared at her.

"After that back there!" she exclaimed, moving her head slightly toward the dark flat and its two silent inhabitants behind them.

A cold wave of doubt—about this plot against her, the approaching kidnaping of her home—swept over young Thatcher. It would be now or never. Would this stick-up man go out of his way to leave her now—after this last development?

His thoughts were interrupted by his companion.

"Shucks!" Pats Schuyler was exclaiming at his elbow.

"What is it now?"

"I've left that old revolver of your father's!" she whispered.

HE had the car up to its limit. The heavy top on it gave the edge to those hunters in the touring-car.

"Well, it's too late to go back there now," he told her.

The elevator clacked open as he said it.

III

THERE was no more conversation between them for the time being. Nothing to be done but to assume hopefully that this handsome and humorous robber would keep his promise to drop the girl off at her home before they started on their way to Florida.

Young Thatcher got into the elevator, silent, watchful, waiting. He went down in continued silence, facing the elegantly dressed Lounger and his even more ornamental lady friend—now wrapped in a leopard-skin coat.

They got out in the mausoleum-like marble

corridor; passed out through the entrance court into the side street, where they had parked the big hot car. It was still there. They walked toward its lights.

Speed Thatcher, moving on ahead with the Schuyler girl, saw a figure in a yellow slicker appear and disappear somewhat abruptly—apparently into an old private estate across the sidewalk. But he thought nothing of it, especially at the time, his mind busied with other anxieties and emotions.

They jumped into the big closed car—Pats and he in the front seat, and the other two buried in the deeper gloom of the rear.

"Drive along," said the Lounger—"straight ahead."

That didn't sound very promising. Speed Thatcher turned around at once.

"I thought we were going another direction at the start," he said guardedly—so as not to bring the kidnaping idea at once to the attention of its victim beside him.

For that way they had started would not by any means be the usual road to take her home.

"We're going along and take a road to the right, around the town. What did you think—that we were giving a parade on the main street of the city tonight?" said the voice of Thibaut from behind, growing more masterful and sarcastic every minute now.

Was he stalling, or did he mean it? Thatcher didn't know—and never did, for that matter!

"WHERE'S this right turn?" he asked after a block or two.

"Just a minute. Just a minute!" said the man in back.

Glancing up in his driver's mirror, Speed Thatcher saw he was staring out the rear window.

"You see that car?" he was saying to the boyish bob close beside his shoulder. "It acts damned funny."

"It's following us!" said the girl's voice harshly.

"Hit her up. Let's see."

Young Thatcher pressed the foot throttle. The great beast of a car under them gave a cough or two, and they were up to fifty miles.

"They're coming!" announced the Lounger in a louder tone.

"Yellow coats!" cried the girl's harsh voice. "It's them!"

"Yellow coats!" thought Thatcher, recalling the figure by the parked car.

"Slow down," the Lounger ordered.

Speed Thatcher did so.

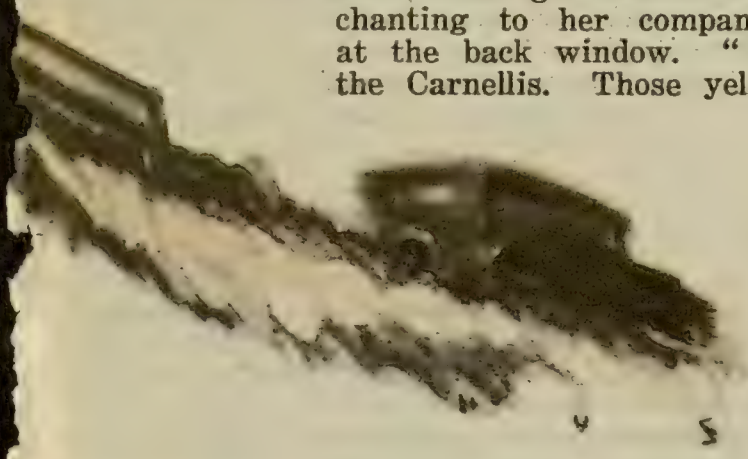
"It's stopping, too,"

"It's them!"

"Who? The police?" Thatcher called back in a strained voice.

"Police! No!"

"They're yellow, yellow coats—can't you see?" the girl behind was chanting to her companion at the back window. "It's the Carnellis. Those yellow



slickers they always go out in, rainy nights!"

"How do you know?" young Thatcher yelled back.

"How do I know? Ain't I lived in amongst them for six months?" Her voice was high and nasal.

The hands of the girl had tightened on Thatcher's arm. "Keep back," he said. "Get in the closet!"

"You're right—without a doubt!" Thibaut told her slowly, still staring back. "It's the wops in those yellow slickers."

"Then why don't they come along?" Speed Thatcher asked them.

"They're holding back till they get us in the country."

Speed Thatcher's mind turned sharply to the one silent passenger—his child wife beside him. Though unquestionably under something of a mental strain, she as yet preserved her poise.

"If they come," he told her softly, "get down—on the floor."

"All set," she answered calmly.

They were drawing through the suburbs now.

"Why not turn?" young Thatcher called back.

"How? Where to?"

Thatcher couldn't tell him.

"You take your orders from me—from now on. Understand?"

The voice of Neyda at the back window gave a quick cry. The voice of Thibaut rang out:

"Hit her up. Pull her out. The apes have started!"

The hot car jumped under them like a leaping tiger. Thatcher swore under his breath. He didn't know there was so much power in the world. In three minutes they were outside the city. Ahead of them, between dim, luminous white fences, the long, straight highway cut through the salt marshes toward the west.

"They're gaining. Feed her some more," said the party leader at the back window.

The scroll rolled by on the speedometer—55—60—65!

"They're hanging on," announced the voice behind. "The damned apes have got the power."

They would have, of course; that's what the personal cars of these night riders are stolen for—power and speed. Fast cars, they call them in the trade sometimes—as well as hot ones.

Young Thatcher stepped her up—65—70—75. The vibration started. He thought of his charge that he was sworn to save—the small, silent figure at his right—saying nothing, hanging on. Good Lord—if anything went at that speed! If they either piled up or slowed down, and those trained apes with the guns got to them!

THEY raved by a flivver, crouched up like a frightened cat against the white side fence. Their headlights flashed it, and it was gone!

"They're gaining again," announced the voice from the back window—and cursed the driver.

It was no fault of his—he knew that. He had the car up to its limit. Good as it was, the heavy top on it gave the edge to those hunters in the yellow coats in the touring-car. That was, no doubt, the reason they were driving it.

The lights of a fast approaching city grew nearer, lower, no longer painted on the sky.

"The damned gorillas!" Thibaut was calling from the rear. "They won't ever stop. They don't know enough!"

Young Thatcher was thinking the same thing. This couldn't go on into town, that was sure. They'd all be dead, with half the population!

The strength of the pursuers' headlights

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

grew. They just had more speed, that was all—and they didn't give a hoot!

"That underpass!" said the harsh voice of the girl behind.

A brand-new thrill shot up the spine of the driver. The railroad, which had come in now parallel to the highway, was rising gradually in an embankment. Evidently they were going to have to dash under it.

"Hey. Slow down!" the voice of the boss thief behind was ordering.

."How can I?"

"You've got to. Everybody down!"

The two girls crouched upon the floor. The Lounger leaned forward by the ear of the driver.

"Slow down—slow down. And when you make the turn, shoot to the right and stop. There's a blind road there—beside the track."

They slowed at the sharp-angled corner, swung through the black arch—trusting God that it was empty. The Carnellis were right behind.

"Swing in. Stop. Snap out the light."

They came up, all standing, in the mouth of the black blind road along the embankment on the other side of the cavelike stone arch.

WEAUW! Fifteen seconds later the second car, the big open car with those things in yellow slickers, slowed in, shot out, flashed by. They didn't see them as they passed. They were too busy holding on, missing the abutments, swinging on to the next curve, where the highway straightened out again.

"Back up! Back through the pass. Stop there!"

Thatcher negotiated it, with his lights off. Craunch! came the sound of locking brakes beyond the next curve. The Carnellis had seen they were not ahead of them.

"Shoot over here. They'll be back!"

Two turns of the wheel, and they stood there—lightless, ambushed, well in behind the stone abutment, off the road on the left, the last place where the enemy would expect them to be.

The Lounger was right. They were coming, the crazy fools, back, like dogs that had overrun the scent. They heard the engine raving in first speed as the car turned around. And overhead they heard at the same time a freight train approaching on the embankment.

"Get down, everybody!" the Lounger warned them again.

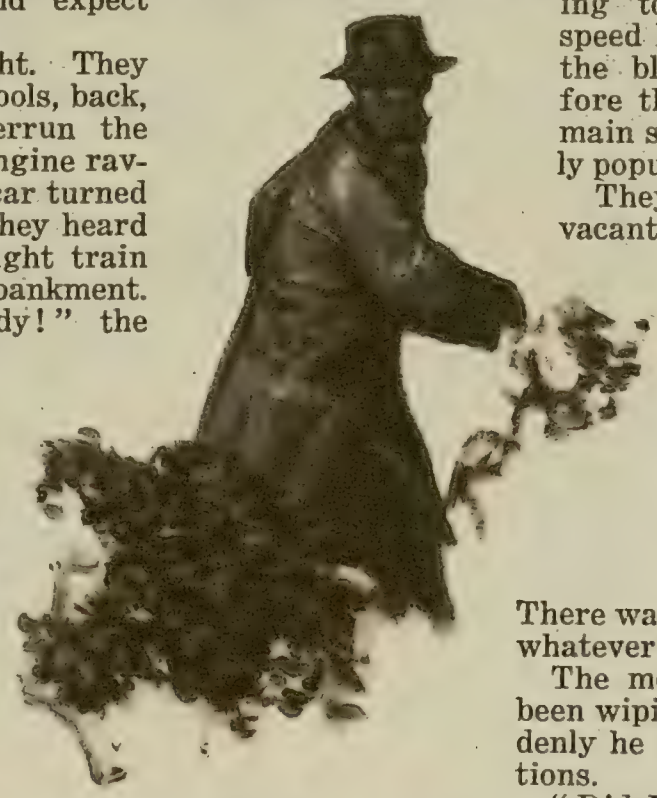
He certainly had his nerve with him.

The two girls crouched lower on the floor of the car. The gunman was on his knees beside a lowered window in the back.

"I'll get the driver first, when they shoot out," he said to Thatcher—"before they see us. Duck down now—all you can. And when I shoot, open up—and hop along!"

They waited. The freight from the east was coming fast—almost over them. It coughed and clanked. A fireman opened the fire-box door, and the orange flame lighted up the long, dark smoke that trailed out sidewise after it, like the hair of a madwoman in a March gale. Clang—bang—crash! You couldn't hear yourself think, in that noise overhead.

And, just as it struck there, the headlights of that murder car swung through the archway, toward the side of the road where they were not—its green hood poked out like some long-snouted prehistoric lizard from a cave; and Speed Thatcher saw, for the first time, those trained apes in the yellow coats.



THATCHER saw a figure in a yellow slicker appear abruptly.

They slid by like a film in the movie, holding their guns, staring on the other side of the road—where they would naturally be and were not. And the man behind him fired—must have fired, though Speed couldn't hear it for the freight!

It was a wild thing to see. Not a sound of a shot—not a motion of the dim, peering heads that passed within a dozen feet of them; and all at once a spurt of dark red upon the yellow slicker on the back of the farther man in the front seat. He slumped down; his hands left the wheel—and his foot must have stepped heavily on the foot throttle. For the green car jumped forward and headed straight toward the telephone pole at the abrupt corner.

"Hop her. Let her have it!"

Speed Thatcher jumped the hot car forward under the arch—his hands trembling.

Crash! Craunch! The sound of clanking glass—hoarse shouts behind them in the dark!

"That'll hold them for a while!" called the voice of the Lounger—staring back through the archway from the back window.

The hand of his assistant—the amateur in auto murder—still wavered at the steering-gear. He was sick all over—sick and then something more.

Fear grabbed and pushed at his shoulder. He opened up the throttle of the great car.

"Hey—cut that down!" came the voice of his director promptly from the rear. "Ease up through the town. What are you trying to do—get us pinched for speeding?"

Young Thatcher slowed her down.

"But the police—when they get to those wops; that—that smash-up!" he stammered back.

"Police, hell! Do you think those apes will ring in the police on this?"

"Oh," said young Thatcher, coming back again to where he was—the country of the wild tribes on the rubber wheels, that make their own laws and execute them.

He drove on slowly into the small city. The Lounger was absolutely right. There was nothing to worry about, except the speed law. It was eleven-fifteen by the black-and-gold-faced clock before the local jeweler's. The little main street was already more thickly populated with shadows than men.

They dragged by through the vacant residence section, under the maple trees—out into the night again, and the empty roads of the night riders on the rubber tires. And stepped the hot car up again to fifty miles.

IV

YOUNG Thatcher still watched behind, in the driver's mirror over him. There was nothing—no sign of pursuit whatever.

The modish murderer in back had been wiping off his weapon. Now suddenly he began asking for congratulations.

"Did I get him good or not? Hey, kid?"

He was apparently embracing his companion, the mock-boy, in his enthusiasm. She didn't answer yet.

"The damned gorillas! They were going to give me the ha-ha!"

"Listen, do you think you got him—that you actually killed that one at the wheel?" asked young Thatcher over his shoulder—speaking, finally, with somewhat stiff lips.

"Well, you saw him slide down, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," said Speed Thatcher in a thick voice, recalling that sight quite accurately—the four yellow figures; the sudden dark spot upon the back of that one driving; his flopping forward—the plunging car, the crash!

"Murder!" he was muttering to himself. "Wanted for murder!"

The hot car jumped forward with the sudden involuntary pressure of his foot upon the foot throttle.

"Listen," he said, coming out openly now with his one remaining purpose in life—the kidnaping home of the girl beside him. "What about your agreement on this kid? We're going through New York, aren't we?"

"Yeh."

"Then why not ship her home from there?"

The murderer did not answer for a minute—the conversation being taken up by another.

"So that was it! You were going to ship me home!" said Pats Schuyler sharply. "Well, you won't!"

"You keep still. You're going back!" young Thatcher warned her.

She looked him in the face—her usual calm now once more re-established, after the recent severe emotional disturbances.

"Are you going yourself? After this?" she asked him.

"It makes no difference what I do—you're going!"

"Is that right? You watch me!"

Young Thatcher's groan was cut into by another voice. The Lounger, who had evidently been listening in, now entered into the conversation.

"Good for you, kid! You come along. Don't let him worry you," he said approvingly. "Come along!"

A SUDDEN impulse struck him, evidently. "Here—how about a little of this?" he asked, and passed forward a highly ornamental silver flask.

"Sure, I'll take a little drink," said Pats Schuyler; and did so—in spite of Speed Thatcher's earnest nudging.

The other woman—the mock-boy on the back seat—now suddenly broke her silence.

"Don't start in the celebration yet—till you're surer than you are now!"

"About what?"

"About those apes coming after you."

"Don't make me laugh," replied the sleek-haired murderer.

"You won't laugh so much, maybe, later—when you see those lights coming after you again—down these country roads!"

The killer snorted. "You saw what happened to them—just now?"

"Yes."

"That whole left side of the car crumpled on that telephone pole!"

"Yes. And I've seen them in action before. By this time they've parked the dead one in the bushes, and are coming along—on three wheels, if they have to!"

Speed Thatcher shot the big car through the darkness. It ate up the concrete in the dark spaces between the towns—which lighted the high clouds before and after them, and made the long, lightless intervals more lonely.

Thibaut was offering around another drink—to Pats Schuyler first of all, with Neyda sharply objecting.

He shook her hand off, with an ugly answer, and passed the flask again to Pats.

She took a drink—in spite of Thatcher's nudgings.

"Well, just a little one."

"That's the kid! You're coming right through to Florida, huh?"

"I sure am."

"That's the spirit!" He laughed, apparently much amused.

"Are you crazy—or what?" Speed Thatcher whispered to the girl beside him—wondering.

"I'm on my way," she told him lightly.

Young Thatcher drove on gloomily—angry, puzzled. This thing wasn't like Pats Schuyler. She had never got her excitement by the hootch route. She didn't need to. He couldn't make out the idea of this thing at all.

But whether Pats Schuyler was booze crazy or not, the situation held elements of terror that were to make her act like a girl gone wild. Follow the hot car in next week's instalment.

Country Styles Invade the City

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IT is hard to say which is the more important fashion item: that clothes are a little more formal this autumn for the country, or that clothes seem a little less formal for town.

At least, it is the latter half of the statement that is likely to draw forth protest. Some of us are sure to argue that clothes haven't been formal at all. But that is when they have been sports things, which, as a matter of fact, seems to be nearly always—and at times, when these have not been appropriate, we have inclined toward the heavy and the severe.

We have worn coat-dresses of heavy, straight lines; then again something of austere elegance against which to display jewels of an evening, or else a gown borne down by weighty fringes; or, if not that, a little frock so simple that it scarcely registered.

One of the big designers says that women come to him and say: "I want something that is nothing, just nothing at all, that goes on over the head and that is all there is to it." You can't get much that is gracious into such an order as that.

Anyway, from now on, town dresses, both for afternoon and evening, are going to begin getting more soft and gentle, with an old-fashioned "prettiness" to them.

Close observation of the formal country events of America and England this autumn shows that these have not been costumed in sports clothes in the strictest sense of the word.

The patronesses have worn things more pretentious. Or perhaps one might more accurately say, as we have already, that sports clothes have grown more formal in character. They are sometimes less highly specialized than they were, and thus we are likely to be more conspicuous in the country in our near-town clothes than we have been in town in those things that were designed as "togs" for the country. This, of course, is only for the moment; for the autumn resorts and road-houses and country clubs soon will get used to them.

The changes will come about so gradually that only at the end of another year, and in retrospect, shall we realize that an important new style is now being created.

The accompanying dresses, made for the polo games, the golf matches, and the races, illustrate this fashion. The frock in the left of the panel, with its skirt of plaited ruffles, graduated to form pointed patterns and falling on the sides into something like panniers, is far more sophisticated than the sports outfit as we have known it. The blouse, too, is elaborate in its solid tucking in wide horizontal lines across bodice and sleeves alike. The material is of flat crepe.

Navy kasha is the material of the model in the same panel, and it has one of those trick belts that make for a sophistication not countenanced on sports dresses until an ever so little time ago. You will notice that this belt passes under the side lines of the silhouette, giving to the under-arm lengths an effect of panels, although they are not cut separately from the main body of the dress. The costume would be appropriate for some one who wasn't exactly overslim.

A COAT of black silk serge lined with gray, and worn with a gray crepe de Chine dress.

GROSGRAIN ribbons in henna and brown are used to trim this coat of brown covert cloth.

THE frock in the left of the panel combines the features of sports dresses with elaborate town costuming. It is of gray flat crepe, with a sweater blouse made with a series of cross tucks, and a skirt consisting of two rows of plaiting. On the right is a one-piece dress of navy blue kasha worn with a red leather belt.

A red belt livens up the possible somberness of the navy blue coloring, and keeps the model from being, as it were, looked down on as a mere utility frock. As here presented it could appear at the most chic of autumn horticultural or canine or equestrian exhibits in the country one day and on Fifth Avenue another, with favorable comment.

The black-and-gray ensemble, too, is a little elaborate, while still very decidedly tracing its ancestry to sports things. The separate straight coat, the plaited skirt, and the sweater-like blouse are all what we have known and loved, although they have a certain cachet, or stamp, of formality and the city to them. The coat has a scalloped motif running through it. The pockets, the cuffs, and the bottom are all worked out in this scalloped pattern. It is in the more or less formal material known as silk serge.

There remains the dainty coat of brown covert cloth, made with a snug bolero which appears only in the back and on the sides. The wrap is bound round the neck and down the front with two tones of grosgrain ribbon, which, as nearly as one can give a name to them, are of henna and beige. The same trimming circles the cuffs and composes the rather elaborate pockets.

PARIS Forsakes the STRAIGHT and NARROW

By BETTINA BEDWELL

THE dress of a smart fall ensemble is of black crepe marocain incrusted with velvet; the skirt is flared.

Paris, August 7.

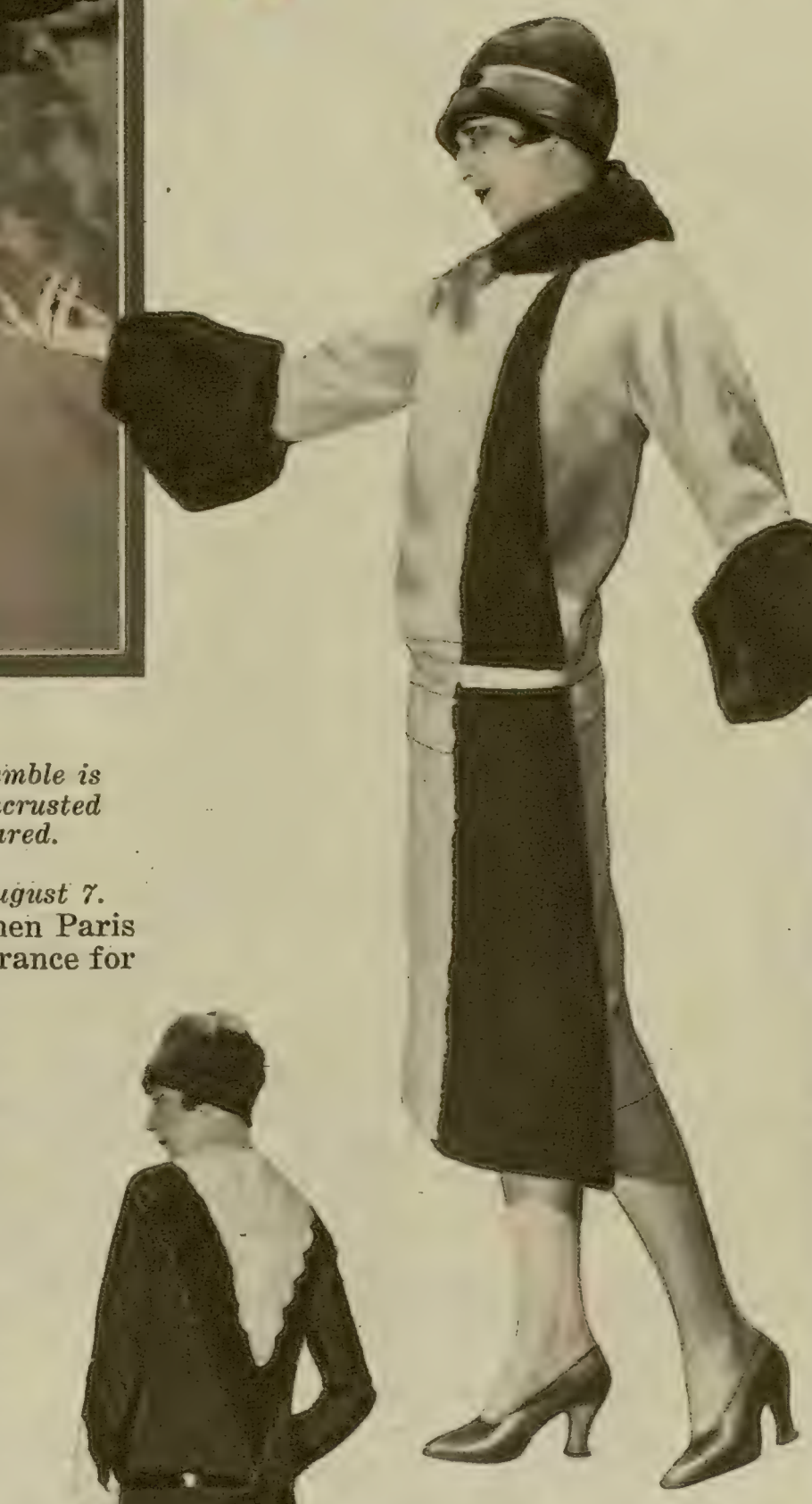
SEPTEMBER is the month when Paris gets ready to issue style insurance for fall. Any moment previous to this is too soon and too hazardous. Woman herself is the risk against whose inroads of adverse opinion Paris has to guarantee fashions. And not until the children are back in school, vacation over, and her summer clothes a pall on her spirit, is she ready to take on new styles, even from Paris.

What the Paris fashion creator has to know is what she will want when this time comes. He would get gray or go to the insane asylum if he didn't understand in advance the ebb and flow of feminine fancy. Couturiers tell me this is almost as regular as the rise and fall of ocean currents.

Now, for this fall, they say, we women are ready and eager for ampler and maybe longer hemlines, even if we ourselves don't know it. We are going to want, and to demand, softer and more lustrous surfaces on the fabrics we will wear. Colors will be somber and rich, the deep autumnal tints of nature, because we insist upon 'em. Trimmings will be in the form of incrustations.

Paris dressmakers have been working out these deep facts since May, when we were thinking only of spring colors and ice-cream sodas. And they got it all from us. They were plucking the daisy of woman's caprice to test advance autumn models, saying, "She loves it—she don't. She'll take it—she won't. She would if she could, but she can't." They are united in the opinion that we want more room around the hemline of our dresses, and often of our coats.

This amplitude must not look bulky. That is sure. We want it to give more verve, more ripple, and more graciousness to the lower half of the silhouette. The simple plait as a means for this fulness is to be discarded, except in sports clothes, in favor of subtler and more elegant forms of fulness. These will be circular movement, flaring panels, and triple and other complex kinds of plaiting.



ROSE-RUST woolen is here trimmed with beaver. The coat has a flaring panel of fur.

Jenny gives the hemline width by the use of circular sides.

There is the ensemble from Lucien Lelong, illustrating several important principles of fall fashions. The frock is made of a very lustrous crepe marocain, and the coat that accompanies it is of shiny black broadcloth.

First consider the dress. The bodice is straight, not bloused. It even tends to curve in a bit above the waistline. The skirt is straight, and closely fitted to a point below the hips, where a series of triple box plaits is introduced at the left side front, to create an ample and graceful hemline that does not appear to flare to any extent. Particularly clever are the curving incrustations of black velvet.

The coat that accompanies this frock (shown in the lower right photograph) is incrusted with three velvet pieces on the left-side front closing, which harmonizes it with the frock. This coat is closed with a velvet sash on the left hip.

Our frock from Jenny shows another manner of increasing the width of the hemline. This frock is also black, but its material is a new type of duvetyn, very similar to velvet, but made of wool. Jenny makes the upper part to this frock, to the hips, straight, and the skirt circular at the sides.

This coat complements the dress in the upper left corner.

Lucien Lelong shows a separate coat of satin-surfaced woolen in a sort of rose-rust shade lavishly trimmed with beaver fur. These rust and brown shades, so experts tell me, are to be very much favored by fashion this fall and winter, along with the more somber blacks and navy blues. This coat is straight-line, with raglan sleeves. A decided flare is given to the hemline by the flaring panel of beaver, which begins at the neckline and passes beneath the belt of self-material. The waistline is further emphasized by three bias bands of self-material, one above and two below the belt. The cuffs of beaver also flare from a straight band at the wrist.

In such features Paris gives us non-lapsable insurance of chic for the months of autumn and early winter.

Lillian Gish
The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By Sidney Sutherland

MISS GISH (center) estimates her co-workers: Gloria Swanson (upper left), "even more charming in person than on the screen"; Mary Pickford (upper right), "the finest screen actress"; Charlie Chaplin (lower left), "a consummate genius"; and Douglas Fairbanks (lower right), "the greatest producer."

REEL NINE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 10 seconds.)

LILLIAN GISH closed her eyes a moment as she recalled the shocking change in her mother's appearance as she lay helpless and motionless in London—an illness that had brought her gifted daughter from southern California in twelve days.

"That mother might live for years a paralytic, that she might suddenly recover command of all her faculties, that anything might happen—these were the uncertainties outlined by the specialists we summoned," Miss Gish went on.

"I stayed in London for a month. The delay and anxiety about her were assuaged a little by several incidents. One was the engrossing opportunity to watch the progress of England's great strike. It is in such situations that we who act have a chance to observe human nature with most of the masks laid aside.

"One had to respect the girls of England. They walked, laughing, long distances to their daily tasks, and never complained. My admiration for the Briton in the throes of war was reinspired by the sight of his fortitude during that industrial cataclysm.

"The Asquiths, whom I had met through their son Anthony, recently returned to London from Hollywood, were very kind to me. Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith, has that ineffable charm which endears her to all.

"I spent many delightful hours with her; and Princess Bibesco, her daughter, extended herself to mitigate my worry over mother.

"One morning I was sitting beside mother's bed, when I was called to the telephone. A girl's voice said the speaker represented *The People*, a popular English weekly, and wanted to interview me. I asked her to come to tea.

"At four o'clock three of the most beautiful young girls I have ever seen were brought in. They were exquisitely dressed, but plainly nervous, and their nails were quite black. I tried to put them at ease by interviewing myself; but they simply sat and stared at me.

"Finally one confessed that they were not journalists at all, but that she had arranged the fictitious interview so that she and her two friends could meet Lillian Gish.

"She was Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of Lord Birkenhead, and her companions were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

similarly placed in the aristocracy. They were such darlings, and they explained that they had put ink on their fingers because they supposed all newspaper women dabbled with printer's ink!

"Late in May I brought mother back to America. We took her from the Savoy Hotel in London to Southampton in an ambulance, stayed ten days in New York City to break the trip, and then came to California.

"We had a private car, and filled it with tubs of ice with electric fans playing on them to keep the car cool during the journey across the desert in June.

"We went to Mrs. Pickford's home on the beach at Santa Monica, until I was able to rent this house here on Adelaide Drive, where mother has been bedridden ever since.

"I began work at once in Annie Laurie, and it was finished last November. Every Scot in southern California came to help us. We had twenty-five special looms set up to make the plaids and tartans we needed in the big scenes.

"In a few days I shall start on my new picture, The Wind, from the novel of the same name by Dorothy Scarborough. It is the story of early western Texas and the effect of the ceaseless wind of the plains on the soul of one of the pioneer women. Mr. Seastrom, a great director, is directing it; and John Arnold has been selected as the cameraman.

"This is important, because a cameraman can mar a picture if he be incompetent or disposed to dislike the star or the director. And he can do it so skilfully that nobody could put a finger on the exact spot where he is wrecking the picture! It is largely a matter of lighting.

"LARS HANSON, who was in The Scarlet Letter, is the leading man in The Wind.

"I divide my time between the Metro studios and my mother's room overlooking Santa Monica Cañon. Dorothy has just finished making Madame Pompadour in London with Antonio Moreno, and is on her way back to visit us.

"Because of my absence in England last year, my contract with Metro will run until August of this year.

"And that—that seems to be all."

"Yes, that seems to end the story," I said. "Only one thing is lacking."

"What is that?"

"Love. I find no romance in your life—the story of a man's love for a woman. Surely there must be some man who has loved you?"

"Well," she said rather drily, "if men have loved me, they have been remarkably successful in keeping it to themselves!"

"I think," I said, "that I have been fortunate in obtaining a real story, the true story of Lillian Gish, for the millions who have watched you on the screen for many years.

"The larger portrait is prepared, but there are a number of finer strokes I should like to put into the picture. Getting them merely involves a few reminiscences. If you will permit, I'll suggest one or two topics.

"For example, whom do you regard as the greatest actor and the greatest actress in motion pictures?"

"THAT is easy to answer: Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. Chaplin is a consummate genius: in a few feet of film he draws your laughter and your tears. And simplicity is the keynote of his art.

"Close behind him I would rank Wallace Beery. There is an actor about whom the world will hear much more forcibly before long. He has the marvelous talent that can dispense with subtitles.

"Busy now with her immense fortune, her supremely happy home, and her multitude of civic and charitable interests, Mary Pickford has far less time for the camera than the world wants and deserves. But she is by all odds the finest actress who has yet appeared on the screen.

"I might talk for hours on the matchless abilities of Mary and of Chaplin. I think it suffices merely to name them as the incomparable pair."

"I wonder if you'd be good enough simply to wander back down the trail of the years," I suggested. "Any opinion you express about members of your profession is of interest."

"I'm sorry, but I know very few people in the picture industry," Miss Gish replied. "Until I signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I had worked for only two companies; Mr. Griffith's and Inspiration. My plays were such that I could make few excursions outside my own groove.

"But there are one or two incidents that happened within my own experience that may be interesting. For instance, did you ever hear the story of the first kiss in moving pictures? John Emerson was responsible for it.

"He had come out of the old Fine Arts studio to direct Old Heidelberg, a picture in which Dorothy and Wallace Reid were starred. He noticed that they merely placed their faces closely together where a kiss was called for.

"He stopped the camera and told them to kiss. Dorothy refused. Emerson had come from the speaking stage, where a kiss meant nothing; and he was dumfounded. He insisted that they touch lips. Dorothy began to cry, and they all went to one of the oldest members of the company, Frank (Daddy) Woods, the accepted arbiter of all our wrangles.

"Mrs. Reid was tremendously

The tragedienne in The Wind.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

angry because Dorothy refused to kiss her husband, seeing in her obstinacy some sort of reflection on Wally's kissability.

"Emerson had his way at last. Now a kiss means no more on the screen than on the stage.

"You may have looked often upon the exquisitely beautiful face of Mary Astor, and possibly wondered how anything so perfect could exist. I am happy to say that I am partly responsible for her present prominence. It was when we first came out here that I noticed this lovely girl asking for a screen test.

"I whispered to her to stay on the set after Mr. Griffith went to luncheon, and then I made her up myself and made a test, using up a thousand feet of film, about twenty times the length of the usual test. Mr. Griffith was furious and threatened to fire me. But he gave her a part in the next picture.

"You may be surprised when I tell you whom I regard as the greatest producer in our business. Douglas Fairbanks! I remember when he first came into the films.

"We had just arrived in Hollywood, that first company Mr. Griffith brought out here, when Fairbanks left the speaking stage and joined us. How hard he made the pictures seem to us!

Miss Gish as a frontier girl with William Orlamond.

"We were all so young and inexperienced, and every time a splendid actor came fearlessly into the movies he raised the standard of acting just so much higher.

"It is amazing how Fairbanks has progressed. From an acrobatic sort of comedy acting he has advanced until one thinks of him now as a great producer rather than as an actor. He is the only producer who works by a chart.

"Everything is laid out in blocks and squares and colors and numbers. He says he can keep the thread of narrative running more coherently that way. At least, his big pictures are effective enough.

"BUT if those finished actors made things more difficult for us in the early days, they also were the means of enormously increasing our range of vision. Often their most valuable contribution to our stock of knowledge was in showing us what not to do in pictures, as well as what orthodox standards of acting would help to get the idea across.

"Two of the most instructive persons to watch at that time were Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Constance Collier, who made Macbeth for John Emerson.

"Sir Herbert spoke the lines aloud as he went through the motions, and if he happened to forget the words everything stopped until somebody could run to his dressing-room and fetch him his part.

"Then he would practise his lines, nod to Mr. Emerson and Billy Bitzer that he was ready for the camera.

"Douglas and Mary have a fine camp at Laguna Beach—fourteen little tents. I have been there often. There I met Gloria Swanson, even more charming in person than on the screen.

"Her husband, Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudray, is a real war hero. In his bathing-suit he presents a graphic picture of what modern warfare does to a man—he is so cut and shot and covered with scars.

"Norma Talmadge is second to no one, in my esteem; but her sister Constance is far more vivacious and lively. No matter what the gathering is, the moment Constance enters the room it becomes a party.

"Not all phases of life in connection with being what is generally described as a movie star are pleasant. There are many annoyances.

"Not long ago a woman had me served with a summons because an automobile driver had run over her little girl. My connection with the affair was that three months earlier the driver had worked for me! The woman wanted fifty thousand dollars—but the case never even got into court.

"Another time somebody reported to me that twice, when I left my hairdresser's parlor, two suspicious men had followed me home. It was about the time that arrests were being made following the exposure of the plot to kidnap Mary Pickford.

"Chief of Detectives Mayer of Los Angeles assigned five plain-clothes men to the case.

"I discharged my chauffeur, and one of the detectives became my driver. I was living then in a bungalow on the grounds of the Hollywood Hotel, and the other four detectives rented the cottages on either side of mine. They followed me every time I went out.

"Meanwhile they had told my maid and Miss Phyllis Moir, my secretary. Neither of them knew I was aware of the presence of the detectives, and I didn't know they knew about it. So for a whole month we three tried to keep from one another the fact that I was being shadowed night and day by five police officers.

"Every time I was about to leave in my car, the maid would lift the cage containing my canary out the window, which was the signal agreed on.

"I wondered why they acted so strangely. We almost became hysterical when we found out how the complicated thing stood. However, nothing ever came of the suspected threat."

I watched Miss Gish begin work on her new picture, The Wind. But that, as Kipling said, is another story. 'Twould burst all reasonable biographical bounds of space to attempt to tell all that there takes place.

And it was my privilege several times to have luncheon with the star in her little dressing-room on the Metro lot. There are two small rooms, the first a sort of reception chamber and office for her secretary, Miss Moir.

It contains a couple of tables, a chair or two, a couch covered with soft cushions, and a closet concealed by sliding doors. This closet holds numerous costumes and a shelf on which are stacked china and silverware. I do not know what the second room contains.

COME noon, I would walk with Miss Gish from the studio across the cropped lawns to the long, two-story frame building wherein are located all the dressing-rooms. It was like walking beside a vision of ethereal maidenhood as it was costumed in 1870.

Her yellow curls were gathered into little clusters against the nape of her slender neck; a light scarf caught about her exquisite shoulders revealed to the languorous California breezes by her low-cut bodice; her slim waist tightly encased in a corsage of red velvet; thin wrists whose whiteness was set off, as was the ivory of her throat, by narrow bands of pink velvet ribbon (the pink showing gray on the screen); great billowy skirts of filmy, rose-figured crinoline; her silken ankles and little feet in their black suède slippers.

All this transformed Lillian Gish into a lovely, animated daguerreotype in delicate coloring that seemed to float near me over a velvet sward carpeting the ground between Chinese pagodas, pirate caves, Dutch windmills, desert palms, Western dance halls, Fifth Avenue mansions, Kafir kraals, and liquor-smuggling river craft—sets where other picture plays were being made, an exotic background in the modern setting of a strictly commercial undertaking.

And everybody spoke to her. Our progress was ever interrupted by salutations. This man stopped to inquire about Mrs. Gish. That one to ask if the water-color models of her costume for the next scene had met her approval. Another to respond to her questions about his little sick daughter.

Women and children all waved or halted us while they said something to her or listened to something she had to say.

No other star in the great roster of Hollywood's constellation seems to command such genuine esteem, such unalloyed respect.

On the set, the electricians, the assistants, the woman at the little melodeon and the violinist who are ubiquitous in every studio, the carpenters—every man present vies with his companions in friendly rivalry to do something for her, to offer a glass of water, a chair between scenes, a wrap

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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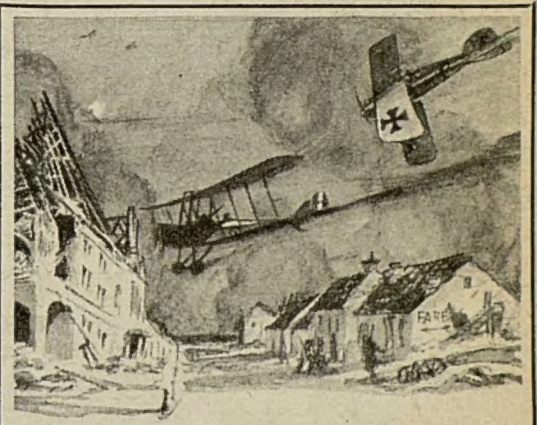

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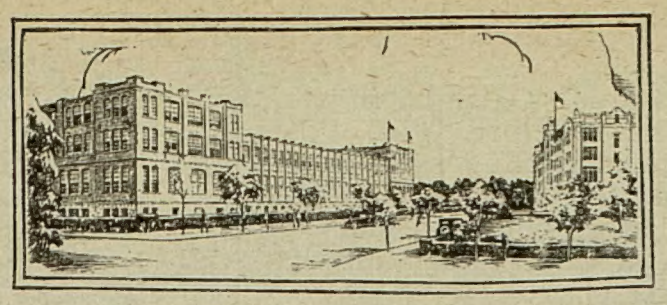

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[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE] Continued from Page Seventy-three

for her shoulders, a handkerchief to wipe from her cheeks and lashes the dust raised by the airplane propellers used in The Wind.

It was easy to assay this popularity: one had only to mention some other actress with whom these disillusioned, expert, hard-boiled union men had worked, to perceive in what genuine regard Lillian Gish is held.

Arriving in her dressing-room, we would remove Miss Moir's typewriter and notebooks from a little table, place this in the center of the room, cover it with a blue checkered cloth; and while Miss Gish unpacked the wicker hamper her driver had fetched from her home I would stand on a chair and hand down the luncheon things from the shelf.

AN artichoke hollowed out and filled with diced carrots and tomatoes, a paprika-hued dressing, toasted bran muffins, a thermos-warmed cup of tea—these ordinarily encompass her midday menu. We would spread crepe napkins on our laps and help each other to the frugal repast.

In this restful recess from the tiresome repetitions of the scenes in the studio—work that might begin at 7 o'clock in the morning and continue until long past midnight—Miss Gish's relaxation never was complete until Miss Moir had brought the latest bulletin from the nurse at Mrs. Gish's bedside. Then Miss Gish would laugh and talk of many things.

"I have received such nice things from people good enough to like my pictures," she would say. "These egg-shell cups, for instance; that delicate gray stationery; that fragile, spider-web fan—these were sent to me by Japanese who wrote such quaint letters with them.

"I shall always save some of these letters, so weirdly humorous are the things they do with the English language. Of course one can hardly even smile at them, they are so sincere."

As our meetings neared an end—I think it was probably at our last tea together in her dressing-room—I thought of something that had lingered with me since I had seen The Scarlet Letter. I had learned that one may speak openly with Lillian Gish on themes having to do with the art she has lifted to such pinnacles.

"Your life's motif," I said, "seems to be embraced in your constantly reiterated phrase—truth and beauty. But didn't you rather sacrifice the first when you tried to hide the little drawers in the lilac bush when the Puritan preacher came unexpectedly to where the Pilgrim mothers were doing the week's washing?"

Miss Gish laughed.

"Beauty is always truthful, even if truth sometimes is not beautiful," she said. "I may have sacrificed truth, but I saved beauty; and the story of the stern-hearted, remorseless Puritan era surely needed some such touches.

"The Pilgrim women did not wear so-to-speaks like those! Indeed, you may not know it, but they wore no such things at all; just long woolen stockings and many petticoats. I could not hang long woolen white things on the lilac bush and achieve any effect of beauty, a quality I regard as even more precious than mere truth.

"You'll never guess where I got the idea of the little drawers. I wondered how that master of beauty in feminine costume, Florenz Ziegfeld, would have solved my problem.

"I concluded that he would have supplied the most beautiful undies his genius could have created for the scene, no matter whether the woman he was dealing with was supposed to have worn that sort or not. So I decided that if he would violate truth to insure beauty, I might safely do likewise!"

And there, smiling over the memory of the little garment whose fluttering modesty in the picture held the Puritan minister's eye—smiling tenderly over the effect of genuine beauty she had introduced into the drab period she was portraying—I left her in the doorway of her little dressing-room, nodding her good-by to me as I walked across the veranda, down the stairs, and out of her life.

Lars Hanson reviving Montagu Love in The Wind, with Miss Gish looking on.

EPILOGUE

AND how best can I frame for you the general scope of my impression of Lillian Gish, the larger picture I brought away with me? How better than by telling you what the man most qualified in all the world to discuss her thinks about her?

Hear, then, the brief verdict of David Wark Griffith, for whose answer to one question I crossed the continent:

"No greater actress ever lived, on stage or screen, than Lillian Gish. All her pictures have ideals and, more important still, ideas. Never a mean thought, never an unkind one, never a gesture or a glance but what the world is better and happier for having witnessed it.

"Each of her pictures shows a distinct advantage in art and truth and beauty. I hold my breath when I think of the heights she is yet to reach!

"And greater than any picture she has ever made, more lovely than any she is ever likely to make, is her exquisite devotion to her mother. Never mentioned, never revealed, never exploited, Lillian Gish's love for the woman who bore her is finer than anything she has ever done on the screen. It is the most beautiful thing in her life—a life filled with beauty and with truth."

THE END

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